CENTURY READINGS IN ENGLISH ESSAYS

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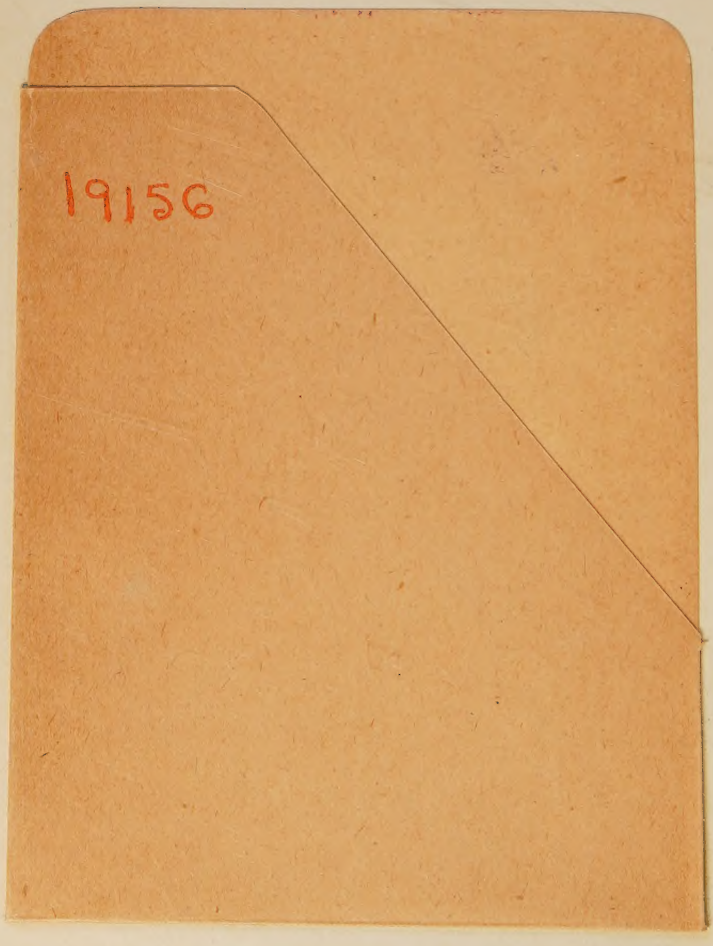

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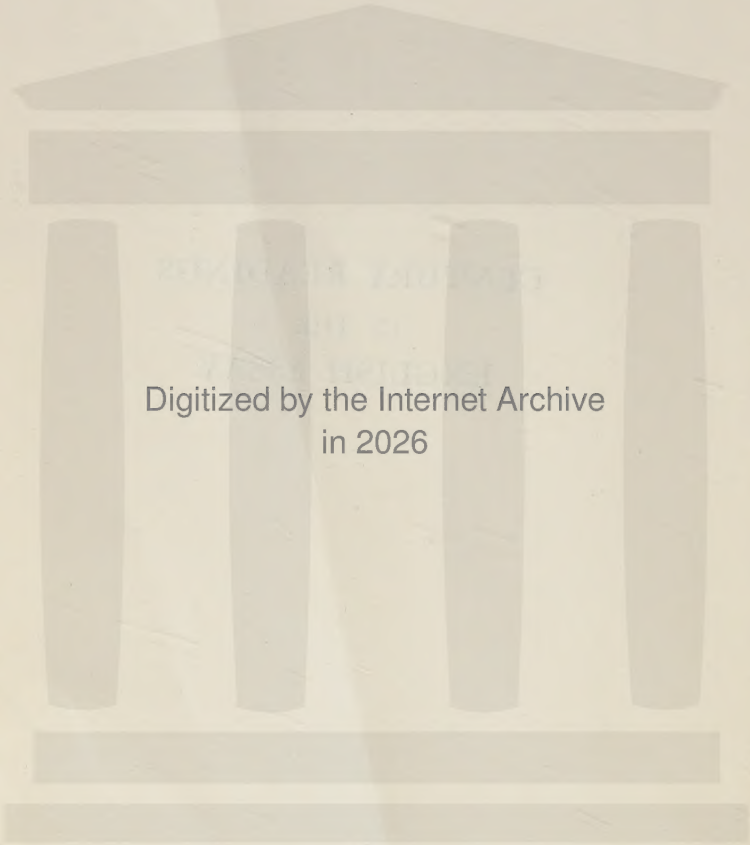
ENGLISH ESSAY



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CENTURY READINGS
IN THE
ENGLISH ESSAY

EDITED AND ANNOTATED, WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES BY

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TO THREE GOOD FRIENDS:

MY MOTHER
MY FATHER
MY WIFE

19156

PREFACE

The distinctive purpose of CENTURY READINGS IN THE ENGLISH ESSAY is to supply a comprehensive collection of essays in the English language (both British and American, and including translations from other literatures to illustrate the Beginnings of the Essay), so chosen and arranged as to present an adequate portrayal of the development of the Essay as a form of literature. It has arisen out of the belief that collections of essays hitherto available, though admirable in many ways as serving more restricted purposes, are inadequate for the study of the Essay as a form of literature in the way in which the drama, the novel, the short-story, and other forms may now be studied, inasmuch as these collections suffer from one or more of the following defects: (1) undue brevity, (2) elementary character and appeal, and (3) lack of historical perspective. The present collection aims to avoid these defects by supplying a sufficiently large body of texts as to make unnecessary the resort to supplementary reading, by appealing to the mentality of the college student and the mature general reader, and by portraying adequately, through the illustrative texts and the General Introduction, the complete development of the essay form, with due attention to all of the types that have contributed to that form.

In harmony with the intended aims of the collection, two principles have been constantly held in mind in making the selections of specific essays: intrinsic literary value and historical importance. No essay or selection has been included that has not in itself absolute literary value or acknowledged human appeal. But those essays have been given preference which, in addition to possessing this value and appeal, illustrate by their form or content the successive contributions to the development of the essay as a form of literature. Thus, each one of the various types of the essay is illustrated in each period in proportion to its importance in that period. The various types produced by each author are exemplified where significant of his accomplishment in the form. The various social, political, religious, and scientific, in addition to literary influences, are portrayed in the essays chosen. Essays by American writers have been selected to present, in addition to their contribution to the Essay in English, the particular development of the form in America. In harmony, also, with the expressed aims of the collection have been prepared the critical portions of the present volume. The General Introduction, on The Development of the Essay in English, is intended to link together the separate essayists and the successive periods and thus to assist in gaining the proper perspective. The Plans of Study suggest various avenues of approach, particularly in the study of one or more of the several types of the essay. The biographical sketches heading each group of essayists provide adequate information concerning the writers themselves for an appreciation of the background against which the essays should be viewed. In the Notes, care has been taken, not only to explain in condensed form all allusions that might offer difficulty and to translate all passages in foreign languages, but to present in connection with each essay the exact circumstances of its publication and the significance of the essay in the work of the author and in the development of essay literature. Finally the classified bibliographies should serve both as a witness of the manifold labors of others and as a key to the literature and criticism of one of the richest and most varied forms enshrined in the English language.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the assistance of numerous individuals and institutions that have contributed to the making of this anthology. The editor is deeply indebted to Professor Karl Young, of Yale University, for his searching criticism of the entire plan of the book and for his many constructive suggestions making for a fuller realization of its purpose. To numerous colleagues of his at New York University and the University of Southern California, and in particular to Dean Archibald L. Bouton of New

York University, the editor is grateful for many courtesies and for help in the preparation of the text and notes. Invaluable assistance has been rendered by various staff members of the New York Public Library, the libraries of New York University, the public libraries of Newark and East Orange, New Jersey, the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery at San Marino, California, the Los Angeles Public Library, and the library of the University of Southern California. The obligation to editors of the works of individual essayists and previous essay anthologies is too far-reaching to be here acknowledged in detail, though the editor has tried to indicate his indebtedness by specific mention in the bibliographies to this volume.

The editor wishes to make grateful acknowledgment for the use of essays whose copyright is held by the publishers and individuals below mentioned: To THE CENTURY COMPANY, for permission to reprint "The Sierra Nevada" by John Muir and "Three Periods of Progress" by Edwin E. Slosson; to DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, for permission to reprint "A Defence of Nonsense" by Gilbert Keith Chesterton and "A Cloud of Pinafores" by Max Beerbohm; to DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY, for permission to reprint "The Autogenesis of a Poet" by Christopher Morley and the excerpts from *Trivia* by Logan Pearsall Smith; to HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, for permission to reprint "Jungle Night" by William Beebe; to the HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, by permission of, and by special arrangement with whom, as the authorized publishers, the editor is indebted for the use of "Emerson the Lecturer" by James Russell Lowell, "The Greatest of These is Charity" by Agnes Repplier, "Every Man's Natural Desire to be Somebody Else" by Samuel McChord Crothers, and "The New Morality" by Paul Elmer More; to MISS MILDRED HOWELLS and MR. JOHN MEAD HOWELLS, for permission to reprint the extract from *Criticism and Fiction* by William Dean Howells; to ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC., by permission of and special arrangement with whom, as the authorized publishers, "The Cult of Hope" by H. L. Mencken is reprinted; to THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, for permission to reprint "My Cousin the Bookbinder" by Edward Verral Lucas and the excerpts from "The Art of Fiction" by Henry James; and to CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, for permission to reprint "Book-Buying" by Augustine Birrell and "Tradition" by Stuart P. Sherman.

For their courtesy in consenting to the reprinting of certain essays, the editor wishes also to thank the following: MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, for his essay, "On a Great Wind"; MR. PAUL ELMER MORE, for his essay, "The New Morality"; MR. KEATS SPEED, Managing Editor of the *New York Sun*, for the editorial by Charles A. Dana entitled "On the Death of Roscoe Conkling"; and MR. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, for his editorial, "To an Anxious Friend."

Acknowledgment is likewise due for the use of "The Colour of Life" by Alice Meynell, published by JOHN LANE and also included in a book of essays by Mrs. Meynell, handled in this country by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS; and "The July Grass" by Richard Jefferies, published by LONGMANS, GREEN, AND COMPANY.

A final word of guidance may be said regarding the mechanics of this collection. Where it has proved impossible or has seemed unwise to present the whole of a given unit as conceived by the author, the omitted portions have been clearly indicated by the use of asterisks. Brackets denote insertions of the present editor. For all other marks the essayist himself (or his editor or translator) is responsible, unless otherwise indicated in the notes, to which have been relegated all necessary comments on the status of the text, the titles of the essays, the circumstances of composition and publication, and other like matters.

L. W.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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PLANS OF STUDY

I. CHRONOLOGICAL.

The arrangement of the essays in this volume, following as it does the chronological order and separating the product of the various periods as well as the British and American contributions, adapts itself at once to one of three fields of study: (1) the entire development of the Essay from its beginnings to the present time, (2) the contribution of separate periods, as The Beginnings of the Essay, The Seventeenth Century English Essay, The Eighteenth Century English Essay, The Nineteenth Century English Essay, or The Twentieth Century English Essay, and (3) the course of the Essay in either England or America. For any one of these three fields of study, the General Introduction provides a background of perspective and a detailed commentary on the various types of the essay as well as on the individual essays and essayists encountered in the respective field of study.

II. ARRANGEMENT BY TYPES.

For the benefit of those who wish to study one or more types of the essay, as distinguished in the General Introduction, the following arrangement by types (with definitions of the several types) is presented:

DEFINITIONS

A. OBSERVATIONS (the basis of the essay): (a) The making and recording of single observations (taking the form of proverbs, apophthegms, aphorisms, maxims, jottings in diaries and journals, etc.) on people, individually or collectively, events, the phenomena of nature, books and works of art, one's own experiences, the customs and ways of thought of people one knows, hears of, or reads about; or (b) The organizing of such related single observations into larger wholes, animated by a central thought or emotion and taking the form of larger passages in journals, diaries, letters, and the like, the literature of advice, short editorials, and so forth.

B. THE PRIMARILY INFORMAL TYPES

I. THE PERSONAL OR FAMILIAR ESSAY: The essay presenting some aspect of the personality of the writer as it reacts, chiefly through his own concrete experience, to the multitude of his emotional, intellectual, and spiritual contacts.

II. THE CHARACTER ESSAY: (a) The portrayal, with emphasis upon individual traits of character, of a definite individual; or (b) The portrayal of a type, class, or rank of persons, employing only those traits of character that are common to the whole type, class, or rank (sometimes emphasizing a particular quality, as in the "anatomy").

III. THE DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY: The essay presenting a picture of an object or objects (with their accompanying phenomena) in the world outside the writer (chiefly in external nature) but coloured by the personality of the writer.

C. THE PRIMARILY FORMAL TYPES

IV. THE CRITICAL ESSAY (literary, artistic, biographical, or historical): The essay which attempts to pass judgment, according to certain standards of criticism, upon works of art, individual men and women, social phenomena, and the events of history.

V. THE SCIENTIFIC ESSAY: The essay which attempts to present the results of scientific observation, usually with the conscious intention of popularizing the interest in things scientific.

VI. THE PHILOSOPHICAL OR REFLECTIVE ESSAY: The essay (springing from the meditation, contemplation, or sermon) which presents the reflections of the writer, usually in an organized manner, on the more general truths of life, discerned chiefly in the realms of religion, philosophy, morals, education, government, and so forth.

D. SPECIAL TYPES OF THE ESSAY, EMPLOYING ALLIED FORMS

VII. THE NARRATIVE ESSAY (including the short-story and dialogue forms): The essay dependent largely on the narrative element, whether drawn from one's own experience, the experience of others, or imagined experience.

VIII. THE LETTER ESSAY: The essay employing the epistolary form, whether this form be used in the natural conditions of correspondence or be consciously adopted for a special purpose.

IX. THE EDITORIAL ESSAY: The essay which attempts, typically through the medium of the press, to mould public opinion.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ESSAY IN ENGLISH

CENTURY READINGS IN THE ENGLISH ESSAY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ESSAY IN ENGLISH [1]

The appreciation of the development of the Essay as a form of literature, with especial reference to how that form has represented itself in the English language, differs in no essential principles from the understanding of the evolution of any other recognized form, such as the drama, the short-story, or the lyric. Three steps are called for in the case of all literary forms: definition of the respective form, discovery of its origins, and the tracing of its evolution. Yet, because of many obvious difficulties which historians of the essay have encountered in the so-called "looseness" of the form, it is particularly important at the outset to bear in mind the *implications* of the three steps above mentioned. As applied to the Essay, these steps may be explicitly described as follows: 1. The defining of the essay as a literary form, distinct from all other forms but embracing *all* of its manifestations or types from the beginnings to the present day. 2. The discovery of the specific elements out of which the Essay, as a literary form, developed, as distinguished from the specific elements giving rise to other literary forms. 3. The tracing of the subsequent development of the essay form, with the realization that the story of that development, as of that of all other literary forms, is necessarily the story of the successive developments of its various *types*, the interactions of those types, and the consequent enrichment of the form as a whole.

The most practical approach toward the definition of the essay form consists, first, in the selection of a body of individual pieces of literature (representing all of the types or manifestations of the form) which, by common consent, are admittedly "essays," and, second, in the discovery of the qualities which are common to all of these "essays" yet not common to any other form of literature. No intelligent and impartial essay reader would hesitate to admit all of the following as "essays," though each represents a recognizably distinct type of the form: Cowley's "Of Myself," Leigh Hunt's "The Old Gentleman," Richard Jefferies' "July Grass," Arnold's "Sweetness and Light," Huxley's "On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge," Stevenson's "Aes Triplex," Franklin's "The Whistle," Addison's "The Vision of Mirza," and William Allen White's "To an Anxious Friend." An examination of these "essays" reveals the following elements common to all. Aside from the obvious fact that they are all in *prose* as opposed to verse, they all have primarily an *interpretative* function and thus belong in the general field of exposition as opposed to narrative, description, or argument. They may use any or all of these latter methods, but as subsidiary to the main aim of interpretation. Furthermore, it is plain that considerable *freedom in style and method* is allowed. They may employ one or more of the "allied" forms, such as the letter, the story, the dialogue, the editorial. They may be either "formal" or "informal"—flexibility in technique is evidently one of the earmarks of these "essays." Again, it is obvious that a *wide range of subject-matter* may be covered, from the most trivial to the most serious, from the most contemporary to the most remote. No topic is barred to the essayist. Another common element is the *personal or limited viewpoint* of the essayist. In all cases there is a relic of the literal meaning of the term (an *essai* or "attempt"). In this respect these "essays" are distinct from the treatise, discourse, thesis, or dis-

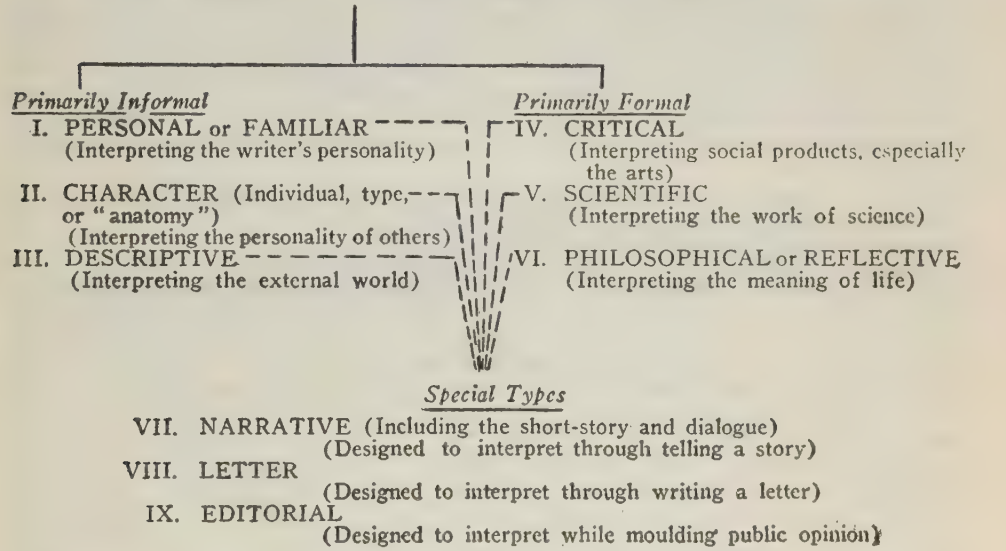
[1] For further biographical and bibliographical information concerning the essayists here treated, see the biographical sketches preceding the essays themselves, the notes thereto, and the bibliographies at the end of the volume. For a detailed presentation of the types of the essay (with definitions), see "Plans of Study" following the Table of Contents.

sertation, even in the case of the more formal interpretations, such as Arnold's "Sweetness and Light." Though the actual length may vary from a few hundred to a few thousand words, the effect of limitation of viewpoint is always present in the mind of both author and reader. The result is that the "essay" is usually capable of being read at one sitting. It is not a "book." Finally, it is clear that in no "essay" is the author completely submerged. In the vast majority of cases he is present in almost every sentence. This distinguishes the essay form again from the novel, the short-story, the drama, or the epic, whose content in most cases moves onward with the author unseen and unfelt. The essay requires that the *author be revealed,* whether by his style, his choice of subject, his method, or his general tone—the author's personality or limited viewpoint is stamped upon his product. In this respect the essay resembles lyric poetry, as being essentially a subjective and not an objective form of literature. We arrive, then, at the following definition of the Essay as a form of literature: An essay is a *prose composition,* primarily *interpretative* in nature but permitting *considerable freedom of style and method,* treating *any subject* the author may choose from a *personal* or *limited standpoint* (usually at a length suitable for reading at one sitting), and revealing, in choice of subject, style, method, or general tone, the *personality* or the *limited viewpoint* of the author.

If these are the common elements of a form distinct from all others and yet abundantly varied in its manifestations, what is the common and ultimate source of all of these manifestations? It seems to be well agreed that, just as the source of drama is the impulse to imitate the action of another and the source of lyric poetry the impulse to sing, so the real source of the essay is the impulse to *observe life and to contemplate the meaning of one's observations.* The germ of the essay is undoubtedly to be found in such books of the Bible as *The Book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes,* and *Ecclesiasticus,* where the writer has recorded in the form of proverbs, maxims, or sententious sayings the results of his reflections on the meaning of such aspects of life as wisdom, riches, marriage, the relation of parents to children, and so forth. Professor Moulton has well shown how the single book of *Ecclesiasticus* presents examples of three distinct stages in the development from the single gnomic utterance, through the cluster of such utterances, to the fully formed little essay. Other portions of the Bible present similar examples of both the primitive essay germ and the more developed paragraph or fully formed essay. Oriental literature has many examples of the essay germ, such as the *Sayings* of Confucius and the writings of Laôtze and Mencius. Moreover, it must not be thought that these original elements appear only in ancient times. Throughout the history of the development of the essay, alongside of the most advanced essay types, we see the single "observation" appearing in diaries, journals, letters, marginalia, collections of maxims, the literature of advice, and notably in the short editorials of our modern newspapers. Perhaps in no other form of literature do we see so constantly the appearance of its original elements and primitive types alongside of the most complex of its manifestations. This is a constant reminder of the essential life-element of the essay — contemplative observation — and a constant confirmation of the accuracy of historians of the form who have discovered in these elements the beginnings of its evolution.

With a knowledge of what the essay *is* and also from what *sources* it came, we are now concerned with the much more complex matter of its evolution. This is not a matter of tracing a simple form. As in the case of all important literary forms, it is a matter of telling the story of the rise and varied fortunes of many successive types, each influencing the others, some combining to form more rich and effective types. It is also a matter of noting the influence of social, political, religious, and literary movements. Yet, as we look back from the vantage-ground of the twentieth century, we can discern two fairly distinct tendencies in the essay, both flowing from the original source — observations. They are the "primarily informal" and the "primarily formal" types of essay. Primarily informal are the Personal (or Familiar) Essay, the Character Essay, and the Descriptive Essay. Primarily formal are the Critical Essay, the Scientific Essay, and the Philosophical (or Reflective) Essay. But the freedom allowed the essayist in the matter of style and method leads continually to the employment of forms allied to the essay, giving rise to three Special types: the

Narrative Essay (employing mainly the short-story and the dialogue forms), the Letter Essay, and the Editorial Essay. Any one of the six main types may at the same time take the special form of one or even more than one of these special types. Thus, Addison's "The Vision of Mirza" is a philosophical essay taking the special form of the narrative essay, Franklin's "The Whistle" is a personal essay assuming the form of the letter essay, and William Allen White's "To an Anxious Friend" is a brief critical essay taking the form of the editorial essay. The distribution of these nine types, their relationship to their common source — Observations —, and their relationship to one another may be portrayed in the following diagram:


A. OBSERVATIONS
(Proverbs, apophthegms, aphorisms, maxims, comments in diaries, journals, and letters, marginalia, the literature of advice, short editorials, etc.)
Primarily Informal
Primarily Formal
I. PERSONAL or FAMILIAR
(Interpreting the writer's personality)
II. CHARACTER (Individual, type, or "anatomy")
(Interpreting the personality of others)
III. DESCRIPTIVE
(Interpreting the external world)
IV. CRITICAL
(Interpreting social products, especially the arts)
V. SCIENTIFIC
(Interpreting the work of science)
VI. PHILOSOPHICAL or REFLECTIVE
(Interpreting the meaning of life)
Special Types
VII. NARRATIVE (Including the short-story and dialogue)
(Designed to interpret through telling a story)
VIII. LETTER
(Designed to interpret through writing a letter)
IX. EDITORIAL
(Designed to interpret while moulding public opinion)

With the essay form defined, the source elements indicated, and the general relationship between the larger form and its sources made clear by the distribution of the form into its various types, we may trace in detail the development of the essay form as it appears in its successive manifestations, noting the accomplishments of each period in the enrichment of the form.

A. The Beginnings of the Essay

Although the essay shows its origins in the literature of the Bible, as well as in the literature of the Greeks and Chinese, long before the opening of the Christian era, the form, in common with such prose forms as the novel and the short-story, was slow in reaching an established position on a par with the poetic forms, which everywhere appeared very early and reached full development in a comparatively short time. One reason for this slow development of the essay is to be found in the conditions necessary for its cultivation: it is a form demanding leisure and thrives best in a highly sophisticated state of society where prosperity and peace prevail. These conditions, except for a period during the domination of the Roman Empire, may hardly be said to have existed anywhere in western Europe for any considerable length of time until the period of the Renaissance. It was not until the close of the sixteenth century that the modern essay really made its appearance — in the work of Montaigne; and it was

not until the opening years of the seventeenth century that the essay became genuinely established in the English language. The period of the "beginnings" of the essay may therefore be said to close at about the year 1600.

During this long period, however, all of the types of the essay that we now recognize were represented, at least in rudimentary form. The basic type, Observations, is of course present throughout, as it continues to appear without interruption down to the present day. The personal essay, the character essay, the critical essay, the philosophical essay, and the letter essay were all fully developed before 1600. The descriptive, the scientific, the narrative, and the editorial essays were all clearly indicated but were not developed into the clearly marked types that we now know. The descriptive, narrative, and editorial types were not developed until the 18th century, and the scientific essay can hardly be said to have reached its full stature until the 19th century. The period of beginnings is thus noteworthy for the marking out of the various lines of approach to the subject matter of the essayist. Some of the types received early and adequate treatment, notably the character essay (in Theophrastus) and the philosophical essay (in Plutarch, Cicero, and Seneca). The personal essay (the most favored type in modern times), though its spirit was early indicated, had to wait for Montaigne for an adequate revelation of its possibilities. All of the types undeveloped before 1600 had to be subjected still further, along with all of the other types, to the experimentation of the 17th century before their possibilities were revealed to the fullest extent.

We have already seen how the essay had its origin in the impulse to *observe life and to contemplate the meaning of one's observations*. The most natural outlet for the observations thus made is the channel of conversation, an outlet used constantly by thousands of intelligent persons who are unconscious that they have taken the first step toward the essay. But conversation is exceedingly ephemeral and apt to be very formless; it is only in such things as the *Memorabilia* of Socrates, the dialogues of Plato, and the much later examples of preserved "table talk" (like that of Luther and Selden) that we witness the presumably natural utterance of observations. The observer must put down in writing the results of his observations before they will attain sufficient form to be worthy of preservation. Our best illustrations of the early written form into which these observations were cast are found in various books of the Bible, chiefly the "wisdom" books of *Proverbs, Ecclesiastes,* and *Ecclesiasticus* (all dating from late Old Testament times). These three books show with particular clearness the three stages that an observation goes through to become a genuine essay: First, single proverbs, "units of thought in units of form," in collections with no central unity (especially *Proverbs,* chaps. 10-22 and *Ecclesiastes,* chap. 10); second, a clustering of these proverbs about a common topic, as the king or the fool, with this common topic foreshadowing the title of our modern essay (*Ecclesiastes,* chap. iv, 9 to chap. v, 9); and third, a drawing together of the proverbs of a cluster into a more closely knit body of thought, the stiffness of the single proverb giving way to a flow of style and an impression of individual treatment which attains to the real essay in miniature, such as those passages in *Ecclesiasticus* which Moulton calls "Honour to Parents" (iii, 1-16), "On Meekness" (iii, 17-28), and "The Pursuit of Wisdom" (vi, 18 to end). An example from another book, *Ecclesiastes,* is the well-known twelfth chapter, "All is Vanity." Ancient Chinese literature of a religious or philosophic nature also shows all of these stages of the primitive essay. Especially pertinent illustrations are found in the *Sayings* (aphorisms or "sentences" by master and pupil) of Confucius, about 500 B.C., the works of Tse-Sze of the same period, the writings of Mencius (about 300 B.C.), the greatest of the disciples of Confucius (especially the chapters on "Universal Love"), and the teachings of the much later Laötze (early 7th century A.D.), supposed author of "The Way" (of Nature).

It is, however, in the literature of Greece and Rome that we see those approaches to various types of the essay which were to have definite influence in the establishment of the essay of modern times. Greek literature before the beginning of Roman domination (146 B.C.) does not perhaps show as much contribution to the essay form as we might expect in view of the richness displayed by other literary forms. Yet the richness of this earlier period provided the impulse for, not only the larger and

more definite contributions of later Greek writers, but much of the contribution of the Roman writers as well, many of whom were favored, moreover, by conditions advantageous to the development of the essay form: a comparatively long period of external peace and prosperity, the leisure made possible by this outward stability, the cultivated state of Roman society, and the patronage of writers.

Numerous Greek writers reveal the tendency of prose writing in all of its stages to admit interspersed passages that are rudimentary essays, such as the works of Pythagoras, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Isocrates, Demosthenes, Epicurus, Polybius, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Arrian, Lucian, Longinus, and Athenæus, ranging from the seventh century B.C. to the third century A.D. In the writings of some of those just mentioned we even find occasional examples of entire units that are essentially essays, such as Isocrates's *Letter to Philip*. The methods of at least half a dozen men, Socrates (469-399 B.C.), Plato (c. 427-347 B.C.), Aristotle (384-322 B.C.), Epictetus (fl. 100 A.D.), Theophrastus (c. 373-c. 287 B.C.), and Plutarch (46?-120? A.D.) show definite advance made in the development of at least three types of the form. The first four named are responsible for many of the traits of the dialogue method of interpretation and for the long prevalence (down to Landor's time) of the dialogue device in the essay. Plato is particularly responsible for the freedom and naturalness of utterance which finds its highest expression in Montaigne, as Aristotle is the father of the more closely knit and logically thought-out exposition culminating in Bacon. Aristotle, moreover, gives us one of our earliest and best examples of the critical essay, illustrated by the passage "On Tragedy" from *The Poetics*. Theophrastus was the father of the character essay, a type whose possibilities he revealed to the fullest extent in his *Characters*, and he is thus the only Greek writer who may be said to have developed a type of the essay on clearly marked lines. To Plutarch we are indebted for a marked development of the philosophical or reflective essay in the *Moralia*, as illustrated by "Concerning the Delay of the Deity." No other ancient writer, except Seneca, may be credited with so pertinent and so rich an influence on the pioneers of the modern essay, Bacon and Montaigne, as Plutarch.

Roman literature, similarly, reveals a considerable number of writers whose works contain passages (descriptive, critical, or reflective) that make fair approaches to several of the essay types. Such writers are Cato the Elder, Julius Cæsar, Sallust, Livy, Cornelius Nepos, Pliny the Elder, Tacitus, Columella, Quintus Curtius, Diogenes, Laertius, Marcellinus, and Claudian the poet, ranging from 200 B.C. to 400 A.D. Of more significance are Horace (1st cent. B.C.), whose *Ars Poetica* is a critical essay of incalculable influence on the art of writing; Quintilian (1st cent. A.D.), the separate sections of whose *Institutes* discuss various aspects of the orator's training and are credited with much influence on educational method, particularly the essay-writing tradition in schools; Pliny the Younger (fl. 100 A.D.), whose letters are essentially letter essays; and Marcus Aurelius (2nd cent. A.D.), whose *Meditations* (written in Greek) reveal the contemplative personality expressing itself in the elastic form characteristic of the essay. Of the most importance, however, are Aulus Gellius (c. 130-180 A.D.), Cicero (106-43 B.C.), and Seneca (c. 4 B.C.-65 A.D.). The *Attic Nights* of Aulus Gellius, with its brief and free comments on the many and various subjects that the author had come across in his reading, has perhaps more of the spirit of the familiar essay than any book before Montaigne. Cicero, particularly in the essays on *Old Age* and *Friendship*, not only provided examples of the philosophical essay (though somewhat long) but furnished abundant food for thought to the pioneers of the modern essay. In Seneca we have an essayist whose thought and form were more consciously in the minds of Montaigne, Bacon, and other essayists of the 16th and 17th centuries than any ancient writer, with the possible exception of Plutarch. The *Epistles to Lucilius*, which, as Bacon said, "if one marke them well, are but Essaies,—that is, dispersed Meditations, thoughe conveyed in the forme of Epistles," display that pointed, epigrammatic style, that sense of refinement or aloofness from the crowd, and that wealth of illustration that made them, not only models for the conscious imitation of later essayists, but treasure-houses of thought, story, and example upon which these later essayists drew freely.

Practically coincident with the break-up of the Roman Empire came the establish-

ment of Christianity as a dominant force displacing the old paganism. For almost a thousand years literature was to be in the hands of men who served the Church and who therefore regarded the soul's salvation as man's supreme concern. It would be futile, therefore, to look for much development of a form with whose spirit the mediæval writer was not in sympathy. Only one type of the essay may be said to find adequate representation during this long period: the philosophical or reflective type, usually taking the form of the meditation, contemplation, or sermon. Beginning with Saint Augustine's *Confessions* (c. 400 A.D.) and Boethius' *Consolations of Philosophy* (c. 500 A.D.), the type may be traced through Bede, Alfred the Great, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Giraldus Cambrensis, the *Ancren Rewle,* Thomas à Kempis' *The Imitation of Christ,* St. Bernard of Clairvaux, and others to such fourteenth century writers as Dan Michel, author of the *Ayenbite of Inwit,* and Richard Rolle, author of *Meditatio de Passione Domini.* Outside this tradition are the Icelandic writer Snorre Sturleson (1179-1241) and the Persian writers Nizami (12th cent.) and Sadi (13th cent.), as well as the Englishmen, Sir John Mandeville (14th cent.) and Chaucer (1340?-1400), who reveal more of the worldly spirit and give us examples of the descriptive and narrative essay respectively.

The coming of the Renaissance broke this long tradition, and the revival of interest in Greek and Latin literature brought Plutarch, Seneca, Cicero and other essayists again to the attention of scholars and writers. Forerunners of this revived interest were John of Salisbury (12th cent.), whose *Policraticus* contains chapters on subjects similar to those in Montaigne's collection, and Richard de Bury (early 14th cent.), whose *Philobiblon* not only deals with typical essay subjects but in many cases handles them in almost typical essay style. In the work of Dante (1265-1321), Petrarch (c. 1304-1374), and others of the humanists we see more attention given to the critical type of essay. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries reveal a constantly increasing emphasis on various types of the essay and forms allied to it. The literature of advice, represented by Machiavelli's *Prince* and *Discourses,* Sansovino's *The Quintessence of Wit,* Robert Dallington's *Aphorismes Civill and Militarie,* Castiglione's *The Book of the Courtier,* Sir Thomas Elyot's *Boke Named the Gouvernour,* and Guevara's *A Looking Glasse for the Court* and *The Diall of Princes,* contributed much to the critical and the character essay types. Other writers of the Renaissance who made at least an approach to the essay form were Froissart, Savonarola, Erasmus, Luther, Guiccardini, Margaret of Navarre, and Rabelais (ranging from the 14th to the 16th centuries).

The development of the essay in England up to the 14th century was not essentially different from its meagre development elsewhere. The moral tone dominated, though some of the satire paved the way for the character essay of the 17th century. In 14th century Chaucer we get, in the portion of the *Tale of Melibeus* called "Dame Prudence on Riches," the philosophical essay made more lively by its narrative style. In Mandeville's *Travels* (of the same period) we see the wider outlook of a man who gives us the descriptive essay. In the following century Caxton (1422?-91), the great printer, gave us those prefaces which are at once critical essays and among the earliest examples of the editorial essay — that which seeks in some measure to mould public opinion. The sixteenth century produced a score or so of English writers who touched upon one or more of the essay types. The critical essay predominated, as instanced by the work of Sir Thomas Elyot, Sir John Cheke, Robert Ascham, Thomas Wilson, Richard Mulcaster, Sir Philip Sidney (with his notable *Defense of Poesy,* 1595), John Lyly, Fulke Greville, Thomas Lodge, and Robert Greene, as well as in the somewhat more restricted and technical critical essays of Gabriel Harvey, Richard Stanyhurst, George Gascoigne, William Webbe, Sir John Harington, Thomas Campion, and Samuel Daniel. The descriptive essay finds representation in the various chapters of the *Utopia* (1516) of Sir Thomas More and the voyage narratives of Sir Walter Raleigh and others, especially those compiled by Richard Hakluyt (pub. 1582 ff.). The philosophical essay is seen in the work of the Churchmen, Miles Coverdale, Thomas Cranmer, and John Knox. The letter essay finds one of its most notable examples in Lord Burleigh's (1520-1598) "On the Well Ordering of a Man's Life." The scientific essay is notably illustrated in Richard Hooker's (1554?-1600) *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.* At the very end of the sixteenth century appeared the first edition of Bacon's *Essays,* but, since the

Essays as we know them are essentially the result of revisions and additions made during the early seventeenth century, their consideration belongs properly with the essay product of that century.

Yet none of these contributions to the essay actually produced the essay as we now know it, at least in its most popular form. The creator of the modern essay was Michel Eyquem, Seigneur de Montaigne, a highly cultivated French gentleman who in the year 1571 (at the age of 38), retired from active life to his country estates for the purpose of "living in quiet and reading." He soon began the recording of his reflections, at first in the form of *leçons morales,* or short dissertations on moral subjects composed largely of apophthegms, "sentences," and "examples"—a form resulting from the combined influence of the so-called *Distichs* of Cato, the work of Plutarch, Valerius Maximus, Aulus Gellius, Macrobius, the *Adagia* of Erasmus and similar collections of observations. But about 1574 a change in Montaigne's method began to manifest itself, largely because Montaigne had come under the direct influence of Plutarch, whose *Moralia* showed Montaigne how much might be added to the impersonal *leçon morale.* It was not, however, till 1580 that Montaigne published anything. In that year he put out, in two books, the 94 chapters he had so far composed, giving the whole the title of *Essais.* Between 1580 and 1588 Montaigne busied himself in revising his essays and in writing 13 new ones, and in the latter year published a new edition, including the 13 new essays as the third book. Montaigne died in 1592, and no further editions were published until the final edition of 1595, which incorporated the changes made by Mlle. Marie de Gournay, Montaigne's adopted daughter. The first English translation, the work of John Florio, appeared in 1603. In two respects was the appearance of Montaigne's *Essais* epoch-making. In the first place a distinctive name was given to the form which was quickly taken up by the English essayists, Bacon, Cornwallis, and others. In the second place, the personal or familiar type of essay, the most popular of all the types, was given not only its first adequate representation but the spirit which ever since has dominated this type. Montaigne's complete frankness about himself, his ability to handle all sorts of subjects, the freedom (even looseness) of his style, his wealth of illustration, and above all the constant reflection of his own personality—these are the traits of his essays that entitle him to the epithet "Father of the Modern Essay."

B. The Seventeenth Century English Essay

The opening of the 17th century witnessed the real establishment of the essay in England, the beginning of a career that has lasted now for over three centuries. Each of these centuries was to be marked by distinct and peculiar contributions toward the development of the form. The 17th century was one of experiments in the essay form, a century of pioneering and the establishment of tendencies rather than one contributing richly to the permanent literature of the various types. This period witnessed the reign of the character essay and the revival of the personal essay under Cowley. It saw the marked development of the philosophical and the critical types of the essay. It provided the conditions for more or less unconscious experiment with the descriptive, the narrative, and the editorial essay. It allowed of the occasional use of the letter essay. And the rise of the scientific spirit, signalized by the establishment of the Royal Society, encouraged the development of the scientific essay. All in all, it was a century displaying an interest in individuals rather than in those social phenomena which interested the eighteenth century. The individualism of Renaissance England, aided by civil and religious controversy, continued throughout the century to manifest itself in the various forms of literature produced, and the essay thus shared with other forms the lack of sustained cultivation of a particular mode on the part of a large number of writers who sense a condition of common interest. As for America, the interest in the form remained throughout the period practically negligible. Yet this experimental nature of the 17th century contribution should not blind us to its real significance, for in the one hundred years between Bacon and Addison much had to happen to account for the difference between the essay on "Studies" and the essay on "Party Patches." Though

the century did not add materially to the literary wealth of the essay, it blazed many trails in directions pointing to that wealth.

While it is probable that the essay would have evolved into complete form in England if Montaigne had never lived, this evolution would certainly have taken place much later, and a wealth of inspiration and example would have been lacking to the host of his English imitators. In spite of the definite approaches to the several types made in England previous to Bacon, and in spite of the fact that the term "essay" was actually used in England for a literary composition before Bacon used it (in *The Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie,* a collection of "juvenilia" in verse and prose by James VI of Scotland, published in Edinburgh, 1584), yet it is undeniable that Bacon's use of the term in the first edition of his *Essayes* in 1597 both popularized the form and name in England and gave evidence of the stimulus afforded by Montaigne, the creator of both the name and the particular type of the essay associated with him, the personal essay.

The first or 1597 edition of the essays of Francis Bacon (1561-1626), entitled *Essayes. Religious Meditations. Places of perswasion and disswasion,* contained ten short essays, in addition to the "Religious Meditations" (in Latin) and ten "Colours of Good and Evil," which are the "Places of perswasion and disswasion." The dedication to Bacon's brother Anthony justifies their printing as an attempt to forestall a pirated edition, and apologizes for their brevity. But their appeal to the public is testified to by the issuance of a second printing in 1598, a pirated edition in 1606, and the preparation of still another reprint when the authorized second edition of 1612 made its appearance. This second edition contained 38 essays (though the table of contents lists 40), including the original ten (except that "Of Honour and Reputation"), altered and enlarged, with the addition of 29 new essays. In the intended dedication to Prince Henry (not printed because of the Prince's death) Bacon describes his essays as "certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called ESSAIES." He continues: "The word is late, but the thing is ancient. For Seneca's *Epistles* to Lucilius, if one mark them well, are but Essaies,—That is, dispersed Meditations, though conveyed in the form of Epistles. * * * my hope is, they may be as grains of salt, that will rather give you an appetite, than offend you with satiety. And although they handle those things wherein both men's Lives and their pens are most conversant yet (What I have attained, I know it) but I have endeavored to make them not vulgar; but of a nature, whereof a man shall find much in experience, little in books; so as they are neither repetitions nor fancies." The dedication actually printed (that to Sir John Constable) was simpler and of less significance. Several reprints of this edition were made between 1612 and 1625, in addition to a French and an Italian translation. In 1625 Bacon published the third and last authorized edition of his essays, containing 58 essays (the 38 of the second edition having been altered or enlarged and 20 new essays added) and entitled *The Essayes or Counsels, Civill and Morall, of Francis Lo. Verulam, Viscount St. Alban. Newly enlarged.* In the dedication to the Duke of Buckingham, the author says: "I do now publish my *Essayes;* which of all my other works, have been most current: for that, as it seems, they come home, to Men's Business, and Bosoms. I have enlarged them, both in Number, and Weight; so that they are indeed a New Work. I thought it therefore agreeable, to my Affection, and Obligation to your Grace, to prefix your Name before them, both in English, and in Latin. For I do conceive, that the Latin Volume of them (being in the Universal Language) may last, as long as Books last." The Latin translation referred to, which was probably indebted to Bacon for only his general supervision, was published in 1628 along with other works in Latin.

It is thus obvious that the contribution of Bacon to the English essay is a matter of the first quarter of the 17th century — a contribution not originally contemplated and only increased to the stature of the final edition by the appeal of the earlier editions. The later editions show more flexibility of treatment as well as a richer employment of illustrations, so that the "dispersed meditations" of the first edition become more rounded and more orderly handlings of the subject in 1612 and 1625. Yet the striking quality of all of Bacon's essays, from first to last, is the pregnant, epigrammatic style, the "much in little" that is essentially the opposite of the discursive method of Mon-

taigne. Bacon shares with Montaigne the habit of constant allusion to and quotation from the classical writers, Cicero, Plutarch, Seneca, etc. But he does not reveal his personality as does Montaigne. Moreover, the whole tone of his essays is that of a shrewd, calculating, practical, even materialistic man of affairs, as opposed to the more idealistic, humane, though skeptical spectator of life enjoying his books in the seclusion of his chateau. Bacon's essays are then properly designated as philosophical or reflective and the progenitors of those essays characterized by their weight of thought and pithy expression rather than by the flavor of personality. Bacon was the father of the more formal types of the essay, as Montaigne is father of the more informal types.

Contemporary with Bacon was a considerable number of English writers who were developing independently, for the most part, several of the various types of the essay. Already in 1596 an anonymous essayist had put out *Remedies against Discontentment*, etc., which he says were "onely framed for mine owne private use; and that is the reason I tooke no great paine, to set them foorth anye better." But it was Sir William Cornwallis (? -1631?), who published two volumes of *Essays* in 1600 and 1601, that was the first, not merely to use the name which Montaigne had adopted, but consciously to imitate his method and openly to confess his indebtedness to him. Though his 52 essays have not Montaigne's charm, they deal with the same general abstract themes, they are written largely in the first person (sometimes attaining the confidential tone of a diary), they contain an abundance of "examples" from past writers and his own experience, and they tend to formulate somewhat the same ideal of gentlemanly culture that is conveyed by the bulk of the French essayist's work. The strong personal note in these essays won for Cornwallis during the first third of the century a large share of the popularity enjoyed by Montaigne. Somewhat similar were the *Essaies or Rather Imperfect Offers* of Robert Johnson, published in 1601, presenting more directly the humanist's ideal of culture, and the two "garrulously discursive and unpractical" volumes of David Tuvill, *Essaies politicke and morall* (1608) and *Essayes morall and theologicall* (1609). Further impetus to the "personal essay" tradition was given by Johnson's later *Essaies* (1607), John Stevens' *Satyricall Essayes* (1615), the anonymous *Horæ Subsecivæ* or "Odd Hours" (1620), generally attributed to Lord Chandos (1579?-1621), and William Mason's *A handfull of Essaies or Imperfect Offers* (1621).

The critical essay was represented in the work of numerous writers not primarily regarded as essayists: Ben Jonson's (1573?-1637) *Timber: or Discoveries upon Men and Matter* (not published till 1640), William Drummond's *Conversations with Ben Jonson* (written 1619), and portions of works not themselves of the essay form, as Hamlet's "Advice to the Players" in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (c.1601). The descriptive essay is illustrated by the vivid work of Thomas Dekker (c.1570-c.1641), as in "Winter," the *Travels* of Fynes Moryson (1566-1617?), the voyage narratives compiled by Samuel Purchas (the continuator of Hakluyt) and published in 1625, and the letters of James Howell. The letter essay had always been a favorite type from classical times on down. In modern times Guevara had used it in his *Familiar Epistles* (1584), and Montaigne used the form in his essay "On the Education of Children." Cornwallis employed it in No. 39 of his collection, Bishop Hall has an example of it, and Richard Brathwaite uses it in an essay on the "Author's Opinion of Marriage." But is was James Howell (1594?-1666) who became the chief 17th century champion of the letter essay. His *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* (pub. 1645-55, though written earlier) contains observations on almost every topic that suggested itself to him as he traveled from land to land. The extent to which he cultivated and studied the type is illustrated by his letter treating of letter-writing, in which he classifies epistles as "Narratory, Objurgatory, Consolatory, Monitory, or Congratulatory." The philosophical essay, given so auspicious a start by Bacon, was continued in the prose of John Donne, Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), John Selden's *Table Talk* (pub. 1689), though almost too brief to be considered anything but observations, Owen Feltham's *Resolves* (1620, 1628), the main successor of Bacon's *Essays* as illustrations of this type, William Drummond's *A Cypress Grove* (1623), a meditation on death in the true essay style, and Sir Kenelm Digby's prose. The narrative type is displayed in Dekker's "How a Gallant Should Behave Himself in a Playhouse" and Howell's numerous letters retailing his experiences abroad. There is no clear trace of any advance in the editorial

essay, which remains represented by various prefaces of a propagandist character; and the scientific type is seen only in such suggestions as appear in the more formal treatises of Bacon and William Harvey (1578-1657).

The most distinctive contribution of the early 17th century to the essay, however, was the "character" essay. Though numerous anticipations of the type in English have been pointed out in the literature of the sixteenth century, the reign of the type was initiated by the publication in 1592 of the French classical scholar, Isaac Casaubon's, translation of the *Characters* of Theophrastus, who, as has been noted, developed to a high degree the technique of this type. But the vogue of the "character" could not have been what it was had not the social conditions favored it. The collapse of feudalism and the establishment in London of the ideals of Renaissance Europe worked a marked change in the character of the metropolis during the latter years of the 16th century. The city became distinctly cosmopolitan, entire new classes of men began to appear and make themselves felt, and intelligent observers noted the change in the social currents. Particularly noticeable were the young men of means (nominally law students), professional soldiers, and attendants at court, who introduced a contempt for the older English notions of conduct and cultivated foreign ways, particularly foreign vices. The doubling of the size of London since the Reformation had made life there much more complex, and the stir of the Renaissance had created a curiosity among its inhabitants to know about the world. A new reading public was thus created, and to fill the demand a new world of writers arose, those who made observations, the wittier the better, about the life to be found in this disturbing new center of English culture. The last two decades of the sixteenth century saw a particularly rich outpouring from the social pamphleteers, who attacked every phase of the life of London. Thomas Lodge's attack on the money-lenders, Robert Greene's "Coney-Catching" pamphlets, the Martin Marprelate controversy, the satiric attacks and counter-attacks of Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe are only the most outstanding indications of the new social interest. Greene especially had won the attention of London, and his mantle fell on Nashe, who came close to creating the essay in his sympathy with daily life, his classical background, and his ability to understand character. More in the line of the character essayists was Thomas Dekker, who was not only the most important pamphleteer of Jacobean London but who commanded a descriptive and satiric power admirably suited to certain types of the essay. His *Seven Deadly Sins of London* (1606) was followed by the *Gull's Horn Book* (1608), a richly satiric book of conduct for the young man of fashion in London. But before these works of Dekker appeared verse satire had shown a change that was to be productive of significant results. The method of Horace had given way to that of Juvenal in the work of a young man named Joseph Hall (1574-1656), who in 1597 published his *Virgidemiarum*, a Juvenilian verse satire, which Pope called "the best poetry and truest satire in the English language." It was this same writer who, in 1608, published the first English imitations of Theophrastus under the title of *Characters of Virtues and Vices*, a collection, in two parts, of sketches of typical persons, each embodying a moral virtue or a vice. In 1609 a certain "W.M." published *The Man in the Moone*, in which people come to a wise hermit to have their fortunes told. A young boy opens the gate and describes the appearance of each visitor (lover, glutton, drunkard, or what not). An older boy stands by the hermit and depicts each one's character. Then the old man foretells the consequences of each one's way of living. Though there is no direct imitation of Hall, the emphasis on personal details shows how much "W.M." was indebted to Hall. In 1614 appeared, the year after his death, Thomas Overbury's (1581-1613) poem entitled *The Wife*, to which were added 21 character essays, ascribed to Overbury but probably largely the work of his friends. Three distinct types of character sketch appear: eulogistic, exemplified by "A Franklin"; satirical, illustrated by "The Dissembler"; and humorous, typified by "An Ordinary Widdow" and "A Tinker." Overbury's characters are somewhat more concrete than Hall's, have a wider range in showing social and national as well as moral types, and exhibit a touch of that supercilious mockery that was to become a characteristic of the court life of the next quarter of a century. John Stephens (dates unknown) in his two series of *Satyrical essayes, characters and others* (1615), enlarged the character essay and often made an individual

instead of a type sketch, thus foreshadowing, as in "A Gossip" and "An Old Woman" the portrayal of characters like Sir Roger de Coverley. In two sketches he employs narrative, bordering on the short story, namely in "A Begging Schollar" and "A Sicke Machiavell Pollitition." In 1615, also, appeared Nicholas Breton's (1545?-1626?) *Characters upon Essays, Moral and Divine,* which, like his collection entitled *The Good and the Bad* (1616) and *Fantastics* (1626), deal with abstract qualities in a style marked chiefly by verbal ingenuity. Geffray Mynshul's (1594?-1668) *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners* (1618) is superior to most such collections in the depth of insight and feeling displayed. The culmination of the character essay, however, was reached in the work of John Earle (c. 1601-1665), whose *Microcosmographie* was published in 1628. Earle's style is more scholarly and his humor is more restrained than in his predecessors. Earle showed particularly the bearing of the small, unnoticed acts of the average person, day in and day out, upon the formation of habit and character. Many of his character types are those which would ordinarily be termed too colorless to deserve attention. Perhaps his most admired essay is that on "A Child." Others equally effective are "A Young Raw Preacher," "A Contemplative Man," and "A Young Gentleman of the University." After Earle the character essay suffered a decline. Wye Saltonstall's *Picturæ Loquentes* (1631), George Herbert's *The Country Parson* (written c. 1632, pub. 1652), Donald Lupton's *London and the Country Carbonadoed and Quartered into Several Characters* (1632), and Thomas Forde's *The Times Anatomiz'd* (1647) show, along with John Cleveland's and William Law's adaptations of the type to social satire and moral instruction, the course of the "character" to the middle of the century. Standing out above the minor figures, however, is Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), who imparted the flavor of his own personality to the very readable character essays that constitute *The Holy and Profane State* (1641). The latter half of the century continued sporadically the tradition, notably in the *Characters* of Samuel Butler (1612-1680), which (written c. 1667-9) are tinged, however, with bitterness, and the Marquis of Halifax's excellent *Character of a Trimmer* (1688), a fine praise of truth in the vein of Montaigne which was on first publication ascribed to Sir William Coventry. But conditions would not allow of the further extended development of the type at this time. The age wanted something larger and broader, and the temptation was to make the character essay merely a triumph of paradox. It thus gave way to a revival of the Montaigne type of essay under Cowley, the longer philosophical essays of the Puritan period, and the fuller critical essays of the time of Dryden. The character essay had served a useful purpose in affording an outlet for the newly roused interest in character and society and in showing essayists in general the value of attention to individual character and the little foibles of men. It needed only the additional stimulus and example of La Bruyère to provide the Addisonian, Johnsonian, and Goldsmithian character essays of the eighteenth century.

The Puritan Age was not one adapted to the furtherance of the essay, at least in most of its types. The controversies over politics and religion tended to drive writers into one of two camps: the skeptics, like Sir Thomas Browne, and the partizans, like John Milton. The freer and more informal types of the essay did not thrive, therefore, in this period. The making of "observations" continued, in the diaries and commonplace books and in such collections of desultory meditations as Thos. Manley's *Temporis Angustiæ* (1649). The narrative and descriptive types were sparsely represented, as, to a somewhat less extent, were the personal essay (illustrated in the work of Thomas Forde, Francis Osborne, and Henry Harflete) and the character essay, as indicated earlier. The letter essay is represented by Milton's (1608-1674) *Tractate on Education* (addressed to Samuel Hartlib), and Milton also is the best representative of the writer of essays with an editorial tendency, including *Areopagitica,* the essay on *Education,* and *Eikonoklastes.* Thomas Hobbes' (1588-1679) numerous scientific and philosophical essays and treatises, notably *Leviathan* (1651), show the tendencies in the direction of the scientific essay. The critical essay met its chief obstacle in the difficulty of maintaining a detached point of view in an age of partizanship, yet much of the work of Milton and Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1674), may be classed as valuable criticism.

The outstanding type produced during this period was the philosophical or reflective essay, from the pens of a varied and notable group of thinkers and masters of English style to whom later English essayists were so much indebted. Perhaps the chief of these was Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), who left his strong impress on Charles Lamb and who gave to the world in his *Religio Medici* (written about 1635, pub. 1642) one of the most distinctive and self-revealing books in the language, filled with quiet and catholic meditations on charity, religious tolerance, and like matters, in a style detached and personal and reminding one of nothing so much as the flow of a deep, quiet river, undisturbed by the raging storms overhead. One of the most amiable and well-beloved men of his generation was Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), Royalist scholar and divine, who became the most popular moralist of his time, largely because of his shrewd observation, good sense, and quaint humor, so abundantly revealed in his *Holy and Profane State* (1642), *The Worthies of England* (1662), and numerous others of his prolific writings. Another Royalist divine, equally learned, but more impassioned, was Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), author of *Holy Living* (1650) and *Holy Dying* (1651), who displays such enthusiasm for religion and charity and has such a wealth of illustration and imagery that his style has been compared to a cascading fountain. Of only lesser importance among these writers of the reflective essay are Richard Baxter, whose *Saints' Everlasting Rest* appeared in 1650, and Edward Hyde, many of whose splendid essays, as found in *Contemplations and Reflections* and *Essays, Divine and Moral,* though concluded and published after the Restoration, were begun or had their inception during the Puritan period.

The period of the Restoration (1660-1700) was an age of scientific and critical progress and experimentation. It saw the development of the Royal Society (organized in 1660) into an increasingly useful and promising agent for the furtherance of science. It was an age of scrutiny, of emphasis on the intellectual rather than on the emotional. It was markedly influenced by French life, fashions, and opinions, showing themselves in English literature in the influence of Corneille on tragedy, of Molière on comedy, of Montaigne in the revival of the personal essay, and of French criticism generally on the product of English critics. In the light of all these facts, it is not to be wondered at that this era saw the creation of a modern English prose style which, in essence, has remained what it was then. Even pulpit oratory showed the effects of the tendency toward greater clarity, simplicity, straightforwardness of expression. The essay benefited by this advance in style, and while we do not find the richness of the Puritan writers, we do find more variety, more sense of form, and more readableness.

The diaries of John Evelyn (1620-1706), and Samuel Pepys (1633-1703), neither of them printed till the early 19th century, constitute two of our most treasured examples of the record of the observations of men who lived full lives and had something worthwhile to say about their experiences. In the field of the essay proper, the contributions of Samuel Butler and the Marquis of Halifax to the character essay have already been noted. Evelyn's *Diary,* as in the description of the Great Fire, and numerous chapters in Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* (1653-76) illustrate the descriptive essay. Evelyn and Sir William Temple used the narrative type of the essay; the letter essay had a number of exemplars, such as Abraham Cowley, Dorothy Osborne, Robert Boyle, and Sir William Temple; and the philosophical essay, though not a marked type during this period, is represented by such essayists as John Locke. The editorial essay showed signs of taking on that significance which was to be so marked a feature of the eighteenth century periodical essay, in connection with which the beginnings of journalism in the 17th century may more properly be considered. Outstanding among those of editorial tendencies were Sir Roger L'Estrange and John Dryden, whose numerous prefaces, along with similar writings of others, revealed the increasing trend toward the use of the essay form for the moulding of public opinion, chiefly in the field of literary criticism.

The most dominant types of the essay, however, were the personal, the critical, and the scientific essay. The publication of Thomas Forde's *Lusus Fortunæ* (1649) had shown the signs of the return to favor of Montaigne, but it was Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) who was the real reviver of Montaigne for his era, though for his interest in Montaigne Cowley may have been indebted to his friend St. Évremond, the exiled

Frenchman who spent most of his later life in England. Cowley wrote only eleven essays, published in 1668, the year after his death, as *Several Discourses, by Way of Essays, in Verse and Prose.* But they catch, as no Englishman had caught before, the naturalness, the love of retirement, the flowing discourse, the aptness in the use of allusion and illustration, that characterize the great French essayist. "Of Myself" is the epitome of Cowley's self-revelation, "Of Solitude," the embodiment of his modest love of quiet retirement, and "Of Greatness," perhaps the best example of his ability to draw on the riches of the past in allusion and quotation. Admired as a precocious poet in his own day, he is now esteemed as the charming continuator of the noble tradition of the personal essay. Hardly less important as a personal essayist is Sir William Temple (1628-1699), whose *Miscellanea* (1680, 1690, 1701) contain numerous essays like "Of Poetry and Music," "Of Gardening," "Health and Long Life," and "Against Excessive Grief." Temple marks the transition to a simpler style, yet withal embodying some of the most beautifully cadenced sentences in the language. Izaak Walton (1593-1683) also reveals the personal essayist's spirit in the *Compleat Angler* (1653), and toward the end of the century George Savile, Marquis of Halifax (1633-1695), in addition to his work as a character essayist, proved his ability in the personal essay in *A Lady's Gift, or Advice to a Daughter,* published in 1688 and running through many editions.

In the field of the scientific essay Robert Boyle, John Evelyn, John Locke (1632-1704), notably in the *Essay on the Human Understanding,* 1690, and Isaac Newton published works showing not only the increased interest in science but the desire to diffuse more widely the results of the increased knowledge that happily followed that interest. The critical essay flourished in a variety of forms, but the most notable were those products of the dominant man of the age, John Dryden (1631-1700) who, in the Preface to the *Fables* (1700) entitled "On Translating the Poets," in the notable "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" (1668), and many other critical essays, displayed that good sense, penetration, clarity and felicity of style that won for him the title of "Father of English Criticism." Of only less importance was the contribution of numerous other critics, exemplified in the able preface to Rochester's *Valentinian* (1685) by Robert Wolseley.

In America, where, by the end of the century, men had been writing for three-quarters of a century, the interest in the essay was still practically negligible. The hardships of life in a new country were not calculated to attract men to the cultivation of a form demanding leisure and cultivated surroundings; and the dominant theological trend of thinking made for a depreciation of the "lightness" and "triviality" of the essay form. Formal treatises were produced in comparative abundance, and the term "essay" itself in the literal sense of "attempt" was applied to many works, such as John Eliot's *The Indian Grammar Begun: Or an Essay to Bring the Indian Tongue into Rules* (1666). But almost the only signs of a trend toward the essay itself are found in the observations that occasionally transcend mere reporting in the diaries and journals of men like John Winthrop (1588-1649) and Samuel Sewall (1652-1730), in such approaches to the critical essay as Richard Mather's Preface to the *Bay Psalm Book* (1640), and in *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam* (1647) by Nathaniel Ward (1578?-1652) who, in entertaining but lashing style, denounces the radical fashions of the day—in women's dress, in excessive religious tolerance, and in the general license of manners.

C. The Eighteenth Century English Essay

The 18th century witnessed a tremendous change in the character and status of the essay as a literary form. It saw the establishment, the long reign, and the decline of the periodical essay, which was essentially the editorial essay, a type that had never come into its own but was now suddenly magnified almost to the position of a new literary form in itself. It saw the imitation of this type in America, laying the basis for the real development of the essay form across the water. It witnessed the firm establishment in England of the descriptive and narrative types, in addition to the editorial essay. It fostered the further development, with marked differences, of the personal, the character, the critical, the philosophical, and the letter essay. Only one

type, the scientific, received no striking contributions, though it continued to manifest itself in the writings of the philosophers and scientists of the century and to be prepared for its first real establishment in the scientific awakening of the 19th century. In America the essay form was to reveal particularly the political and social differences and changes that are reflected in the successive work of Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, the political essayists of the Revolutionary period, and the pioneer work of Joseph Dennie, the forerunner of Irving. On both sides of the water, but much more pronouncedly in England, it was a century dominated by interest in *social phenomena,* as opposed to the individualism of the 17th century. It is this social sense of the 18th century that stamps itself most indelibly on the essay product of the period, as it does upon all other forms of literature, both in England and abroad.

As the dominant essay type of the century, the "periodical essay" (which is the magnified editorial essay employing all of the other types except the scientific) is indebted for its inception and long popularity to three large influences: the development of journalism, the social and political conditions of the time, and the literary influences of many kinds, largely the product of the 17th century and the immediate past. While the last two of these influences were more fundamental in shaping the literary character of the 18th century, the first was of greatest importance, the *sine qua non,* in the origin of the type.

The *Tatler* and *Spectator* were prepared for by a century of slow development and experimentation in the field of journalism. It has been shown that journalism was not the "child of the printing press" but rather of the mediæval battlefield, which gave rise to circular letters giving details regarding important conflicts. By the early part of the 17th century the writer of the circular letter had developed into the writer of "intelligencers" (such as John Chamberlain, the correspondent of James I's ambassador, Dudley Carleton), which supplied statesmen with news. Meanwhile isolated news pamphlets, called "Relations," had been published infrequently, such as those of Michael Jansen ("Mercurius Gallobelgicus") published semi-annually at Cologne from 1594 on. But two factors had hindered the publication of periodicals in England, political restrictions and the absence of a postal system. In 1622 the removal of restrictions allowed of the publication of the first of the "corantos," pamphlets dealing with foreign events, and the successive steps taken toward the establishment of a regular postal service between 1630 and 1660 provided the means for the distribution of news matter. The "corantos," after suffering several suppressions, finally gave way about 1641 to the flood of pamphlets occasioned by the controversies of the time and to the crowd of "diurnals" and "relations" (presenting domestic and foreign news respectively) that appeared from that time to 1659. Most of these favored the "Roundheads," and many contained in their titles the word "Mercurius," such as the royalist *Mercurius Aulicus* (1643-5) and its opponent, the *Mercurius Civicus* (1643-6). But the most significant advance in journalism was marked by the work of two men, Henry Muddiman and Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616-1704). The former issued his first newsbook, *The Parliamentary Intelligencer,* in 1659 and started the *London Gazette* in 1665. The continuance of this last periodical (to the present day) established the fact that full recognition had come to the necessity of supplying the public with news and comment. Sir Roger L'Estrange's *Intelligencer* and *News* ran from 1663 to 1666, being forced out by the advent of the *Gazette.* But his *Observator* (1681-7), which consisted, in dialogue form, of comment only with no news, marked the transition from the "news" journal to the "literary" periodical. As Muddiman was perhaps the "best news disseminator of his day," so was L'Estrange the most significant forerunner of the journalists, like Defoe, with distinct social and literary interests. But the latter part of the century produced other influential journalists, such as Henry Care, from whose *Pacquet of Advice from Rome* (1678-83) Defoe borrowed the general idea of "The Scandalous Club" for *The Review.* Of greater importance, perhaps, was John Dunton's *Athenian Gazette* (afterward called *The Athenian Mercury* (1690-96), in which Dunton and his associates answered questions on all sorts of philosophical and recondite matters and undertook to supply information on historical, social, and scientific matters as well. It was thus the first distinctly "miscellaneous" periodical that had appeared. With the abolition of the censorship in 1695,

periodicals multiplied. There were *The Flying Post, The Post Boy,* and *The Post Man,* all news journals; *The Daily Courant* (started March, 1702), the first English daily newspaper; the Whig *Observator* (started April, 1702) in dialogue form like its model by L'Estrange; and the High Church *Rehearsal* (1704) in the same form as the *Observator.* It was in this same year that Danied Defoe (1661?-1731) started his *Weekly Review of the Affairs of France* (1704-13), significant in two particulars: first, for the appearance in each number of an essay by Defoe commenting on the affairs of the day, and second, for its introduction of an "entertaining" department called "Mercure Scandale: or, Advice from the Scandalous Club," consisting of short discussions of fashion, morals, taste, and similar topics ostensibly written by members of the club, largely in response to inquiries. But Defoe's journal was significant in other respects. It was a model of straightforward, "modern," journalistic prose. It aimed at accuracy, it cultivated moderation in tone, and, as did the *Tatler* and *Spectator,* it endeavored to work social reform by securing *acquiescence* rather than by *encouraging prejudice.* Thus, these various steps in the advance of journalism had provided the *medium* for the great periodical essayists, Steele and Addison.

But the social conditions of the era and the literary influences at hand determined the literary character and the social tone of that medium. The reaction from the license of the Restoration period had produced two classes of Englishmen: the higher class "Restorationists," who carried on more or less blindly the traditions of the previous period, and the middle class "Puritans," solid citizens, inheritors of the Puritan viewpoint, growing in numbers and power, opponents of the older license, yet without the intelligence to direct their forces in the way of moral reform. Moreover, the individualism of the 17th century was giving way to an interest in society at large, to a curiosity about manners, to an earnestness toward the removal of social defects and the attainment of social virtues. Greater political liberty following the "bloodless revolution" of 1688 and practical freedom of the press following the removal of the censorship in 1695 made for a freer mingling of all classes and for the interchange of opinion. One institution in particular furthered this intercourse, namely, the "coffee-house," which, since its establishment about 1650, had come, in the course of a half-century, to be the common meeting-place of London citizens. Among some two thousand of these coffee-houses, each catering more or less to particular professions and classes of patrons, were a score or more that were especially well known as rendezvous of the more influential of various classes, such as Will's and Button's for the literary men, Jonathan's, Lloyd's, and Garraway's for commercial people, the Chocolate House and the St. James for the Tories and Whigs respectively, and Giles's and the Rainbow for exiled French Protestants. The fact that the coffee-house was the best place, not only to converse but to read the newspapers, stimulated both social contact and the publication of those periodicals that contributed to that contact. It is to this enlarged social interest, the freedom of contact, and the convenience of the coffee-house as a furtherer of human intercourse that the special aims and methods of the periodical essayists are due.

If journalism supplied the medium and social conditions dictated the aim of *The Tatler* and its successors, diverse literary influences were responsible not only for much of their content but largely for their general style and the particular literary devices which they employed. Chief among these influences was the work of the character essayists, both the 17th century English "character" writers like Overbury, Hall, Earle, Fuller, Butler and others who had directed attention to the analysis of types of character, and (in particular) the Frenchman, Jean La Bruyère (1645-1696), whose *Caractères, ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle* (1688) presented "portraits" of representative individuals, each designated by a distinctive name of Latin or Greek origin, such as Narcisse, Cleante, Cresus. These individual portraits appealed more to Addison and Steele than did the generalized types of the English character essayists, as evidenced by the creation of Sir Roger de Coverley instead of "The Country Gentleman." Another influence was that of contemporary pamphleteers, noticeably Swift, whose "Bickerstaff Papers" (1708) provided Steele with the name and character of the ostensible conductor of the *Tatler,* Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire. The periodical essayists were not uninfluenced by previous personal and reflective essayists, such as Montaigne, Bacon, and

especially Cowley. But they drew much more widely from the methods of the character essayists, from those of the letter essayists, like James Howell and his successors and adapters in the field of journalism (notably John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury*), and from other forms of literature. Chief among these last were the allegories and visions, ranging all the way from Plato to Spenser and including many from Oriental literature, the Oriental narratives that were to furnish a stock device for the essayist all through the 18th century, and the critical work of the English Restoration writers and the recent and contemporary French critics.

Such were the materials at hand and the conditions obtaining when Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729) issued anonymously the first number of *The Tatler* on April 12, 1709. Steele himself described its purpose in the dedication of the first volume as follows: "The general purpose of this paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour." Its original motto, "Quicquid agunt homines — nostri est farrago libelli" (freely translated, "What mankind does shall my collections fill") describes its contents exactly. The first number makes a five-fold division of subject-matter: "All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I shall on any further subject offer, shall be dated from my own apartment." *The Tatler* appeared three times a week, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, "for the convenience of the post," and ran till January 2, 1711. Steele at first wrote practically the whole of it but was joined with No. 18 by Joseph Addison (1672-1719), who had discovered Steele's identity and who contributed in all some 40 papers, in addition to a slightly smaller number written in conjunction with Steele. Steele remained the guiding hand till the end, just as his more original genius had brought about its inception.

Hardly two months had elapsed since the abandonment of the *Tatler* when the public was confronted with a new periodical, *The Spectator,* whose first number appeared on March 1, 1711. Addison is usually credited with the idea of *The Spectator,* though Steele was in general editorial charge. Its difference from the *Tatler* consisted, first of all, in its substitution of the more effective character of the social Spectator himself for the recluse Bickerstaff and the creation of the famous "Spectator Club," which gave a unity to the varied contents of the new paper that was lacking in the old. Another marked difference was the greater seriousness of the new paper, due largely to the more scholarly attitude of Addison, who took a much larger hand in its writing than he had in the *Tatler* and who contributed a slightly larger number of essays than did Steele. Still another difference, greater variety of subject-matter and style, resulted from the several additional contributors to the paper, such as Alexander Pope, John Hughes, Eustace Budgell, Thomas Tickell, and others. Again, the numbers of the *Spectator* consisted of nothing but single essays, followed by a few advertisements, whereas the *Tatler* had at least begun as partly a disseminator of news, carrying several essays to a number, though at its cessation the news had been eliminated and the essays had been reduced to one. The daily appearance of the *Spectator,* too, gave it a wider appeal than a twi-weekly journal could have. In aim, it was essentially like the *Tatler,* though the method of achieving that aim was more explicitly advertised. In No. 10 Addison wrote: "I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thoughts, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. * * * I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." The feature now considered most significant was of course the series of papers centering about the figure of Sir Roger de Coverley, though their greater human appeal should not blind us to the high merits of many of the critical and reflective essays covering a wide range of topics, from party patches to Milton. The paper was extremely popular, but it could not survive

the government tax on all periodicals imposed in August, 1712. To the loss in subscribers (due to doubling the price) was added the loss in advertisers who could not afford the shilling a week tax on each advertisement, and the paper was forced to discontinue on December 6, 1712, having run to 555 numbers.

Together, the *Tatler* and *Spectator* had set the fashion in the periodical essay. They had employed all of the types of the essay, except the scientific, and had contributed something to the development of each. They had established certain features that were largely to distinguish the new essay: greater brevity and more uniform length (owing to the space restrictions of a four-page periodical), a more pronounced social tone with a corresponding diminution of the "personal" element, a distinctly greater variety both of subject-matter and method, and a marked increase in simplicity of style as opposed to the "bookishness" of the earlier essay. In short, they had *popularized* the essay as a form of literature.

As was natural, there was a host of successors and imitators in the decade following the first appearance of the *Tatler,* the chief of these being *The Guardian* (1713), edited by Steele with the assistance of others, the revived *Spectator* (1714), largely the work of Addison, the *Englishman* (1713-14), the sequel to the *Guardian,* and the *Freeholder* (1715). But the controversies which prevailed under the first two Georges diverted the attention to politics and party strife, and it was not again till the forties that the periodical essay proper asserted itself in its old proportions.

Meanwhile, however, other essayists were writing, some having connections with one or more periodicals, others following the older channels of publication, in some cases because of hostility to the periodical essayists. The most important of these were Defoe (already mentioned in connection with the *Review*), that prolific and very "modern" pamphleteer and journalist who in so many ways anticipated the thoughts and projects of the 19th century, as in his "Essay on Projects"; Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), the great satirist, who, in such essays as "The Art of Political Lying," showed his ability as a social critic of a somewhat bitter turn; Alexander Pope (1688-1744), who deserves mention for the essays contributed to the *Guardian,* largely of a critical nature, as well as for his critical prefaces to his Homer and Shakespeare; John Arbuthnot (1667-1735), famous for his essay on "The Art of Political Lying"; and Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), whose *Miscellaneous Reflections* (1711), though condemning the essay itself as a form appealing to the muddle-headed, are examples of his ability in the critical and reflective types of that form. The number of minor essayists who wrote through the first half of the century is almost legion, including Thomas Tickell, Eustace Budgell, John Hughes, John Gay, Bishop Berkeley, Ambrose Philips, Aaron Hill, William Bond, Eliza Haywood, the much-travelled Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (*Letters,* 1763; *Essays,* 1803), and many others, constituting the accompaniment and the afterglow of the greater figures of the era.

Toward the middle of the century there came a revival of the periodical of a more general nature, in consequence of which the period from 1740 to 1780 or thereabouts witnessed the product of a body of essayists hardly less significant than that of the Addisonian period. The increase in the number of periodicals of all sorts had enlarged the channels of publication, so that, in addition to publication in book form, an essayist might find a medium in one of three main types of periodical: the Addisonian type of periodical, appearing usually several times a week; the monthly magazine of the type of the successful *Gentleman's Magazine* which had been established in 1731; and the daily or weekly newspaper, which devoted some space to literary material. To the first type belonged *The Champion* (1739-41) and the *Covent-Garden Journal* (1752), both largely the product of Henry Fielding (1707-1754). The incomparable realist of *Tom Jones* was not always a careful writer of essays, yet in many of those contributed to these two periodicals, as well as those found in his *Miscellanies* (1743), he displayed an insight into life and literature, as well as an expected humor (witness the essays on "The Art of Conversation" and "On Nothing") which entitled him to a far higher place as an essayist than he has usually been granted. In distinctly different fields belong two of Fielding's noted contemporaries, Philip Dormer Stanhope, the Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), and David Hume (1711-1776). The former enjoyed the distinction in his own day of being the most perfect gentleman in England. His reputation now

rests, partly on his unfortunate relations with Dr. Johnson which called forth the latter's famous letter declining his patronage, but chiefly on his *Letters to His Son,* written over a great period of years (1737-73) and not published till 1774. No essayist since Howell had cultivated on so large a scale and with such care the letter essay type, though Chesterfield's subject-matter, concerned largely with the manners of good society, is much less varied than Howell's. David Hume, the greatest English thinker of the century, is the best representative during this period of the writer of the scientific essay. His *Treatise on Human Nature* (1739, 1740) contains admirable examples of that cool, unimpassioned yet subtle and profound discussion of the problems of organized knowledge which evince, not merely the true scientific temper but the patience and good-will necessary to the great scientific publicist. The essays of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751), published from 1735 to 1754, display a remarkable skill in language, but they are wanting in substance.

To the decade of the fifties belongs a large share of the best essays of Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), the dominant literary figure of his time. This decade saw three major ventures of Johnson into the field of the periodical essay. The first was *The Rambler* (1750-52), which Johnson published on the model of the *Tatler* and *Spectator.* With the same general moral aim as his predecessors, Johnson brought a much heavier seriousness to the discussion of his topics, was capable of much less variety, and was hampered by the decidedly Latinized style of this period of his activity. Without a wide appeal in periodical form, the *Rambler* essays nevertheless found a large audience when published in collected form. Between 1752 and 1754 Johnson contributed to *The Adventurer,* conducted by John Hawksworth (1715-1773), a man of great and varied literary ability who, though sharing the plan of the paper with Johnson, deserves the credit for most of its success. The special feature of *The Adventurer* was the considerable number of narrative essays it contained, based especially on Oriental material, like Johnson's later "Idler" essay, "Omar, the son of Hassan." Other well-known writers served the *Adventurer,* among whom was the critical essayist, Joseph Warton. Johnson's third venture into this field was in the submission of a series of papers called "The Idler" to the newspaper, *The Universal Chronicle or Weekly Gazette.* The series numbered 104 papers and appeared from April 15, 1758 to April 5, 1760. Johnson's *Rambler, Adventurer,* and "Idler" series show that as a personal and reflective essayist he was in most respects a follower of Addison. He wrote on "The Advantages of Living in a Garret," "The Employments of a Housewife in the Country," "The Scholar's Complaint of His Own Bashfulness," "Literary Courage," "Dick Minim the Critic," and like topics. Yet he created only one memorable character (Dick Minim), few remember more than one or two of his essay titles, and though his deeper insight into human nature shows all too glaringly the comparative superficiality of Addison and Steele, the seriousness of his attitude and the weight of his style have kept him out of the ranks of the best loved essayists. In another type of the essay, however, he was and remains of first rank, the critical essay. The Preface to his edition of Shakespeare (1765) and his admirable *Lives of the Poets* (1779-81) display, in spite of his prejudices, that fund of experience and solid common sense that made him the literary dictator of his age. The *Lives,* moreover, are written in that freer, conversational style of his later years that make one wonder at times if the same man could have written the *Rambler.*

Of very different temper was the light-hearted Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), who had begun his periodical contributions as early as 1757 but who struck his characteristic manner in the papers he contributed to *The Bee* in 1759, followed by the series of 123 letters of the Chinese visitor to England contributed to *The Public Ledger,* a newspaper which ran from 1760 to 1761. In book form these letters were reprinted as *The Citizen of the World.* Goldsmith wrote other essays later, but his chief fame in the form rests upon the Letters. In these he showed his difference from Johnson. Only infrequently was he weighty and deeply serious. His characteristic traits were humor, social sympathy, and mild social satire, admirably employed on the foibles of English life through the apparently innocent eyes of a foreigner. Goldsmith was well adapted to the descriptive essay, his "Night in the City" foreshadowing in its sympathy similar sketches of Charles Dickens, and he had the understanding of human character to

draw several memorable portraits in the character essay, notably those of Beau Tibbs and The Man in Black.

Of the numerous other periodicals that appeared in the time of Johnson and Goldsmith, the chief were *The World* (1753-6), projected by Edward Moore, serving as a reaction to *The Rambler,* and numbering among its contributors R. O. Cambridge, Horace Walpole, and Lord Chesterfield, the last of whose two commendations of Johnson's dictionary in this periodical called forth the lexicographer's famous reply; and *The Connoisseur* (1754-56), also a journal of the lighter type, that subsisted largely on the jointly written essays of George Colman and Bonnell Thornton, with several contributions from the poet, William Cowper. Of somewhat later date were *The Mirror* (1779-80) and its successor, *The Lounger* (1785-87), for both of which the best remembered contributor was Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831); *The Observer* (1785-90), whose noteworthy feature was its narrative element, as exemplified in the essays of its editor, the dramatist Richard Cumberland (1732-1790); and others to the end of the century.

The essayists of the latter half of the 18th century not primarily writers for the periodicals do not bulk large in the development of the form. A notable feature of the entire eighteenth century was the widespread cultivation of the epistolary art. In addition to the vivacious Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and the gentlemanly Lord Chesterfield already mentioned, the most prominent devotees of the letter essay (in most cases addressed to actual correspondents) were Horace Walpole, Fanny Burney (Mme. D'Arblay), David Garrick, Hannah More, and the members of the so-called "Warwickshire coterie." Vicesimus Knox showed his predilections for Addison in *Essays Moral and Literary* (1778-9). The *Essay on Truth* (1770) of James Beattie was considered an effective reply to Hume's skepticism. The *Letters* of "Junius" (1769-72), probably by Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818), are examples of the critical essay in the field of politics that seem to our day artificial and much overrated. William Godwin's (1756-1836) *Inquiry concerning Political Justice* (1793) and particularly his *The Enquirer* (1797) entitle him to mention as one of the more influential thinkers of the period who could use the scientific essay effectively. Last but not least is the great orator and eloquent writer, Edmund Burke (1729-1797), who stirred the passions of many thousands of sympathizers with his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), particularly in his glowing portrait of Marie Antoinette.

The eighteenth century came to an end less auspiciously, it must be admitted, than it began, so far as the essay in England is concerned. The periodical essay had entered its decline, the French Revolution and its attendant turmoils were not conducive to the cultivation of the essay spirit, and there were none to break new trails. The 18th century had cultivated the social spirit and had made the essay a popular form of literature. It was for the 19th century to turn the form and its various types in the directions which they have maintained to the present day.

In 18th century America, the essay showed the first real signs of its cultivation as a form worthy of separate recognition. It also began to reflect the growing differences in social and political attitudes between the American colonies and the mother country that were to result, not merely in the political independence of America, but in the production of a literature marked by increasingly distinctive national traits. The development of the essay during the first half of the century is marked by the dominance of a few strikingly individual writers and the establishment of numerous periodicals which provided a stimulus for the cultivation of the form somewhat similar to that afforded by the Addisonian type of periodical in England. Of the dominant personalities of the period Cotton Mather (1663-1728) is the first in order. A prolific writer, Mather is known primarily for his monumental *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702), but it is *Bonifacius, An Essay upon the Good that is to be Devised and Designed* (1710), commonly known as "Essays to do Good," that constitutes his contribution to the essay form. Not only was it the first collection of essays published in America, but its influence was pronounced, especially on Franklin, who declared that it was responsible for whatever service he had been able to render to mankind. Though partaking of the religious spirit of Puritan theology, these little reflective essays yet have many of the elements of the form and spirit of the essay in contemporary England. A greater

figure than Mather was Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), the foremost American metaphysician, whose writings, though not in the form of pure essays, yield many passages, especially in *The Freedom of the Will* (1754), that are as capable of being considered philosophic essays as similar passages from the works of Sir Thomas Browne. Of very different character was the Quaker John Woolman (1720-1772), whose *Journal* (first published in 1774), covering the years 1756-72, contains interesting examples, not only of those "observations" which are the basis of the essay, but of descriptive and reflective essays, such as those passages on "Labor," "Schools," and similar topics, and his comments on what he saw on his journeys about the country.

But the man who shows most clearly the trend toward the newer attitudes is Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790). Franklin and Edwards have justly been called the most representative Americans of the 18th century, the latter incarnating the spiritual ideals bequeathed by the Puritans, the former revealing the emphasis on the practical that was to become the dominant emphasis in American life. Franklin's work in the essay is intimately associated with the establishment of periodicals in America. Although America's first newspaper was the Boston *Public Occurrences* (1690), it was short-lived, and the *Boston News Letter* (first printed in April, 1704) was the first journal of any permanence. Newspapers and magazines multiplied rapidly during the first half of the century, some of the more important being the *American Weekly Mercury* (1719), *The Boston Gazette* (1719), *The New England Courant* (1721), *The New York Gazette* (1725), *The Weekly Rehearsal* (Boston, 1731), Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* (1733), and *The General Magazine* (1741). Franklin's brother James established *The New England Courant,* in which appeared Franklin's "Silence Dogood Papers" in 1722. In 1728 Franklin contributed about half a dozen of "The Busybody Papers" to the *Philadelphia Mercury.* He contributed a mass of essays of practical wisdom to his "Almanac," of which he continued in charge till about 1749. His "Essay on Human Vanity" appeared in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1735. He established *The General Magazine* in 1741 and contributed to it. Such connections are only the more outstanding illustrations of the numerous but mostly forgotten alliances between American essayists and the American periodical of this period. Franklin's essays fall roughly into two classes, those inculcating shrewd practical wisdom, such as "The Way to Wealth" and his shorter proverbial utterances, and the lighter, more playful personal essays, best represented by the "Ephemera," dating from his much later residence in Paris. That Franklin was able to be both serious and playful shows how the 18th century American essay was broadening out, largely under the decided influence of the Addisonian type of periodical essay, which continued to affect the substance and style of American writers down to Irving's time.

Franklin serves as a bridge from the earlier to the later American essay of the century. With the increasing dominance of political matters after the middle of the century, the American essay became almost wholly associated with statesmen and political writers. The Loyalist side was represented among others by Samuel Seabury (1729-1796), whose arguments signed "A Westchester Farmer" (1775) got him into much difficulty. St. John de Crèvecœur (1735-1813), a naturalized American of French birth whose residence alternated between America and France, reflects indirectly the mental and physical hardships incurred by the Revolution in his *Letters from an American Farmer* (published in England, 1782) and some recently published letters, which consist mostly of descriptive essays, charming in style and realistic in method, on such subjects as "The Pleasures of an American Farmer," "Snakes," and "The Snow Storm," but which contain also such essays as "What is an American?" and others revealing incisive reflection on the comparative merits of American and European civilization. The most vigorous representative of the Colonial side was the internationalist Thomas Paine (1737-1809), whose *Common Sense* (1776) and *The Crisis* (1776-83), constituting editorial essays with the fervor of oratory, were a powerful influence in producing the break with Great Britain and in sustaining the spirit of the Americans during the long struggle for independence. A much calmer upholder of Colonial rights was John Dickinson (1732-1808), whose *Letters from a Pennsylvania Farmer* (1767) considered the entire political status of the Colonies on the basis of legal principle and plain common sense. After the War, the interest shifted to the discussion of the Constitu-

tion, and the opposing views of the Federalists and the Jeffersonians are reflected in the *Federalist* papers (1787-8), written by James Madison (1751-1836), John Jay (1745-1829), and Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804), and the miscellaneous papers of Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826). Worthy of inclusion also is George Washington's "Farewell Address" (1796), notable for its dignified tone and high-minded consideration of the welfare of the nation.

Of a more general character are the essays of Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791), whose letters on "White-Washing" and "Consolation for the Old Bachelor" represent the facetiously humorous essay that foreshadows Irving; Philip Freneau (1752-1832), who was editor of *The Freeman's Journal* from 1781 to 1784; John Trumbull (1750-1831), chief of the "Hartford Wits" and contributor of newspaper essays imitative of the *Spectator;* Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810), who contributed essays to the *Columbus Magazine;* and, most important of all, Joseph Dennie (1768-1812), the "Lay Preacher," who has been called the most successful "American Addison." In his *Lay Sermons* (commenced in 1795), his "Farrago" essays contributed to various newspapers, and his contributions to *The Portfolio* (1800), Dennie showed that he was essentially a man of the world, with the true essay spirit. It was but a step from Dennie to the man who eclipsed him, Washington Irving, the first great American essayist.

D. The Nineteenth Century English Essay

The nineteenth century is the era par excellence of the English essay. In three important ways it differed from the essay that had preceded it: it had a much greater range, it was stamped with much more individuality, and it revealed a greater sense of form than its predecessors. Its wider range is shown in the much larger field of subject-matter represented, in the greater length of the average essay, and in the more decided weight of thought and tone that give the nineteenth century essay a solidity that makes Addison seem somewhat trivial beside Hazlitt. A noteworthy variety and strength are evidenced by the fact that the century witnessed the fullest development of the critical essay in English, the greatest flowering of the personal essay, and the complete establishment of the scientific essay, in addition to further cultivation of the descriptive, editorial. and philosophic essay. The only types that suffered a comparative decline were the narrative, character, and letter essay, possibly due (at least in part) to the increasing competition of the short-story and the novel. In America, the form showed a remarkably rich development. From Irving to Burroughs all types were fully represented, except for the character and letter essay and, in the latter half of the century, the narrative type. Especially strong in America were the personal, critical, and descriptive types. Added to this variety of subject-matter and type was the individual tone of the product. Affected modesty was rarely to be seen in the essays of the century. Their authors came out in the open, stated their likes and dislikes without hesitation and, especially in the field of the critical essay, mounted the rostrum in defense or denunciation as the conditions required. The various devices of 18th century circumlocution gave way almost entirely to a frank and simple straightforwardness. Finally, the essay came into its own as a more formal entity, largely under the influence of Hazlitt and the critical essayists like Macaulay and Arnold. Without losing the essential freedom of the essay spirit, Hazlitt and his successors moulded the essay into a well-rounded form, which, along with its greater length, weightier substance, and more open individuality, was to remain a marked characteristic down to the present day.

For the causes of these marked differences we must look to the changed conditions that characterized the century, particularly during the opening years. Four influences, among possible others, may be noted: the freshening power of the Romantic Movement in literature and of the French Revolution in all fields of thought and endeavor; the establishment of the great literary reviews and magazines; the revival of interest in Montaigne; and, later in the century, the very marked advance in natural science, education, and political science. The Romantic Movement and the French Revolution made themselves felt most pronouncedly in their liberating effects on the minds of

writers, who cast aside old conventions, assumed a greater hospitality toward newer ideas and forms, and displaced the 18th century "social" sense with a robust, enthusiastic, even militant individualism. The kinship in spirit between the essayists and poets of the English Romantic period is everywhere a marked one. A further incentive to individualism was the revived interest, among a few notable essayists, in Montaigne. Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt were especially conversant with his *Essais,* and though there is less tendency to avow the influence openly, the shadow of Montaigne may nevertheless be discerned falling across the pages of many personal essayists throughout the century. The advance in natural science, particularly from the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859), made possible that full development of the scientific essay with which Huxley and his contemporaries are identified; and the new interest in all phases of education, government, and social philosophy generally is revealed in the long line of brilliant critical essayists from the early Macaulay to the late Arnold that sometimes make the essay of this century almost synonymous with this particular type.

But the greatest influence in shaping the destinies of the 19th century essay was the establishment of the great reviews and magazines, which provided a real medium for the publication of both creative and critical prose that stimlated enormously the activity in the field of the essay. A clear distinction must be noted between the review and the magazine, a distinction which is preserved to this day and is revealed in the titles of some of the publications themselves. The "review" aimed to discuss works of literature, art, and science and to consider matters of national policy and public events, but not to publish original or "creative" material. The "magazine," on the other hand, was a repository for all sorts of miscellaneous material, including poetry, essays, tales, and similar creative as distinguished from critical matter. Both types of periodical had been in existence all through the 18th century, but aside from such magazines as the *Gentleman's Magazine,* had been amateurishly managed and edited, and it was only rarely that a really significant review or piece of creative literature appeared in one of them. But with the establishment in 1802 of the *Edinburgh Review* (a Whig organ), followed in 1809 by the appearance of the *Quarterly Review* (its Tory opponent in London), both published quarterly, the periodical was lifted to a new place of dignity and usefulness. Both of these reviews commanded immediate popularity, since their rivalry and the payment of liberal compensation attracted the best critical talent of England. Some of the notable contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* were Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Babington Macaulay, and Wm. E. Gladstone. In the *Quarterly* appeared contributions of Robert Southey, Scott, J. W. Croker, John G. Lockhart, William Hazlitt, Gladstone, and many others. Only a little behind these two reviews were the new magazines. As early as 1811 Leigh Hunt had tried to establish a distinctly literary magazine with his *Reflector* (1811-12), but it did not survive long. In 1817, however, the Edinburgh publisher, William Blackwood, established *Blackwood's Magazine,* published monthly, which, on the adhesion of John Wilson ("Christopher North") and Lockhart to his staff, achieved Blackwood's aim of giving the public something "more nimble, more frequent, more familiar" than the two reviews had done. Its "nimbleness" was illustrated by the appearance of a violent attack on Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria,* an attack on Leigh Hunt and the Cockney School of poetry, and the publication of the famous "Chaldee Ms.," a satire on the respectable notables of Edinburgh in language parodied from the Bible. In 1820 came the establishment of a London rival of *Blackwood's, The London Magazine,* which though comparatively short-lived (coming to an end in 1829), yet made a greater contribution to literature than any of the three just mentioned, publishing as it did much of the finest work of Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, and others, including during its first year Lamb's "Roast Pig" and the first number of De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.* These four are the most important of the new reviews and magazines, but others rapidly followed, such as *The New Monthly Magazine* (1821), edited by Thomas Campbell, the poet, and containing Coleridge's *Lectures on Poetry* and Campbell's famous poem, "The Last Man." For some time a spirit of bitter rivalry existed among these periodicals, resulting in many quarrels and duels, such as that ending in the death of John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine,* at the hands of a friend of Lockhart, who was with *Blackwood's.* But by the middle of the century this

spirit had largely disappeared, and additional writers like Carlyle, Froude, Kingsley, Thackeray, Dickens, Newman, and others were appearing, to contribute, not only to those already founded but to many others, such as *Fraser's* and the *Cornhill Magazine*. It is thus difficult to imagine the status of the nineteenth century essay without the powerful stimulus of the increasing host of magazines and reviews, not to mention the impetus which the widespread development of their ally, the modern newspaper, afforded both in England and America to the cultivation of the editorial essay in particular.

The essay product of the century may be conveniently reviewed under three classes: that of the essayists of the Romantic period running well toward the middle of the century; that of the long line of critical essayists and reviewers stretching from about 1825 to 1875 and beyond; and that of the essayists of the latter half of the century employing chiefly other types than the longer critical essay.

Foremost among those who may be called essayists of the Romantic period as displaying kinship with its spirit is Charles Lamb (1775-1834), who began his real career as an essayist in 1820, though from 1802 he had published some essays, chiefly imitative of the seventeenth century character essay or the Addisonian 18th century essay. With his contribution of "The South Sea House" to the August, 1820, number of *The London Magazine* began Lamb's production of his most characteristic essays, the great majority of which appeared in the *London Magazine* from 1820 to 1825. After 1826 he wrote few essays of importance. Some of his earlier pieces had appeared in his *Works* (1818). His two main collections, however, were the *Essays of Elia* (1823) and *Last Essays of Elia* (1833), which included most of his contributions to the *London Magazine* as well as some earlier and later essays. Though many of the essays of his best period still show the influences of his predecessors, chiefly the 17th century character essayists and the 18th century periodical writers, his work as a whole is stamped with that originality which only the term "Lamb" can describe. His autobiographical and reminiscent tone (in "Christ's Hospital"), his ingratiating humor (as in "Roast Pig"), his tenderness and pathos (as in "Dream Children"), his discriminating love of the drama (as in the essay on the Tragedies of Shakespeare), his fondness for the quaint phraseology of the 17th century, his largehearted tolerance and love for people are the qualities, which, blended inextricably together, form that "pleasingly egotistical" atmosphere which is the despair of would-be imitators. The personal essay is Lamb's great achievement, though he did notable work also in the narrative, character, and critical essay types.

Next among the favorites of this period is perhaps William Hazlitt (1778-1830), an intimate friend of Lamb's, whose most characteristic period began also in 1820 and with the same periodical, *The London Magazine*. He had written from 1815 on for Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* and for the *Edinburgh Review*, but it was his essays in the *London Magazine* during 1820-21 and in the *New Monthly Magazine* from 1822 till his death in 1830 that revealed him at his best. In addition to his contributions to these magazines, he published others in the collections called *Table-Talk* (1821-22), *The Round Table* (1817), and *the Plain Speaker* (1826). In 1839 additional collections appeared, edited by his son, under the titles of *Winterslow* and *Essays and Sketches*. The outstanding quality of Hazlitt's writing, as well as of his personality, was his uncompromising individualism. A Radical in politics, clinging to the end to his beliefs in the French Revolution and Napoleon, "the god of his idolatry," inclined to be severely critical and somewhat cynical toward his contemporaries, he suffered many personal estrangements, Charles Lamb being almost the only one with whom he could get along. Yet, curiously enough, the more caustic aspects of his individualism are hardly apparent in his essays. One is impressed only by his extreme frankness, his straightforwardness, his honest expression of his convictions. Along with this straightforwardness went the most salient quality of his style, its simplicity and freedom from mannerism. His essay "On Familiar Style" is at once precept and example. He was fond of using quotations but employed them so deftly that they became a part of his own work; he used the striking opening device as effectively as had Bacon; he was discursive like Montaigne, but more orderly and less intimate. A keen critic of painting, literature, and the drama, he wrote many important critical essays, though, like Lamb, his forte was the personal essay, exemplified

by "On Going a Journey." While attracting fewer admirers than Lamb, Hazlitt had more direct influence on his successors in the art, and it probably would have satisfied Hazlitt to hear Stevenson's famous comment: "We are all mighty fine fellows, but we cannot write like Hazlitt."

Of less intrinsic literary merit but of prime importance in the history of the essay is the work of the sunny and genial James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), who represents most fully, both in his essays and in his numerous journalistic ventures, the persistence amidst new conditions of the older moods and types of the essay form, particularly the 17th century character sketch and the 18th century periodical essay. As editor or co-editor of *The Examiner* (1808-21), *The Reflector* (1810-11), *The Indicator* (1819-21), *The Liberal* (1822-3), *The Literary Examiner* (1823), *The Companion* (1828), *The Tatler* (1830-32), and *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* (1834-5) he carried on for the most part the traditions of the *Spectator* type of periodical with the born journalistic sense of a Defoe. Without Hazlitt's seriousness or Lamb's lovable charm, Hunt acted as a cheerful companion gossiping about the superficial ways of life, popularizing the love of books, and, in his descriptive and character essays, presenting some memorable pictures of places and people.

Most of the Romantic poets wrote at least a few essays each, and the names of a dozen or fifteen verse and prose writers might be added to those already mentioned, including John Wilson ("Christopher North"), 1785-1854, author of *Noctes Ambrosianae* (1822-33) and an influential contributor of critical essays to *Blackwood's;* William Cobbett (1762-1835), the free-lance journalist and political agitator, author of *Rural Rides in England* (1830); Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), notable for his admirable critical essay, the *Defense of Poetry* (1821); and Mary R. Mitford (1787-1855), author of many charming character sketches and descriptive essays. But of chief importance are the four writers, William Wordsworth (1770-1850), Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859), and Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864). Wordsworth wrote a number of substantial reflective essays, such as that "On Epitaphs," but is of paramount importance for his epoch-making critical essay, the Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" (1800). Coleridge was one of the most notable critics of literature, and especially of Shakespeare, that the English race has produced, and the notes for his Lectures on Shakespeare (delivered betwen 1808 and 1818), published in his *Literary Remains* (1837-9) and his *Biographia Literaria* (1817) afford abundant examples of the rare critical insight of the Father of the newer English criticism, that substituting sympathetic appreciation for judgment by preëstablished literary standards. De Quincey's fame as an essayist rests primarily on the musical prose of "Suspiria de Profundis" (*Blackwood's,* 1845) and "The English Mail Coach" (*Tait's Magazine,* 1849) and such examples of intuitional criticism as the famous essay, "On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*" (*London Magazine,* 1823). To Landor belongs the distinction of bringing to classical perfection a variety of the narrative essay, the age-old dialogue device, in his *Imaginary Conversations* (1824 ff.) and its cognate type, the letter essay, in *Pericles and Aspasia* (1836).

Associated primarily with the *Edinburgh Review* and its successors, though finding an outlet for expression through other channels also (such as the lecture platform), was the long line of critical essayists whose broad trail of distinctive achievement stretches practically to the end of the century. Many figures, prominent in their day, have since seemed of less significance in the development of the critical essay, whatever have been their fortunes in respect to their other work: Sydney Smith (1771-1845) and Henry Brougham (1779-1868) of the *Edinburgh Review;* William Gifford (1756-1826), Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), Robert Southey (1774-1843), and John Wilson Croker (1780-1857) of the *Quarterly,* of whom the last is still remembered unfavourably for his criticism in the *Quarterly* (1818) of Keats's *Endymion;* John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), the probable author of a series of articles in *Blackwood's* (1817-19) attacking the "Cockney" school of poetry; and, later on in the century, the rival historians, James Anthony Froude (1818-1894) and Edward Augustus Freeman (1823-1892). With these, of course, should also be considered the critical work of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Shelley, De Quincey, Wilson, and Hunt, who have been treated elsewhere.

But the main course of the critical essay may be traced accurately enough in the

successive work of a half dozen critics representative of the various standards of the century: Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850), Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859), Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), John Henry Newman (1801-1890), John Ruskin (1819-1900), and Matthew Arnold (1822-1888). Jeffrey represents the 18th century pseudo-classical point of view which unfitted him for an appreciation of the poetry of the Romantic School, as illustrated by his famous criticism of Wordsworth's "Excursion" (1814), though much of his criticism of his contemporaries (favorable and adverse) has been essentially justified by time. Employing somewhat similar critical methods but endowed with greater sanity and the gift of a brilliant style was Macaulay, whose voluminous contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* from 1825 to 1844 and his biographies written for the *Encyclopedia Britannica* from 1853 till his death reveal the wide extent of his reading, the clarity of his style, and his proneness to render sharply defined judgments for or against the men and the works under discussion. Socially he was a man of the "advancing" 19th century, a lauder of material progress, rejoicing in his democratic, prosperous England. Not so Carlyle, who, with his "sword of Goliath" style, denounced the shams of "Democracy," the barrenness of political economy, the hollow materialism of his age. The essential spirit of *Heroes and Hero-Worship* (1841), *Past and Present* (1842), and the essay on "Characteristics" (1831) is the same—a plea for a return to the religious spirit of the Middle Ages as a corrective of the diseases of over-intellectualized modern society. He has been termed "the greatest moral force of the 19th century." Equally an apostle of spiritual values was John Ruskin, who divided his allegiance between ethics and æsthetics, the warp and woof of Ruskin's philosophy of life. If he called attention to the beauty of nature and art in *Modern Painters* (1843 ff.) in a style whose ornateness has not been surpassed, he also sounded the call to the colors of Faith, Industry, and Righteousness in such lectures and essays as are represented by *The Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), in a style of biblical beauty and earnestness. Cardinal Newman, the great storm center of religious controversy for fifty years or more, also entered the ranks of the exponents of the high-minded and high-souled, not merely in his religious works but more significantly in his numerous treatments of the problems of education. The various addresses that constitute his *Idea of a University* (1852) present a complete survey of the field of higher education, with an emphasis on classical culture and the rightful place of religion in any complete system of education.

It is but a step from Newman to Arnold, who was perhaps the most influential, if not the greatest, English critic of the century. The field of his interest was broader than that of his contemporaries, for not only was he a poet and a scholar; he entered successively three separate fields of criticism, with a consistency and critical acuteness rarely equalled. His prose, mainly the work of his middle and later years and displacing largely his earlier poetic activity, deals with the entire cultural fabric of the England of his day, and is all animated by his central purpose: "to cure the great vice of our intellect, manifesting itself in our incredible vagaries in literature, in art, in religion, in morals; namely, that it is *fantastic,* and wants *sanity.*" Beginning with the famous Preface to the 1853 edition of his poems, he presented his theories of poetry, literature, and criticism in the books entitled *On Translating Homer* (1861), *The Study of Celtic Literature* (1867), and *Essays in Criticism* (1865, 1888). The appearance of the 1865 volume was, in fact, a literary sensation, with its presentation in "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" of a new theory of criticism, which Arnold defined as "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Inspired by his success in this field, Arnold next tried *social* criticism and in *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) presented, particularly in such essays as "Sweetness and Light" and "Hebraism and Hellenism," his view of true culture, which he defined as "an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy." Finally, in *Literature and Dogma* (1873) he entered the difficult field of *theological* criticism, in which, though not so generally recognized, he did notable work in defining the respective provinces of morality and religion and offering the approach of a sane layman to the delicate tangle of theological difficulties. Arnold's style, though not without its faults, was on the whole well suited to his rôle. Its preëminent quality was lucidity, and it afforded a perfect example of

his own definition: "The needful qualities of a fit prose are regularity, uniformity, precision, balance."

The increasing vogue of all types of the essay brought forth a legion of practitioners in the art during the latter half of the century. The novelists entered the field, chiefly with the personal and descriptive essay, such as those from the pens of George Eliot (1819-1880), Charles Dickens (1812-1870), and especially William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), with his delightful "Roundabout Papers" contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* (1860-63). The revolutionary advances in the field of natural science from about the middle of the century brought out a notable group of popular expositors of the meaning of the new discoveries and placed the scientific essay, for the first time, on somewhat the same plane that the other types had enjoyed. Chief among the masters of this type was Thomas Huxley (1825-1895), who, in such lectures to the ordinary layman as are represented in *Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews* (1870), discoursed with perfect clearness, yet with scientific accuracy, on "A Piece of Chalk," "A Liberal Education," "The Physical Basis of Life," or "The Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge." Of only less importance in the same general rôle were Alfred Russel Wallace (1823-1913), Herbert Spencer (1820-1903), John Tyndall (1820-1893), Sir Charles Lyell (1797-1875), and Sir John Herschell (1792-1871). Occupying a middle ground between the scientific and the personal essayists are such "nature" essayists as Richard Jefferies (1848-1887), that delightful blender of the scientific and the poetic in such collections of descriptive essays as *Field and Hedgerow* (1889) and *The Life of the Fields* (1889). The personal essayists of the latter half of the century are numerous but for the most part disappointing after Lamb and Thackeray, due partly to sheer mediocrity, in some cases to a division of interest between the more formal and more informal types of the essay which precluded any real distinction in either. There were Dr. John Brown (1810-1882), remembered chiefly for "Rab and his Friends," whose essays were published in three volumes of *Horæ Subsecivæ* (1858, 1861, 1882), Alexander Smith (1829-1867), author of *Dreamthorp* (1863), with its excellent exposition of the personal essay entitled "On the Writings of Essays," A. K. H. Boyd (1825-1899), author of the garrulous *Recreations of a Country Parson* (1859), and Sir John Skelton (1831-1897), with *Nugæ Criticæ* (1862) and other volumes.

But the greatest essayist of the latter part of the century was without doubt Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), who, in addition to his ventures into poetry and playwriting and his splendid work as a letter-writer and novelist, entered the field of four types of the essay, with almost equal distinction in all, namely: the personal, the critical, the philosophical, and the descriptive essay. His career as an essayist lay primarily between the years 1873 and 1888, during which period he contributed his essays chiefly to *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Scribner's Magazine*. The first to appear in book form were the descriptive or travel essays in the volumes entitled *An Inland Voyage* (1878) and *Travels with a Donkey* (1879). Then followed *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881), containing the best-known of his personal and philosophical essays, such as "An Apology for Idlers" and "Aes Triplex"; *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (1882), including critical essays on Whitman, Thoreau, Pepys, and others; and *Memories and Portraits* (1887) and *Across the Plains* (1892), mostly autobiographic or reminiscent in character. The key to the tone of Stevenson's essays is "Romance," as the key to his style is "Care." He was an enthusiastic student of Montaigne and Hazlitt and wrote some notable essays on style. Abhorrent of every trace of slovenliness in his own writing and a tireless worker even in illness, he nevertheless seems in his essays a romantic lounger through life, joyful at the sight of its treasures, and gay in the face of its dangers, even Death itself.

Of the remaining essayists writing down to the end of the century, most handled the critical essay but in a more restricted sense than that applied to the line of great social critics above considered. Among the chief of these were Walter Pater (1839-1894), one of the most important of English stylists and critics of style and literature, as exemplified in his *Appreciations* (1889); Edmund Gosse (1849-), critic and historian of English literature; Augustine Birrell (1850-), notable chiefly for his *Obiter Dicta* (1884); Leslie Stephen (1832-1904), author of *Hours in a Library* (1874-9); Walter Bagehot (1826-1877), with *Literary Studies* (1878); John Addington

Symonds (1849-1893), author of *Essays Speculative and Suggestive* (1890); and George Saintsbury (1845-), critic of English literature. During the last decade of the century there appeared also the colorful essays of such worshippers of beauty as Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904), the interpreter of Japan, as exemplified in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* (1894) and Mrs. Alice Thompson Meynell (c. 1850-1922), with her collections, *The Rhythm of Life* (1893) and *The Colour of Life* (1896).

In America the richness of the development of the essay form during this same period may be compared in the same country only with the intensive cultivation of the short-story and the activity of the New England group of poets. From Irving to Burroughs most of the types of the essay were represented in a fullness out of all proportion to the cultural possibilities of the nation as revealed during the preceding century; and this multiform activity is to be adequately explained only by the new national consciousness, the willingness to appropriate the riches of the past, and the alertness to the new forces that were also affecting England and the Continent.

The first two of these factors are seen in the essays of the first American man of letters to win recognition abroad, Washington Irving (1783-1859), who began his career as an essayist under the pseudonym of "Jonathan Oldstyle" with the imitative, somewhat affected, but pleasantly humorous "Salmagundi Papers," prepared (in collaboration with James K. Paulding) for the *New York Chronicle* and published in 1807-8. The distinctly American confusion of fact and nonsense showed itself in the rollicking *Knickerbocker's History of New York* (1809). *The Sketch Book* (1819-20), together with *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), combined his American sense of humor, his tolerant consciousness of national differences, his sympathetic portraiture, his perfection of the graces of 18th century English style, his absorption of the culture of the past into an amalgam which has made these books accepted classics both in America and England. Clearly imitative of Addison and Goldsmith, and lacking in any great stimulus to thought, Irving nevertheless served as an important promoter of culture in America, provided the bridge from mere imitation to originality, and headed the long line of significant cultivators of the essay form among his compatriots.

The third important factor among those above mentioned, the alertness to the new forces that were operating abroad, was seen notably in the work of that unique group of American writers centering around Concord, Massachusetts, and known loosely as the Transcendentalists, including especially Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862), and in a lesser degree Margaret Fuller Ossoli (1810-1850), Amos Bronson Alcott (1799-1888), William Ellery Channing (1780-1842) and his nephew of the same name (1818-1901), and Theodore Parker (1810-1860). Transcendentalism, the despair of definers, was dominated by the assertion of the supremacy of the intuitional or spiritual over the empirical, and was the outcome of numerous forces, including the liberating power of Unitarianism as expounded by Channing the Elder, the philosophy of Kant and modern German thought, the French eclectic philosophy of Jouffroy and Cousin, the writings of Carlyle and Coleridge, and the flowering of the new literature in English, both in England and America, that sprang from the Romantic Movement. The chief exponent of this new attitude (for it was too unsystematic to be rightly termed a philosophy) was Emerson, who, beginning with his three famous utterances, *Nature* (1836), *The American Scholar* (1837), and the *Divinity School Address* (1838), laid the basis for all of his subsequent essays and lectures. The chief of these were his *Essays* (two series, 1841 and 1844), *Representative Men* (1850), and *English Traits* (1856), his later essays being hardly more than restatements in various forms of the ideas already presented with more vigor and charm. The key to the tone of Emerson's essays is his individualism, manifesting itself in his disregard, not merely for the traditions of thought, but for the conventions of composition as well. Highly emotional and poetic, charged with swift and incoherent lightning flashes of thought, suffused with the personality of the author, whose inspiring personal presence before an audience supplied that unity which is lacking in cold print, these essays enjoyed the freest tone that can be achieved by the personal or the reflective essay. They recall Montaigne, whom Emerson avowedly admired, and whose influence is perceptible in the very fact that only two of the subjects handled in the twenty essays of the two series of *Essays* are not paralleled in Montaigne. But Emerson was

no imitator of Montaigne or of any other writer; he preserved both in thought and style the individualism and originality of the true Transcendentalist. Thoreau was Emerson's most noted disciple, not as an imitator but as a "doer of the Word": He practised what Emerson preached. His two-year sojourn at Walden Pond (1845-7) was the outward symbol of his whole endeavor, "to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life * * * to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life * * * to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms." The fruit of this experience, *Walden* (1854), as well as the earlier *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* (1849) and the later *Excursions* (1863), *The Maine Woods* (1864), and *Cape Cod* (1865), presented his unique contribution to the personal and reflective types of essay, as well as those poetic descriptive essays that mark him, along with Audubon, the most important forerunner of the "nature" essayists of America. His style is as individual as his thought, with its skilful sentences, well constructed paragraphs containing much in little, its quotable phrases, its dry humor, and its effective satire. The other members of this group are represented chiefly by the numerous critical essays of the elder Channing on Napoleon, Milton, Fenelon, "Self Culture," and so forth, and by the contributions of Margaret Fuller, Alcott, the younger Channing, and Parker to various periodicals, chiefly the *Dial* (1840-4), of which Margaret Fuller and Emerson were the successive editors.

Outside this group, numerous essayists during the first half of the century contributed to various types of the form. The personal and the descriptive essay were represented by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), whose "Rill from the Town Pump," "Sights from a Steeple," "Buds and Bird Voices," and passages from the later volume *Our Old Home* (1863) illustrate the narrow line that separated the tale-writer from the essayist. N. P. Willis (1806-1867), the popular journalist, contributed *Pencillings by the Way* (1835) and other volumes of light personal and descriptive essays. The "nature" essay had other devotees than Thoreau, in such naturalists as John James Audubon (1780-1851) with his *Ornithological Biography* (1831-9) and Alexander Wilson (1766-1813), author of *American Ornithology* (1808-14). More generally of the descriptive type were some of Irving's sketches like the "Hall of Ambassadors," Thoreau's famous essay on "Walking," some of the unique descriptive prose poems of Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), exemplified by his "Shadow," and the numerous descriptive passages in Hawthorne's Note Books, published after his death (1868 ff.). The *Journals* of Thoreau, Emerson, and Hawthorne also afford abundant examples of those basic "observations" that, in the case of Hawthorne particularly, were the germs of famous classics. The *Letters* of Thoreau and others exemplify the letter essay. Poe, Hawthorne, and Irving all illustrate the narrative type, while the character essay, though scantily cultivated, may be seen, among others, in Emerson's *Representative Men.* The outstanding exemplar of the editorial essay during this period was Horace Greeley (1811-1872), founder in 1841 of the *New York Tribune* and the father of succeeding editorial writers in America. The scientific essay, as distinguished from the mere "nature" essay, was cultivated primarily by Wilson, Audubon, and Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz (1807-1873), author of numerous expositions on geological subjects.

Of more distinct significance, however, were the advances made in the field of American criticism, of which there was practically none till the early 19th century. Perhaps the chief contributor toward the establishment of an independent American criticism was Poe, who, in his numerous reviews of the good and bad work among his contemporaries, served to create a standard of fearlessness that neither praised a product merely because it was by an American nor waited for an English verdict because of a sense of American critical incompetence. On the whole, his estimates of Hawthorne, Bryant, and Longfellow and his denunciation of the mediocrities of the day have been sustained by time; and his more general critical essays, such as "The Philosophy of Composition," "The Poetic Principle," and "The Rationale of Verse," are still valuable if somewhat eccentric contributions to the study of verse. Practically all of the creative writers of the time wrote some critical essays, among them Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), in *Outre-Mer* (1834-5) and *Driftwood* (1857); Hawthorne, in the Preface to the *House of the Seven Gables* (1851); John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) and William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), more miscellaneously;

and, in the larger social sense, the historians, George Bancroft (1800-1891), George Ticknor (1791-1871), and William H. Prescott (1796-1859), as well as Irving, Emerson, and Thoreau, already treated.

During the latter half of the century the American essay shared the stimulus enjoyed by American literature in general,—a stimulus resulting from increased national consciousness, the prestige already attained by American writers, and the rapid development of newspapers and magazines whose pages were thrown open to the growing number of writers of talent. The founding of *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, with James Russell Lowell as its first editor, is symbolic of both the importance which the literature had already assumed and the new opportunities that were to be made for its further cultivation. Three types of the essay thrived with especial fullness of cultivation: the personal, descriptive, and critical types. So wide-spread was the practice of essay-writing that to name the authors is almost to call the roll of all significant American writers from 1850 to the end of the century. But outstanding among the personal essayists were Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (1858), *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* (1872), and *Over the Tea Cups* (1890); James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), with his *Biglow Papers* (1848-1866), *Fireside Travels* (1864), and other collections containing his lighter, non-critical prose; Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907), editor of the *Atlantic* from 1881 to 1890 and contributor to numerous periodicals of such essays as the "Ponkapog Papers"; Donald Grant Mitchell or "Ik Marvel" (1822-1908), best known for the dreamy sentimentalism of *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850) and *Dream Life* (1851); Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900), best exemplified by his *Backlog Studies* (1872); George William Curtis (1824-1892), author of the Thackeray-like sketches in the *Potiphar Papers* (1853) and *Prue and I* (1856); and William Dean Howells (1837-1920), intimately associated from 1866 on with *The Atlantic Monthly, The Century Magazine,* and *Harper's Monthly* and finding time, in the midst of his editorial duties and novel writing for such personal revelations as "I Talk of Dreams." Only less significant in this field were the essays of Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909), Bayard Taylor (1825-1878), Walt Whitman (1819-1892), Harriet Beecher Stowe (1812-1896), Mark Twain (1835-1910), and others.

Closely allied to the work of the personal essayists proper is that of the humorous essayists, like George Horatio Derby or "John Phoenix" (1823-1861), Charles Farrar Browne or "Artemus Ward" (1834-1867), Henry Wheeler Shaw or "Josh Billings" (1818-1885), Charles Henry Smith or "Bill Arp, So-Called" (1826-1903), and David Ross Locke or "Petroleum V. Nasby" (1833-1888), the last two of whom resorted to the pseudo-letter form. In close association with the personal essay also are the character essays of Holmes, Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner (as in "Calvin: A Study of Character"), and the well-known "Journeys to the Homes of Famous People" of Elbert Hubbard (1856-1915), the founder of the Roycroft Press. The narrative and purely philosophical types are only slightly represented, though the work of Clarence King (1842-1901) illustrates the former, and Hamilton Wright Mabie's (1846-1916) "Theocritus on Cape Cod," as well as much of the work of the personal and critical essayists generally, is an example of the latter. The chief representative of the editorial essay during the latter part of the century was probably Charles Anderson Dana (1819-1897), managing editor of the *New York Tribune* from 1847 to 1862 and editor of the *New York Sun* from 1868 till his death, author of many forceful and fitting editorials of a high literary merit.

The descriptive and the scientific essay have fared well at the hands of American writers. The descriptive essay was practised, not only by such cultivators of general description as Lowell, Mark Twain, Bret Harte (1836-1902), Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1823-1911) in *Out-Door Papers* (1863), William C. Brownell (1851-), and Theodore Winthrop (1828-1861), but notably by such naturalists as John Burroughs (1837-1921) in *Birds and Poets* (1877), *Fresh Fields* (1884) and other interpretations of nature, and John Muir (1838-1914), author of "Studies in the Sierras" in *Scribner's Monthly* (1878), later republished as *The Mountains of California* (1894). The last two are also the best exponents during this period of the more purely scientific essay, Muir confining himself largely to interpretations of the

geological features of America, Burroughs presenting in successive essays and books the changing philosophy of a scientist which may be said to culminate in his *Accepting the Universe* (1920).

Of critical essayists during this later period the number is imposing, even a selective "best" being forced to include eight or ten names. Lowell perhaps is most worthy of chief place, with his two series entitled *Among My Books* (1870, 1876), *My Study Windows* (1871), *The Old English Dramatists* (1892), and other works of social and literary criticism. In somewhat lighter vein are the three series entitled *From the Easy Chair* (1891, 1893, 1894) by George William Curtis, though he did also more serious critical work. A professional critic was Edwin Percy Whipple (1819-1886), whose best activity is seen in *Literature and Life* (1849), *Character and Characteristic Men* (1866), and *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (1869). More exactly contemporary with the work of these three were the critical writings of Richard Henry Dana (1787-1879), Sidney Lanier (1842-1881), author of *The Science of English Verse* (1880) and miscellaneous critical essays, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and the historians, John L. Motley (1814-1877) and Francis Parkman (1823-1893). The later years of the century produced the significant critical essays of Howells, best exemplified by *Criticism and Fiction* (1892); Henry James (1843-1916), author of *French Poets and Novelists* (1878), *Partial Portraits* (1888), and other important critical pronouncements; and, somewhat outside the pale of the more formal critics, John Burroughs, who had practically started his career as a writer with *Notes on Walt Whitman* (1867) which brought to bear on literature the viewpoint of the scientist.

As one reviews the procession of essayists, both English and American, that file down the years of the 19th century, he is struck with the mere mass and variety of activity that characterized this form. If the essay were to depend only upon the product of this one period, it could reveal, from Lamb and Irving to Stevenson and Burroughs, a veritable literature in itself.

E. The Twentieth Century English Essay

We are obviously too close to the literature and the figures of our own time to judge at all adequately of what the first quarter of the twentieth century has brought forth in the essay form. One thing seems clear: that, in the multitude of collections of essays which have appeared during this period, there is no loss of interest in the essay as a form of literary art. It is also apparent that a new vogue has been attending the personal essay, especially as it is imbued with a satiric or humorous tone. There has been a wide cultivation of the critical and the scientific types; and the descriptive (especially the "nature" variety), narrative, and reflective essay have perhaps never been written with greater charm than pervades much that has recently appeared. The letter and character types seem to have been further restricted in their usefulness and their adaptability to changed conditions and tastes. But the editorial essay continues to show both a usefulness and a capacity for embodying high literary merit that are too often overlooked because of the form in which the editorial must of necessity appear. We should remember the *form* of the *Spectator* papers and give more credit to similar papers of our own time.

In England the more informal types of the essay have been most notably represented perhaps by Max Beerbohm, Edward V. Lucas, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Arthur C. Benson, John Galsworthy, William Butler Yeats, Grace Rhys, Edward Thomas, William McFee, A. A. Milne, Thomas Burke, H. M. Tomlinson, Philip Guedalla, and Joseph Conrad, with Stephen Leacock as the most notable British contributor from the British dominions. The critical essayists number, in addition to some already mentioned, Gilbert Canaan, George Bernard Shaw, George Moore, Hugh Walpole, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Sir Philip Gibbs, and John M. Keynes. Of the other more formal types, the scientific essay is perhaps best represented in the work of William Osler, Bertrand Russell, and Sir Oliver Lodge.

A similar wealth is revealed in America. Of the personal essayists, serious or trivial, there have been Samuel McChord Crothers, Logan Pearsall Smith, Robert C.

Holliday, Robert Haven Schauffler, Simeon Strunsky, Henry Van Dyke, Meredith Nicholson, James Branch Cabell, and Katherine F. Gerould. The descriptive essay, especially the "nature" variety, has been charmingly cultivated by William Beebe, Dallas Lore Sharp, Amy Lowell, Stewart Edward White, and numerous others. In the editorial field, such outstanding names as Henry Watterson (1840-1921) and William Allen White suggest only meagerly the contributions in this type, whose authors are for the most part hidden by editorial anonymity. The more formal types are represented by so many prominent names that distinction seems invidious. But mention could hardly be avoided of Paul Elmer More, Agnes Repplier, Stuart P. Sherman, George Santayana, Irving Babbitt, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, Barrett Wendell, George E. Woodberry, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Adams, and Prosser Hall Frye. A noteworthy development in the field of the essay is the marked interest taken in America since about 1920 in the scientific essay and lecture. Such lectures as the two Yale series on "The Evolution of the Earth" and "The Evolution of Man" and the lectures on Physics delivered by Dr. Robert A. Millikan in 1925 were simply more public indication of the similar work that has been done for some time by such popularizers of Science as Henry Fairfield Osborne in paleontology, Edwin E. Slosson, editor of *Science Service,* in chemistry, and David Starr Jordan and Vernon L. Kellogg in biology. In this and other ways the essay is showing, as it has shown from the very beginning, that it can minister, not only to the æsthetic cravings of men but to their more immediate needs as well.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ESSAY

HEBREW, GREEK AND LATIN FORERUNNERS *

The most important forerunners of the English essay in ancient times were the authors of the Wisdom Books of the Bible, the Greek writers Aristotle, Theophrastus, and Plutarch, and the Latin authors Cicero, Seneca, and Aulus Gellius.

The biblical books of *Proverbs, Ecclesiastes,* and *Job* and the "apocryphal" *Ecclesiasticus* and *Wisdom of Solomon* may all be classed together as Wisdom Literature, intermediate in tone, as Professor Moulton points out, between sacred and secular literature. Most of these are probably of comparatively late date. The author of *Ecclesiastes* (now dated by scholars between 320 B.C. and 217 B.C.) is unknown, although long thought to be King Solomon. *Ecclesiasticus* or *The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach* (from a similarly late date) was originally written in Hebrew and translated into Greek in Alexandria in 132 B.C.

Aristotle was born at Stagira in Macedonia; was for twenty years a pupil in Plato's school at Athens, where he also carried on a school of his own till Plato's death (347 B.C.); after conducting another school at the court of King Hermias in Mysia (347–342 B.C.), went to Macedonia as tutor to Alexander the Great; returned to Athens, opened a school in the Lyceum, and taught for thirteen years, discussing philosophy in the covered walk (peripatos) which gave his disciples the name of Peripatetics; died at Chalcis, a fugitive from the anger of the Athenians, who attacked him as the teacher of Alexander. Aristotle left 146 separate treatises, of which 46 remain, including the *Poetics, Rhetoric, Politics,* and *Ethics.* Aristotle was the founder of the study of rhetoric and the scientific study of politics and ethics, as well as a masterly analyst of tragic and epic poetry.

Theophrastus was born on the island of Lesbos; after some preliminary study, became a disciple of Plato at Athens; was an intimate friend of Aristotle, of whose children he was the guardian; was the head of the Peripatetic School at the Lyceum for 35 years, from Aristotle's death till his own, having 2,000 disciples, including the comic poet Menander. Much honored in his own time, he wrote intensively on science and philosophy, with the main object of developing Aristotle's philosophy. In addition to his famous *Characters,* parts of a *History of Plants* and a *History of Physics* are extant. He complained of the shortness of human life,—that it ended just when insight into its problems began.

Plutarch, the celebrated Greek biographer and moralist, was born at Chæronia in Bœotia. Little is known of his life. In 66 A.D. he was a pupil of the philosopher Ammonius at Delphi; visited Italy and spent some time in Rome, where he lectured on philosophy during the reign of Domitian; returned to his native town, held various offices, was appointed priest of Apollo, and was still living in 120 A.D. He left two main works, his *Morals* and the *Parallel Lives,* an "artistic" treatment of the lives of 46 noted Greeks and Romans in pairs.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born in Latium; was educated at Rome under the best teachers of his time; after serving in a military campaign, prepared himself for a lawyer and orator, becoming at the age of 25 a pleader, who defended clients obnoxious to the dictator Sulla; in 79 B.C. visted Athens for his health and to improve his style of oratory, made a tour of Asia Minor, and studied at Rhodes; returned to Rome and took his place at the head of the Roman bar; became quaestor 76 B.C. and consul 63 B.C.; during his consulship directed the investigations into the conspiracy of Catiline, earning the title "father of his country" for his courage and prudence; was forced into exile by the jealousy of the nobility in 58 B.C.; after returning and serving as proconsul in Cilicia, followed Pompey into Greece in the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey; devoted three years to works on rhetoric and philosophy; was drawn from seclusion after the murder of Cæsar in 44 B.C. and delivered his famous philippics against Antony, who was the cause of his being executed in 43 B.C. on the formation of the second triumvirate. Cicero's admirable prose style, as exhibited in the *Orations* and his treatises and essays on *Oratory, Laws, Nature of the Gods, Old Age, Friendship,* and others, established a tradition which lived in the work of all good writers down to the time of Carlyle.

* For discussion of the essays of the authors treated in these biographical sketches, see the General Introduction. Further bibliographical information will be found there, as well as in the notes to the separate essays and in the bibliographies at the end of this volume.

Lucius Annæus Seneca, son of the rhetorician of the same name, was born at Corduba, Spain; was educated thoroughly at Rome in rhetoric and philosophy; became a famous pleader in the courts and an exponent of the Stoic philosophy; a senator under Caligula but banished to Corsica under Claudius, was recalled as the tutor of Nero, who later compelled him to commit suicide. In addition to his work as a tragic playwright, his ability as moralist and essayist was displayed in the essays on *Anger, Benefits, Clemency, Providence,* and *Tranquillity,* as well as in the famous 124 *Letters to Lucilius.*

Aulus Gellius, about whose life little is known, lived at Rome, where he held a judicial position and kept a "commonplace book" in which he entered his own thoughts and the thoughts of others gathered from conversation and reading that became the basis of his *Attic Nights.*

THE BIBLE

REMEMBER THY CREATOR

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness: for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes. But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain; in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail (because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets); or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

HONOUR THY PARENTS

Hear me, your father, O children, and do thereafter, that ye may be safe. For the Lord hath given the father honour over the children, and hath confirmed the authority of the mother over the sons. Whoso honoureth his father maketh an atonement for his sins; and he that honoureth his mother is as one that layeth up treasure. Whoso honoureth his father shall have joy of his own children; and when he maketh his prayer, he shall be heard. He that honoureth his father shall have a long life; and he that is obedient unto the Lord shall be a comfort to his mother. He that feareth the Lord will honour his father, and will do service unto his parents, as to his masters. Honour thy father and mother both in word and deed, that a blessing may come upon thee from them. For the blessing of the father establisheth the houses of children; but the curse of the mother rooteth out foundations. Glory not in the dishonour of thy father; for thy father's dishonour is no glory unto thee. For the glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach to the children.

My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth. And if his understanding fail, have patience with him; and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength. For the relieving of thy father shall not be forgotten; and instead of sins it shall be added to build thee up. In the day of thine affliction it shall be remembered; thy sins also shall melt away, as the ice in the fair warm weather. He that forsaketh his father is as a blasphemer; and he that angereth his mother is cursed of God.

ARISTOTLE (384–322 B.C.)

OF TRAGEDY

Of the species of poetry which imitates in hexameters, and of comedy, we shall speak hereafter. Let us now consider tragedy, collecting first, from what has been already said, its true and essential definition.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some action that is important, entire, and of a proper magnitude — by language, embellished and rendered pleasurable, but by different means in different parts — in the way, not of narration, but of action, effecting through pity and terror the correction and refinement of such passions.

By pleasurable language I mean a language that has the embellishments of rhythm, melody, and metre. And I add, by different means in different parts, because in some parts mętre alone is employed — in others, melody.

Now, as tragedy imitates by acting, the decoration, in the first place, must necessarily be one of its parts; then the *melopœia,* or music, and the diction, — for these last include the means of tragic imitation. By diction, I mean the metrical composition. The meaning of *melopœia* is obvious to every one.

Again, tragedy being an imitation of an action, and the persons employed in that action being necessarily characterized by their manners and their sentiments (since it is from these that actions themselves derive their character), it follows that there must also be manners and sentiments as the two causes of actions, and, consequently, of the happiness or unhappiness of all men. The imitation of the action is the fable; for by fable I now mean the contexture of incidents, or the plot. By manners I mean whatever marks the characters of the persons; by sentiments whatever they say, whether proving anything or delivering a general sentiment, etc.

Hence, all tragedy must necessarily contain six parts, which, together, constitute its peculiar character, or quality — fable, manners, diction, sentiments, decoration, and music. Of these parts, two relate to the means, one to the manner, and three to the object of imitation. And these are all. These specific parts, if we may so call them, have been employed by most poets, and are all to be found in almost every tragedy.

But of all these parts the most important is the combination of incidents, or the fable. Because tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of actions — of life, of happiness and unhappiness; for happiness consists in action, and the supreme good itself — the very end of life — is action of a certain kind, not quality. Now, the manners of men constitute only their quality or characters; but it is by their actions that they are happy, or the contrary. Tragedy, therefore, does not imitate action for the sake of imitating manners, but in the imitation of action that of manners is of course involved; so that the action and the fable are the end of tragedy; and in everything the end is of principal importance.

Again, tragedy cannot subsist without action; without manners it may. The tragedies of most modern poets have this defect — a defect common, indeed, among poets in general. As among painters also, this is the case with Zeuxis, compared with Polygnotus; the latter excels in the expression of manners. There is no such expression in the pictures of Zeuxis.

Further, suppose any one to string together a number of speeches in which the manners are strongly marked, the language and the sentiments well turned — this will not be sufficient to produce the proper effect of tragedy; that end will much rather be answered by a piece defective in each of those particulars, but furnished with a proper fable and contexture of incidents. Just as in painting, the most brilliant colors, spread at random and without design, will give far less pleasure than the simplest outline of a figure.

Add to this, that those parts of tragedy by means of which it becomes most interesting and affecting are parts of the fable: I mean revolutions and discoveries.

As a further proof, adventurers in tragic writing are sooner able to arrive at excellence in the language and the manners than in the construction of a plot, as appears from almost all our earlier poets.

The fable, then, is the principal part, — the soul, as it were, — of tragedy, and the manners are next in rank; tragedy being an imitation of an action, and through that principally of the agents.

In the third place stand the sentiments.

To this part it belongs to say such things as are true and proper, which in the dialogue depend on the political and rhetorical arts; for the ancients made their characters speak in the style of political and popular eloquence, but now the rhetorical manner prevails.

The manners are whatever manifests the disposition of the speaker. There are speeches, therefore, which are without manners or character, as not containing anything by which the propensities or aversions of the person who delivers them can be known. The sentiments comprehend whatever is said, whether proving anything affirmatively or negatively, or expressing some general reflection, etc.

Fourth in order is the diction — that is, as I have already said, the expression of the sentiments by words, the power and effect of which is the same, whether in verse or prose.

Of the remaining two parts the music stands next — of all the pleasurable accompaniments and embellishments of tragedy the most delightful.

The decoration has also a great effect, but, of all the parts, is most foreign to the art; for the power of tragedy is felt without representation and actors, and the beauty of the decorations depends more on the art of the mechanic than on that of the poet.

These things being thus adjusted, let us go on to examine in what manner the fable should be constructed, since this is the first and most important part of tragedy.

Now, we have defined tragedy to be an imitation of an action that is complete and entire, and that has also a certain magnitude; for a thing may be entire and a whole, and yet not be of any magnitude.

1. By entire I mean that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. A beginning is that which does not necessarily suppose anything before it, but which requires something to follow it. An end, on the contrary, is that which supposes something to precede it, either necessarily or probably, but which nothing is required to follow. A middle is that which both supposes something to precede and requires something to follow. The poet, therefore, who would construct his fable properly is not at liberty to begin or end where he pleases, but must conform to these definitions.

2. Again: whatever is beautiful, whether it be an animal, or any other thing composed of different parts, must not only have those parts arranged in a certain manner, but must also be of a certain magnitude; for beauty consists in magnitude and order. Hence it is that no very minute animal can be beautiful; the eye comprehends the whole too instantaneously to distinguish and compare the parts. Neither, on the contrary, can one of a prodigious size be beautiful; because, as all its parts cannot be seen at once, the whole (the unity of object) is lost to the spectator, — as it would be, for example, if he were surveying an animal of many miles in length. As, therefore, in animals and other objects, a certain magnitude is requisite, but that magnitude must be such as to present a whole easily comprehended by the eye, so in the fable a certain length is requisite, but that length must be such as to present a whole easily comprehended by the memory.

THEOPHRASTUS (C. 373–C. 287 B.C.)

THE "CHARACTERS" OF CAVILLING

Cavilling or cavillation (if we should define it rudely) is a wresting of actions and words to the worse or sadder part. A Caviller is he, who will entertain his enemies with a pretence of love; who applaudeth those publickly, whom secretly he seeketh to supplant. If any man traduce or deprave him, he easily pardoneth him without any expostulation. He passeth by jests broken upon him, and is very affable with those which challenge him of any injury by him to them done. Those which desire hastily to speak with him, he giveth them a Come-again. Whatsoever he doth, he hideth; and is much in deliberation. To those which would borrow money of him, his answer is, 'Tis a dead time; I sell nothing. And when he selleth little, then he braggeth of much. When he heareth any thing he will make shew not to observe it: He will deny he hath seen what he saw. If he bargain for any thing in his own wrong, he will not remember it. Some things he will consider of: some things he knows; some things he knows not; others he wonders

at. These words are very usuall with him: I do not believe it; I think not so; I wonder at it; Of some of these, I was so perswaded before. He will tell you, You mistake him for another: he had no such speech with me. This is beyond belief: find out some other ear for your stories. Shall I believe you, or disable his credit? But take you heed how you give credit to these received sayings, veiled and infolded with so many windings of dissimulation. Men of these manners are to be shunned more than Vipers.

OF FLATTERY

Flattery may be sayd to be a foul deformed custom in common life, making for the advantage of the Flatterer. A Flatterer is such a one, as if he walk or converse with you, will thus say unto you: Do you observe, how all men's eyes are upon you? I have not noted any in this Town, to be so much beheld. Yesterday in the Gallery you had reason to be proud of your reputation. For there being at that time assembled more than thirty persons, and question being made which should be the worthiest Citizen; the company being very impatient it should be disputed, concluded all upon you. These and such-like he putteth upon him. If there be the least mote upon his clothes, or if there should be none, he maketh a shew to take it off: or if any small straw or feather be gotten into his locks, the Flatterer taketh it away; and smiling saith, you are grown gray within these few dayes for want of my company, and yet your hair is naturally as black as any man of your years. If he reply, the Flatterer proclaimeth silence, praiseth him palpably and profusely to his face. When he hath spoken, he breaketh out into an exclamation, with a O well spoken! And if he break a jest upon any, the Flatterer laughs as if he were tickled; muffling himself in his cloak, as if he could not possibly forbear. As he meeteth any, he plaieth the Gentleman-usher, praying them to give way; as if his Patron were a very great person. He buys pears and apples, and bears them home to his children, and gives them (for the most part) in his presence: and kissing them, crieth out, O the worthy Father's lively picture! If he buy a shoe, if he be present, he swears his foot is far handsomer, and that the shoe mis-shapes it. If at any time he should repair to visit a friend, the Flatterer plays the Herbinger; runs before, and advertiseth them of his coming: and speedily returning back again, telleth him that he hath given them notice thereof. Whatsoever belongeth to the women's Academy, as paintings, preservings, needle-works, and such like, he discourseth of them like my Lady's woman. Of all the guests, he first commends the wine, and always sitting by his Ingle, courts him; asking him how sparingly he feeds, and how he bridles it: and taking some speciall dish from the Table, taketh occasion to commend it. He is busy and full of questions; whether this man be not cold; why he goes so thinne; and why he will not go better cloth'd? Then he whispers in his Patron's ear: and, while others speak, his eye is still upon him. At the Theatre, taking the cushions from the boy, he setteth them up himself: he commendeth the situation and building of the house; the well tilling and husbanding of the ground. In conclusion, you shall always note a Flatterer to speak and do, what he presumeth will be most pleasing and agreeable.

OF RUSTICITY OR CLOWNISHNESS

Rusticity may seem to be an ignorance of honesty and comliness. A Clown or rude fellow is he, who will go into a crowd or press, when he hath taken a purge: And he that sayth, that Garlick is as sweet as a gilliflower: that wears shoes much larger then his feet: that speaks always very loud: who, distrusting his friends and familiars, in serious affairs adviseth with his servants: who, the things which he heard in the Senate, imparteth to his mercenaries, who do his drudgery in the country: one that sitteth so with his hose drawn up at his knee as you might see his skin. Upon the way whatsoever strange accident he encountreth, he wondreth at nothing. But if he see an ox, an ass, or a goat, then the man is at a stand, and begins to look about him: proud when he can rob the cupboard or the Cellar, and then snap up a scrap; very carefull that the wench that makes the bread take him not

napping. He grinds, caters, drudges, purveighs, and plays the Sutler, for all things belonging to a house provision. When he is at dinner, he casts meat to his beasts; if any body knock at the door, he listens like a Cat for a mouse. Calling his dog to him, and taking him by the snout: This fellow, saith he, keeps my ground, my house, and all that is in it. If he receive money, he rejects it as light; and desireth to have it changed. If he have lent his plough, his scythe, or his sack, he sends for them again at midnight, if he chance to thinke of them in his sleep.

Coming into the City, whomsoever he meeteth, he asketh the price of hides and salt fish, and whether there be any plays this new moon: and so soon as he doth alight, he tells them all that he will be trimmed: And this fellow still sings in the Bath; and clowts his shoes with hob-nails. And because it was the same way to receive his salt meates from Archias, it was his fashion to carry it himself.

PLUTARCH (46?–120? A.D.)

CONCERNING THE DELAY OF THE DEITY

* * * It is said that the fly called Cantharides by a certain contradiction contains within itself the remedy of the harm it does; but wickedness doeth not so, producing within itself its own torment and punishment in the very act of the crime itself — even as every malefactor when he is punished is made to bear upon his own body the cross on which he is to suffer. Wickedness thus is a marvelous artificer of an unhappy life which she produceth out of herself — a constant torture which is inflicted in agitations, in baseness, with frequent terrors, with carking cares, with remorse and everlasting burning as though of a fire. Still we have among us those who are so like children that when they see the wicked in the theatre in their gold-embroidered tunics and with their purple cloaks, crowned and dancing as if they were happy, are stupefied in admiration and envy until they see them tortured with whips, torn with punishment, and at last, as it were, with flame bursting out from under their painted and sumptuous garments. Thus, indeed, there are often wicked men surrounded by numerous households, high in office, and splendid in their wealth, whom we do not understand to be malefactors until we have seen them punished or brought as it were to the very place of execution — things which cannot be so well called the punishment itself as the consummation and ending of punishment. For as Plato relates that Herodicus the Selymbrian, who fell into a lingering and mortal disease, was the first who joined gymnastic exercises and medicine as a remedy, protracting in doing so the tediousness of inevitable death for himself and all others so diseased, — thus the wicked who seem to have escaped punishment for the time being are really enduring their punishment, not after a longer time, but for a longer time. Nor are they punished when they are old merely, but they grow old under the anguish of their punishments. I speak of time as "long" as length of time appears to us; for to the gods, indeed, the whole space of human life is a nothing, a mere moment of present time. To them a reprieve of thirty years in the punishment of a criminal is as though we should debate whether the condemned malefactor should be brought to the scaffold or the torture in the morning or the afternoon, — especially as men are committed to life in custody as prisoners are committed to a jail, whence they cannot go out or escape, although while prisoners we may transact business, enjoy society, be promoted to honors and divert ourselves with amusement, — even as prisoners in the jail may play at checkers or dice while they are waiting to be hanged. What reason, therefore, have we to say that prisoners in chains awaiting execution are not punished until the ax has fallen, or that one who has drunk the deadly hemlock and can still keep his feet and walk is not punished until he falls senseless because of the coagulation of his blood and the loss of his senses, — if indeed we look upon the last moment of punishment as the punishment itself, leaving out of consideration the perturbation, the trepidation, the expectation, the remorse, and all the tortures of mind with which every wicked man is punished through his own very wickedness. It is as if we should reason that a fish which has swallowed a hook is not caught until we see him cut up and boiled by the cook. For the penalty of

his wickedness incubates for every malefactor in the wickedness itself which he has swallowed as a sweet bait. His conscience tears him and he is lacerated —

"As the hooked tunny tugs against the line
Which rends its jaws and draws it from the brine."

For, indeed, the audacity and ferocity of perverseness remains daring and full of hardiness until the wicked deed is done, but soon, as a tempest ceases its violence, it grows abject and bloodless, surrendering itself to all manner of fears and superstition. Hence it seems that the Stesichorus composed the "Dream of Clytemnestra" as a parable of life and truth (when to the wicked dreamer) —

"There came a dragon with a human head
With grume and blood besmeared as though
The King Plisthenides had thus appeared."

Inceder'est visus draco cui humanum caput esset
Rex hinc Plisthenidas obtulit sese oculis.
* * * * * *

Hence if the mind ceaseth to exist when fatal law is accomplished, if death is the end of reward and punishment, we might say that the Deity is too remiss and too merciful if he should suddenly give death as a penalty for wickedness. For even if we should say that there is no evil in the life and career of the wicked, still it is evident that wickedness is sterile and unpleasing, bearing nothing good or worthy of being desired out of its many and great agonies, while the very feeling of them subverts the mind. It is a tradition that Lysimachus when violently affected by thirst, surrendered his person and his army to the Scythians that he might drink as a captive. "Alas, then," he said, "what a wretch I am, who for so fleeting a pleasure have deprived myself of so great a kingdom!" How hard it is for a man to resist the impulses of his animal instincts; but when a man either to gratify such instincts or for the sake of political reputation and power has committed some base and atrocious crime in the reaction from which his fury leaves him while the foul and terrible perturbations of his crime remain and he gains from it nothing useful or gratifying for his life, is it not probable that he is forced to think for what an empty glory or barren and sordid pleasure he has overthrown the most noble and sublime principles of life, covering, in doing so, his own life with trouble and with shame?

Simonides was accustomed to say that the box he kept for his cash was always full, but that which he kept for his gratitude was always empty. So knaves when they contemplate their own wickedness find it void of good, but full of fears, sorrows, odious memories, suspicion of the future, and distrust of the present. So Ino is introduced in the theatre complaining in her remorse: —

"Dear friends, I pray you tell me with what face
I can return with Athamus to dwell,
As though I were not criminal and base."

Is it not likely, then, that the mind of every depraved man reacts upon itself thus, seeking if it can find a way to escape the memory of its wickedness, that freed from the consciousness of its crime it may begin life afresh? For in evil those who follow it can find neither confidence nor stability nor endurance, or otherwise they would be forced to say that the wicked alone are wise. Wherever the thirst for money, wherever burning passion, wherever impotent envy, has its home with wickedness, there, if you search, you will find superstition, languor in labor, fear of death, a succession of violent passion and the thirst after undeserved honor gaping in its own insolence. Such men fear those who condemn them and condemn those who praise as if the praise itself were a trick. And above everything, they are bitter enemies of the base because they commend willingly those who have the appearance of probity. But the hardness of wickedness, like that of faulty iron, is itself the cause of its breaking, and thus in passage of time when they explore their own state of mind, they grieve, they are angry, they repudiate their former course of life. If, indeed, we see a wicked man who restores what has been pledged with him or becomes security for a friend or does a patriotic act through ambition, very soon he repents and is ashamed of his action, if only because of the fickleness of his inclination which is incident to the depravity of his mind; when we see some men when they

are applauded in the theatres sigh soon afterwards because of the avarice of their ambition, we cannot believe that men like Apollodorus who sacrifice human life in their conspiracies and tyrannies or rob their own friends of property, as did Glaucus, the son of Epicides, — we cannot believe that such men as these do not repent and abhor themselves in the torment of their own wickedness. So if it be not wrong to say I believe for my part that there is no occasion for the interference of either gods or men to punish the wicked, since the whole life of such men, subverted and convulsed as it is by their vices, suffices for their punishment. * * *

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO
(106–43 B.C.)

CONCERNING FRIENDSHIP

The generality of mankind are so unreasonable, not to say arrogant, as to require that their friends should be formed by a more perfect model than themselves are able or willing to imitate. Whereas the first endeavor should be to acquire yourself those moral excellences which constitute a virtuous character, and then to find an associate whose good qualities reflect back the true image of your own. Thus would the fair fabric of friendship be erected upon that immovable basis which I have so repeatedly recommended in the course of this inquiry. For what should endanger its stability when a mutual affection between the parties is blended with principles that raise them above those mean passions by which the greater part of the world are usually governed? Being equally actuated by a strong sense of justice and equity, they will at all times equally be zealous to exert their utmost powers in the service of each other, well assured that nothing will ever be required, on either side, inconsistent with the dictates of truth and honor. In consequence of these principles they will not only love, but revere each other. I say revere, for where reverence does not dwell with affection, amity is bereaved of her noblest and most graceful ornament.

It is an error, therefore, that leads to the most pernicious consequences to imagine that the laws of friendship supersede those of moral obligation, and justify a participation with licentiousness and debauchery. Nature has sown the seed of that social affection in the heart of man for purposes far different; not to produce confederates in vice, but auxiliaries in virtue. Solitary and sequestered virtue is indeed incapable of rising to the same height as when she acts in conjunction with an affectionate and animating companion of her generous efforts. They who are thus leagued in reciprocal support and encouragement of each other's moral ambition may be considered as setting out together in the best company and surest road towards those desirable objects in which nature has placed the supreme felicity of man. Yes, my friends, I will repeat it again. An amity ennobled by these exalted principles, and directed to these laudable purposes, leads to honor and to glory, and is productive, at the same time, of that sweet satisfaction and complacency of mind which, in conjunction with the two former, essentially constitute real happiness. He, therefore, who means to acquire these great and ultimate beatitudes of human life must receive them from the hands of virtue; as neither friendship nor aught else deservedly valuable can possibly be obtained without her influence and intervention. For they who persuade themselves that they may possess a true friend, at least, where moral merit has no share in producing the connection, will find themselves miserably deceived whenever some severe misfortune shall give them occasion to make the decisive experiment.

It is a maxim, then, which cannot too frequently nor too strongly be inculcated, that in forming the attachment we are speaking of, "we should never suffer affection to take root in our hearts before judgment has time to interpose;" for in no circumstance of our lives can a hasty and inconsiderate choice be attended with more fatal consequences. But the folly is that we generally forbear to deliberate till consideration can nothing avail; and hence it is that after the association has been habitually formed, and many good offices perhaps have been mutually interchanged, some latent flaw becomes visible, and the union which was precipitately cemented is no less suddenly dissolved. Now

this inattention is the more blameworthy and astonishing, as friendship is the only article among the different objects of human pursuit the value and importance of which is unanimously, and without any exception, acknowledged. I say the only article, for even virtue herself is not universally held in esteem; and there are many who represent all her high pretensions as mere affectation and ostentatious parade. There are, too, those whose moderate desires are satisfied with humble meals and lowly roofs, and who look upon riches with sovereign contempt. How many are there who think that those honors which inflame the ambition of others are of all human vanities the most frivolous! In like manner throughout all the rest of those several objects which divide the passions of mankind, what some admire others most heartily despise. Whereas, with respect to friendship, there are not two different opinions; the active and the ambitious, the retired and the contemplative, even the sensualist himself (if he would indulge his appetites with any degree of refinement) unanimously acknowledge that without friendship life can have no true enjoyment. She insinuates herself, indeed, by I know not what irresistible charm into the hearts of every rank and class of men, and mixes in all the various modes and arrangements of human life. Were there a man in the world of so morose and acrimonious a disposition as to shun (agreeably to what we are told of a certain Timon of Athens) all communication with his species, even such an odious misanthropist could not endure to be excluded from one associate, at least, before whom he might discharge the whole rancor and virulence of his heart. The truth is, if we could suppose ourselves transported by some divinity into a solitude replete with all the delicacies which the heart of man could desire, but secluded at the same time from every possible intercourse with our kind, there is not a person in the world of so unsocial and savage a temper as to be capable under these forlorn circumstances of relishing any enjoyment. Accordingly, nothing is more true than what Archytas of Tarentum, if I mistake not, is reported to have said, "That were a man to be carried up into heaven, and the beauties of universal nature displayed to his view, he would receive but little pleasure from the wonderful scene if there were none to whom he might relate the glories he had beheld." Human nature, indeed, is so constituted as to be incapable of lonely satisfactions; man, like those plants which are formed to embrace others, is led by an instinctive impulse to recline on his species, and he finds his happiest and most secure support in the arms of a faithful friend. But although in this instance, as in every other, Nature points out her tendencies by a variety of unambiguous notices, and proclaims her meaning in the most emphatical language, yet, I know not how it is, we seem strangely blind to her clearest signals, and deaf to her loudest voice! * * *

It is virtue, yes, let me repeat it again, it is virtue alone that can give birth, strength, and permanency to friendship. For virtue is a uniform and steady principle ever acting consistently with itself. They whose souls are warmed by its generous flame not only improve their common ardor by communication, but naturally kindle into that pure affection of the heart towards each other which is distinguished by the name of amity, and is wholly unmixed with every kind and degree of selfish considerations. But although genuine friendship is solely the offspring of pure good-will, and no motive of advantage or utility has the least share in its production, yet many very beneficial consequences result from it, how little soever those consequences are the objects primarily in view. Of this disinterested nature was that affection which, in the earlier season of my life, united me with those venerable old men, Paulus, Cato, and Gallus, as also with Nasica and Gracchus, the father-in-law of my late honored and lamented friend. That the principle I have assigned is really the leading motive of true friendship becomes still more evident when the connection is formed between men of equal years, as in that which subsisted between Scipio, Furius, Rupilius, Mummius, and myself. Not that old men may not also find a generous satisfaction in living upon terms of disinterested intimacy with the young, as I have the happiness to experience in the friendship I enjoy, not only with both of you and Q. Tubero, but even with Publius Rutilius and Aulus Virginius, who are much your juniors. One would wish, indeed, to preserve those friends through all the successive periods of our

days with whom we first set out together in this our journey through the world. But since man holds all his possessions by a very precarious and uncertain tenure we should endeavor, as our old friends drop off, to repair their loss by new acquisitions, lest one should be so unhappy as to stand in his old age a solitary, unconnected individual, bereaved of every person whom he loves and by whom he is beloved. For without a proper and particular object upon which to exercise the kind and benevolent affections, life is destitute of every enjoyment that can render it justly desirable.

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA
(B.C. 4?–65 A.D.)

ON OLD AGE

On which side soever I turn myself I perceive the proofs of mine old age: I repaired lately to my country-farm, which adjoineth the City, and complained of my daily expense in reparations, and my Bailiff that had the keeping thereof answered me, that it was not his fault, alleging that he had done the best that he could, but that the building was over-old and ruinous; yet notwithstanding it was I myself that builded it; I leave it to thee to judge of me, since the stones of mine age decay so much through antiquity. Being touched herewith I took occasion to be displeased with him upon every first thing that encountereth me in my walk. "It well appeareth," said I, "that these Plane trees are not well laboured; they are altogether leafless, their boughs are knotty and withered, and their stocks covered with moss and filthiness: this would not happen if any man had digged about them, and watered them as they ought to be." He sweareth by my *Genius,* that he doth his uttermost endeavor, and that he hath neglected them in no manner, but that the trees were old. Then remembered I myself that I had planted them with mine own hands, and seen them bear their first leaf.

Turning myself to the door, "What decrepit fellow is that," said I, "that for his age is left at the gate as dead bodies are wont to be, for he looketh outward? Whence came he? What pleasure hast thou to carry forth the carcass of a strange man?" "Knowest thou me not?" saith he. "I am *Felicio* to whom thou wert wont to bring childish gifts; I am the son of *Philositus* thy Bailiff, thy playfellow." "Undoubtedly," said I, "this man doateth. My darling then is become an infant; undoubtedly it may so be, for he is almost toothless. This owe I to my Farm, that my old age appeareth unto me which way soever I turn myself."

Let us then embrace and love the same: it is wholly replenished with agreeable delights, if a man know how to make use of it. The Apples are never so good than when they begin to wither and ripen. Infancy is most agreeable in the end thereof. To those that delight in carousing, the last draught is most pleasant, that which drowneth him in wine, and consummateth his drunkenness. Whatsoever most contenting all pleasure hath contained in herself, is deferred till the end. The age that declineth is also most agreeable, when as yet it is not wholly decrepit and spent. Neither judge I that age without his particular pleasure, whose foot is almost in the grave, or thus succeedeth in place of pleasure that he needeth none. O how sweet and pleasant a thing is it to see a man's self discharged of all covetousness!

But thou mayest say that it is a tedious thing, to have death always before a man's eyes. First of all, this ought as well to be presented to a young as to an old man's eyes; for we are not called by the Censor according to our estate, and there is none so old that hopeth not to live at least one day longer: and one day is a degree of life; for all our age consisteth of many parts, and is a sphere that hath divers circles, the one enclosed within the other. And one there is that encloseth and comprehendeth all the rest, which is that of the Nativity until death; another that excludeth the years of youth, another that containeth all child-hood; after these succeedeth the year, which encloseth all, the time by the multiplication whereof life is composed. In the circle of the year is the month, and in that of the month is the day, which is the least of all: yet notwithstanding he hath his beginning and his end, his rise and his set. And for this cause *Heraclitus* that was called *Scotinus,* by reason of the obscurity of his speech, said that "one day is like to all:" which

another hath interpreted after another manner, to wit, that one day is like to all in number of hours. And he said true; for if a day be the time of four and twenty hours, it is necessary that they should be all alike, because the night hath that which the day hath lost. Another said that one day was like to all, by reason of the conformity and resemblance; for there is nothing in the space of a very long time, that thou shalt not find in one day the light and the night, the turns and returns of the heavens. The shortness and length of the nights make these things more plainly appear.

Therefore ought we to dispose of every day, in such sort as if it did lead up the rearward of our time, and should consummate our lives. *Pacuvius,* he that usurped over *Syria,* being buried in the evening, being buried in his wine, and those meats which he had caused to be richly and sumptuously prepared for him, as if he himself had solemnized his own obsequies, caused himself to be transported from his banquet to his bed, in such manner, that amidst the dances and clapping of hands of his courtezans, it was sung to the Music, *"He hath lived, he hath lived;"* and no day over-passed his head wherein he buried not himself after this manner. That which he did of an evil conscience let us perform with a good, and addressing ourselves to our rest, let us joyfully and contentedly say, "I have lived, and ended the course that fortune gave me." If God vouchesafe us the next morrow, let us receive the same with thanksgiving. He is thrice-happy and assuredly possessed of himself that expecteth the next day without care. Whosoever hath said, "I have lived," doth daily rise to his profit.

But now I must close my letter. "What," sayeth thou, "shall it come to me without any present?" Do not fear, it shall bring somewhat with it. Why said I "somewhat"? It will be a great deal. For what can be more excellent than this sentence it bringeth unto thee? "It is an evil thing to live in necessity, but there is no necessity to live in necessity." For the way that leadeth unto liberty is on every side open, short, and easy to keep. Let us give God thanks for this, that no man can be constrained to live, and that it is lawful for everyone to tread necessity under his feet. Thou wilt say that these words are of Epicurus. "What hast thou to do with another man's?" That which is true is mine. I will persevere to urge *Epicurus* unto thee, that they who swear and consent to the words, and consider not what is spoken, but by whom: let them know, that those things are best that are common.

AULUS GELLIUS (C. 130–180 A.D.)

A RULE FOR HUSBANDS

Xantippe, the wife of Socrates the philosopher, is said to have been very morose and quarrelsome; so that she would, night and day, give unrestrained vent to her passions and female impertinences. Alcibiades, astonished at her intemperance towards her husband, asked Socrates what was the reason he did not turn so morose a woman out of doors. "Because," replied Socrates, "by enduring such a person at home, I am accustomed and exercised to bear with greater ease the petulance and rudeness of others abroad." Agreeably to this sentiment, Varro also, in his "Satira Menippea," which he wrote concerning the duty of a husband, observes, "that the errors of a wife are either to be removed or endured. He who extirpates them makes his wife better; he who endures them improves himself." These words of Varro, *tollere et ferre,* are of facetious import; but *tollere* seems to be used with the meaning of *corrigere;* for it is evident that Varro thought that the errors of a wife, if they really could not be corrected, ought to be endured, which a man may do without disgrace, for there is an important difference between errors and vices.

THREE REASONS ASSIGNED BY PHILOSOPHERS FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIMES

It is usually supposed that there are three proper reasons for punishing crimes; the one is "admonition" when a rebuke is administered for the sake of correction and improvement, that he who has committed an accidental offense may become more regular and attentive. The second is that which they who distinguish nicely between terms call "retribution."

This mode of noticing an offense takes place when the dignity and authority of him against whom it is committed is to be defended, lest the passing by the crime should give rise to contempt or a diminution of respect; therefore they suppose this word to signify the vindication of honor. The third mode of punishment is called by the Greeks παραδειγμα(example) and is applied when punishment is necessary for the sake of example, that others may be deterred from similar offenses against the public by the dread of similar punishment. Therefore did our ancestors also denominate the heaviest and most important punishments, examples. When, therefore, there is either great hope that he who has offended will without punishment voluntarily correct himself, or, on the contrary, there is no hope that he can be amended and corrected; or that it is not necessary to fear any loss of that dignity, against which he has offended; or the offense is of that kind, the example of which it is not necessary to impress with particular terror; in this case, and with respect to every such offense, there does not seem to exist the necessity of being eager to inflict punishment. These three modes of vengeance, other philosophers in various places, and our Taurus in the first book of his Commentaries on the "Gorgias" of Plato, has set down. But Plato himself has plainly said that there only exist two causes for punishment. The one, which we have first mentioned, for correction; the other, which we have spoken of in the third place, to deter by example. These are the words of Plato: "It is proper for every one who is punished by him who punishes from a proper motive, that he should become better and receive advantage; or that he should be an example to others, that others, seeing him suffer, may from terror be rendered better."

In these lines it is evident that Plato used the word τιμωρια not, as I have before remarked some people have, but in its common and general sense, for all kinds of punishment. But whether, because he passed over as too insignificant and really contemptible, the inflicting punishment to avenge the injured dignity of man; or rather that he omitted it as not being necessary to the question he was discussing, as he was writing of punishments which were to take place not in this life among men, but after death, this I leave to others to determine.

EARLY ENGLISH FORERUNNERS

The Middle Ages and the Renaissance produced many interesting contributors to the essay form, both in England and other countries. Of most direct bearing on the development of the English essay, however (apart from Montaigne), were the prose writings of such Englishmen as Geoffrey Chaucer, William Caxton, Sir Thomas More, Lord Burleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and Richard Hooker.

Geoffrey Chaucer, whose birthplace is unknown and about whose early years there is scant evidence, was born about 1340, the son of a London vintner; was attached to the household of Elizabeth, daughter-in-law of Edward III, in 1357; served as a soldier under Edward III in France (1359), was ransomed, and returned to England (1360); found favor at court under Edward III and Richard II and was employed on diplomatic missions, including a secret mission to Genoa and Florence (1372-3) and one to Milan (1378); was made comptroller of customs for the port of London about 1374 and elected member of Parliament from Kent (1386); was in and out of favor from this time on but enjoyed the friendship and patronage of John of Gaunt; was granted a pension in 1399 by Henry IV, as an addition to previous grants in 1394 and 1398; was buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, since known as the "Poets' Corner." Chaucer's literary activity was distinguished by three periods: the earlier French period, represented by his translation of the *Roman de la Rose,* the middle Italian period, exemplified by *Troilus and Criseyde,* and the later English period, the last fifteen years of his life, when he produced *The Legend of Good Women* and the *Canterbury Tales.*

William Caxton was born in Kent; was a mercer's apprentice in London; established himself in business in Bruges, where he learned to set type in order to supply the large demand for the "Recueil des Histoires de Troye," which he had translated and which was printed at Bruges about 1475 (the first book printed in English); established his press in 1476 at Westminster, England, where he printed in 1477 the translation by Anthony Woodville (Earl Rivers) of the *Dictes and Notable, Wise Sayings of the Philosophers* (the first book printed in England); printed numerous wisely chosen classics, translated by himself and others, as well as the works of English authors, including Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (1485), the *History of Godfrey of Bologne* (1481), and Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* (1483). A noteworthy feature of Caxton's work consisted of the appreciative prefaces supplied to the products of his press.

Sir Thomas More, son of a London barrister, was born in London; entered the service of Thomas Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the age of 13; studied at Oxford with the intention of becoming a monk; devoting himself to politics instead, entered Parliament in 1504; was made Privy Councilor in 1518 by Henry VIII, who knighted him and made him Chancellor in place of Wolsey in 1529; refusing to agree with Henry VIII's views of religion and matrimony, was decapitated for treason in 1535. He wrote poems, dialogues, meditations, and controversial treatises but is best known for the *Utopia,* his view of the ideal commonwealth.

William Cecil, Baron Burleigh, was born in Lincolnshire; was secretary of state under Edward VI and Elizabeth, and Prime Minister of England for forty years under Elizabeth, who created him "Baron of Burleigh" in 1571; was instrumental in securing religious reform, in the establishment of the 39 Articles of Faith, and in effecting regulation of the coinage. He wrote numerous political papers and was an opponent of the persecution of both Puritans and Catholics. When Catherine de Medici sought to win him as her secret agent in England by the tender of a bribe, he replied: "I serve only God, my mistress, and my country." He left only one essay, the famous letter on "The Well Ordering of a Man's Life."

Sir Philip Sidney was born in Kent, of genteel parentage and distinguished connections; was educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford; traveled abroad several years "to complete his education," visiting especially Paris, Germany, Italy, and Poland; in 1576-7 was sent on a diplomatic mission to Emperor Rudolph II in Vienna; won esteem everywhere for his talents and personal charms and was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, though his opposition to her proposed marriage to the Duke of Anjou is thought to have forced his retirement to Wilton, where he composed most of the prose and verse by which he is best known,

including the pastoral romance, *Arcadia* (1590), his celebrated critical essay, *An Apology for Poetry* (1595), and his songs and sonnets published in 1591 as *Astrophel and Stella;* was knighted by the Queen in 1582; was appointed governor of Flushing in the Netherlands (1585) and during the siege of Zutphen received the wound that resulted in his early and much lamented death.

Richard Hooker was born in Exeter, England; was educated at Oxford for the Church, receiving a fellowship there in 1577; in 1585 was named Master of the Temple, where his controversy with the Puritan, Walter Travers, is thought to have been the occasion for his monumental *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,* to which he devoted himself, in retirement in Wiltshire and Kent, from 1591 till his death.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340?–1400)

DAME PRUDENCE ON RICHES

When Prudence had heard her husband avaunt himself of his riches and of his money, dispreising the power of his adversaries, she spake and said in this wise: Certes, dear sir, I grant you that ye ben rich and mighty, and that riches ben good to 'em that han well ygetten 'em, and that well can usen 'em; for, right as the body of a man may not liven withouten soul, no more may it liven withouten temporal goods, and by riches may a man get him great friends; and therefore saith Pamphilus: If a neat-herd's daughter be rich, she may chese of a thousand men which she wol take to her husband; for of a thousand men one wol not forsaken her ne refusen her. And this Pamphilus saith also: If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right rich, thou shalt find a great number of fellows and friends; and if thy fortune change, that thou wax poor, farewell friendship and fellowship, for thou shalt be all alone withouten any company, but if it be the company of poor folk. And yet saith this Pamphilus, moreover, that they that ben bond and thrall of linage shuln be made worthy and noble by riches. And right so as by riches there comen many goods, right so by poverty come there many harms and evils; and therefore clepeth Cassiodore, poverty the mother of ruin, that is to sayn, the mother of overthrowing or falling down; and therefore saith Piers Alphonse: One of the greatest adversities of the world is when a free man by kind, or of birth, is constrained by poverty to eaten the alms of his enemy. And the same saith Innocent in one of his books; he saith that sorrowful and mishappy is the condition of a poor beggar, for if he ax not his meat he dieth of hunger, and if he ax he dieth for shame; and algates necessity constraineth him to ax; and therefore saith Solomon: That better it is to die than for to have such poverty; and, as the same Solomon saith: Better it is to die of bitter death, than for to liven in such wise. By these reasons that I have said unto you, and by many other reasons that I could say, I grant you that riches ben good to 'em that well geten 'em and to him that well usen tho' riches; and therefore wol I shew you how ye shulen behave you in gathering of your riches, and in what manner ye shulen usen 'em.

First, ye shuln geten 'em withouten great desire, by good leisure, sokingly, and not over hastily, for a man that is too desiring to get riches abandoneth him first to theft and to all other evils; and therefore saith Solomon: He that hasteth him too busily to wax rich, he shall be non innocent: he saith also, that the riches that hastily cometh to a man, soon and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that riches that cometh little and little, waxeth alway and multiplieth. And, sir, ye shuln get riches by your wit and by your travail, unto your profit, and that withouten wrong or harm doing to any other person; for the law saith: There maketh no man himself rich, if he do harm to another wight; that is to say, that Nature defendeth and forbiddeth by right, that no man make himself rich unto the harm of another person. And Tullius saith: That no sorrow, ne no dread of death, ne nothing that may fall unto a man, is so muckle agains nature as a man to increase his own profit to harm of another man. And though the great men and the mighty men geten riches more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idle ne slow to do thy profit, for thou shalt in all wise flee idleness; for Solomon saith: That idleness teacheth a man to do many evils; and the same Solomon saith: That he that travaileth and busieth

himself to tillen his lond, shall eat bread, but he that is idle, and casteth him to no business ne occupation, shall fall into poverty, and die for hunger. And he that is idle and slow can never find convenable time for to do his profit; for there is a versifier saith, that the idle man excuseth him in winter because of the great cold, and in summer then by encheson of the heat. For these causes, saith Caton, waketh and inclineth you not over muckle to sleep, for over muckle rest nourisheth and causeth many vices; and therefore saith St. Jerome: Doeth some good deeds, that the devil, which is our enemy, ne find you not unoccupied, for the devil he taketh not lightly unto his werking such as he findeth occupied in good werks.

Then thus in getting riches ye musten flee idleness; and afterward ye shuln usen the riches which ye han geten by your wit and by your travail, in such manner, that men hold you not too scarce, ne too sparing, ne fool-large, that is to say, over large a spender; for right as men blamen an avaricious man because of his scarcity and chinchery, in the same wise he is to blame that spendeth over largely; and therefore saith Caton: Use (saith he) the riches that thou hast ygeten in such manner, that men have no matter ne cause to call thee nother wretch ne chinch, for it is a great shame to a man to have a poor heart and a rich purse; he saith also: The goods that thou hast ygeten, use 'em by measure, that is to sayn, spend measureably, for they that folily wasten and despenden the goods that they han, when they han no more proper of 'eir own, that they shapen 'em to take the goods of another man. I say, then, that ye shuln flee avarice, using your riches in such manner, that men sayen not that your riches ben yburied, but that ye have 'em in your might and in your wielding; for a wise man reproveth the avaricious man, and saith thus in two verse: Whereto and why burieth a man his goods by his great avarice, and knoweth well that needs must he die, for death is the end of every man as in this present life? And for what cause or encheson joineth he him, or knitteth he him so fast unto his goods, that all his wits mowen not disseveren him or departen him fro his goods, and knoweth well, or ought to know, that when he is dead he shall nothing bear with him out of this world? and therefore saith St. Augustine, that the avaricious man is likened unto hell, that the more it swalloweth the more desire it hath to swallow and devour. And as well as ye wold eschew to be called an avaricious man or an chinch, as well should ye keep you and govern you in such wise, that men call you not fool-large; therefore, saith Tullius: The goods of thine house ne should not ben hid ne kept so close, but that they might ben opened by pity and debonnairety, that is to sayen, to give 'em part that han great need; ne they goods shoulden not ben so open to be every man's goods.

Afterward, in getting of your riches, and in using of 'em, ye shuln alway have three things in your heart, that is to say, our Lord God, conscience, and good name. First ye shuln have God in your heart, and for no riches ye shuln do nothing which may in any manner displease God that is your creator and maker; for, after the word of Solomon, it is better to have a little good, with love of God, than to have muckle good and lese the love of his Lord God; and the prophet saith, that better it is to ben a good man and have little good and treasure, than to be holden a shrew and have great riches. And yet I say furthermore, that ye shulden always do your business to get your riches, so that ye get 'em with a good conscience. And the apostle saith, that there nis thing in this world, of which we shulden have so great joy, as when our conscience beareth us good witness; and the wise man saith: The substance of a man is full good when sin is not in a man's conscience. Afterward, in getting of your riches and in using of 'em, ye must have great business and great diligence that your good name be alway kept and conserved; for Solomon saith, that better it is and more it availeth a man to have a good name than for to have great riches; and therefore he saith in another place: Do great diligence (saith he) in keeping of thy friends and of thy good name, for it shall longer abide with thee than any treasure, be it never so precious; and certainly he should not be called a gentleman that, after God and good conscience all things left, ne doth his diligence and business to keepen his good name; and Cassiodore saith, that it is a sign of a gentle heart, when a man loveth and desireth to have a good name. And therfore saith Seint

Augustyn, that ther ben two thinges that ben necessarie and needful; and that is good conscience and good loos; that is to sayn, good conscience in thin oughne persone in-ward, and good loos of thin neghebor out-ward. And he that trusteth him so muckle in his good conscience, that he despiseth or setteth at nought his good name or los, and recketh not though he kept not his good name, n'is but a cruel churl.

WILLIAM CAXTON (1422?–1491)

A PRINTER'S PROLOGUE

After that I had accomplished and finished divers histories, as well of contemplation as of other historical and worldly acts of great conquerors and princes, and also of certain books of ensamples and doctrine, many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England, came and demanded me, many and ofttimes, why that I did not cause to be imprinted the noble history of the Sancgreal, and of the most renowned Christian king, first and chief of the three best Christian and worthy, King Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us Englishmen, before all other Christian kings; for it is notoriously known, through the universal world, that there be nine worthy and the best that ever were, that is, to wit, three Paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men. As for the Paynims, they were before the Incarnation of Christ, which were named, the first, Hector of Troy, of whom the history is common, both in ballad and in prose; the second, Alexander the Great; and the third, Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, of which the histories be well known and had. And as for the three Jews, which also were before the Incarnation of our Lord, of whom the first was Duke Joshua, which brought the children of Israel into the land of behest; the second was David, King of Jerusalem; and the third Judas Maccabeus. Of these three, the Bible rehearseth all their noble histories and acts. And, since the said Incarnation, have been three noble Christian men, stalled and admitted through the universal world, into the number of the nine best and worthy: of whom was first, the noble Arthur, whose noble acts I purpose to write in this present book here following; the second was Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, of whom the history is had in many places, both in French and in English; and the third, and last, was Godfrey of Boulogne, of whose acts and life I made a book unto the excellent prince and king, of noble memory, King Edward the Fourth.

The said noble gentlemen instantly required me for to imprint the history of the said noble king and conqueror, King Arthur, and of his knights, with the history of the Sancgreal, and of the death and the ending of the said Arthur, affirming that I ought rather to imprint his acts and noble feats, than of Godfrey of Boulogne, or any of the other eight, considering that he was a man born within this realm, and king and emperor of the same; and that there be in French divers and many noble volumes of his acts, and also of his knights. To whom I have answered, that divers men hold opinion that there was no such Arthur, and that all such books as be made of him be but feigned and fables, because that some chronicles make of him no mention, nor remember him nothing, nor of his knights. Whereto they answered, and one in especial said, that in him that should say or think that there was never such a king called Arthur, might well be aretted great folly and blindness; for he said there were many evidences to the contrary. First ye may see his sepulchre in the monastery of Glastonbury. And also in Policronicon, in the fifth book, the sixth chapter, and in the seventh book, the twenty-third chapter, where his body was buried, and after found, and translated into the said monastery. Ye shall see also in the History of Bochas, in his book *De Casu Principum,* part of his noble acts, and also of his fall. Also Galfridus, in his British book, recounteth his life. And in divers places in England, many remembrances be yet of him, and shall remain perpetually of him, and also of his knights. First, in the Abbey of Westminster, at St. Edward's shrine, remaineth the print of his seal in red wax closed in beryl, in which is written — "Patricius Arthurus Britanniæ, Galliæ, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator." Item in the castle of Dover ye may see Sir Gawaine's skull, and Cradok's mantle: at Winchester, the Round Table: in other places Sir Launcelot's

sword, and many other things. Then all these things considered, there can no man reasonably gainsay but that there was a king of this land named Arthur: for in all the places, Christian and heathen, he is reputed and taken for one of the nine worthies, and the first of the three Christian men. And also he is more spoken beyond the sea, and more books made of his noble acts, than there be in England, as well in Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Greek, as in French. And yet of record, remaineth in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, the great stones, and the marvellous works of iron lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now living have seen. Wherefore it is a great marvel why that he is no more renowned in his own country, save only it accordeth to the word of God, which saith, that no man is accepted for a prophet in his own country. Then all things aforesaid alleged, I could not well deny but that there was such a noble king named Arthur, and reputed for one of the nine worthies, and first and chief of the Christian men. And many noble volumes be made of him and of his noble knights in French, which I have seen and read beyond the sea, which be not had in our maternal tongue. But in Welsh be many, and also in French, and some in English, but nowhere nigh all. Wherefore, such as have late been drawn out briefly into English, I have, after the simple cunning that God hath sent me, under the favour and correction of all noble lords and gentlemen enprised to imprint a book of the noble histories of the said King Arthur, and of certain of his knights after a copy unto me delivered; which copy Sir Thomas Malory did take out of certain books of French, and reduced it into English. And I, according to my copy, have down set it in print, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished, and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates of what state or degree they be of, that shall see and read in this present book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and the noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalry. For, herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good, and leave the evil, and it shall bring you unto good fame and renown. And, for to pass the time, this book shall be pleasant to read in, but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your own liberty. But all is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin, but to exercise and follow virtue, by the which we may come and attain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven; the which He grant us that reigneth in heaven, the blessed Trinity. Amen.

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SIR THOMAS MORE (1478–1535)

OF THEIR TRADES AND MANNER OF LIFE IN UTOPIA

Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them that no person, either man or women, is ignorant of it; they are instructed in it from their childhood, partly by what they learn at school, and partly by practice, they being led out often into the fields about the town, where they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves. Besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself; such as the manufacture of wool or flax, masonry, smith's work, or carpenter's work; for there is no sort of trade that is in great esteem among them. Throughout the island they wear the same sort of clothes, without any other distinction except what is necessary to distinguish the two sexes and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters, and as it is neither disagreeable nor uneasy, so it is suited to the climate, and calculated both for their summers and winters. Every family makes their own clothes; but all among them, women as well as men, learn one or other of the trades formerly mentioned. Women, for

the most part, deal in wool and flax, which suit best with their weakness, leaving the ruder trades to the men. The same trade generally passes down from father to son, inclinations often following descent; but if any man's genius lies another way, he is, by adoption, translated into a family that deals in the trade to which he is inclined, and when that is to be done, care is taken, not only by his father, but by the magistrate, that he may be put to a discreet and good man; and if, after a person has learned one trade, he desires to acquire another, that is also allowed, and is managed in the same manner as the former. When he has learned both, he follows that which he likes best, unless the public has more occasion for the other.

The chief, and almost the only, business of the Syphogrants is to take care that no man may live idle, but that every one may follow his trade diligently; yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden, which as it is, indeed, a heavy slavery, so it is everywhere the common course of life amongst all mechanics except the Utopians: but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint six of these for work, three of which are before dinner and three after; they then sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep eight hours: the rest of their time, besides that taken up in work, eating, and sleeping, is left to every man's discretion; yet they are not to abuse that interval to luxury and idleness, but must employ it in some proper exercise, according to their various inclinations, which is, for the most part, reading. It is ordinary to have public lectures every morning before daybreak, at which none are obliged to appear but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women, of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other, according to their inclinations. But if others that are not made for contemplation, choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades, as many of them do, they are not hindered, but are rather commended, as men that take care to serve their country. After supper they spend an hour in some diversion, in summer in their gardens, and in winter in the halls where they eat, where they entertain each other either with music or discourse. They do not so much as know dice, or any such foolish and mischievous games. They have, however, two sorts of games not unlike our chess: the one is between several numbers, in which one number, as it were, consumes another; the other resembles a battle between the virtues and the vices, in which the enmity in the vices among themselves, and their agreement against virtue, is not unpleasantly represented, together with the special opposition between the particular virtues and vices, as also the methods by which vice either openly assaults or secretly undermines virtue; and virtue, on the other hand, resists it. But the time appointed for labor is to be narrowly examined, otherwise you may imagine that since there are only six hours appointed for work, they may fall under a scarcity of necessary provisions: but it is so far from being true that this time is not sufficient for supplying them with plenty of all things, either necessary or convenient, that it is rather too much; and this you will easily apprehend if you consider how great a part of all other nations is quite idle. First, women generally do little, who are the half of mankind; and if some few women are diligent, their husbands are idle: then consider the great company of idle priests, and of those that are called religious men; add to these all rich men, chiefly those that have estates in land, who are called noblemen and gentlemen, together with their families, made up of idle persons, that are kept more for show than use; add to these all those strong and lusty beggars that go about pretending some disease in excuse for their begging; and upon the whole account you will find that the number of those by whose labors mankind is supplied is much less than you perhaps imagined: then consider how few of those that work are employed in labors that are of real service, for we, who measure all things by money, give rise to many trades that are both vain and superfluous, and serve only to support riot and luxury: for if those who work were employed only in such things as the conveniences of life require, there would be such an abundance of them that the prices of them would so sink that tradesmen could not be maintained by their gains; if all those who labor about useless things were set to more profitable employments, and if all

they that languish out their lives in sloth and idleness (every one of whom consumes as much as any two of the men that are at work) were forced to labor, you may easily imagine that a small proportion of time would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to mankind, especially while pleasure is kept within its due bounds: this appears very plainly in Utopia; for there, in a great city, and in all the territory that lies round it, you can scarce find five hundred, either men or women, by their age and strength capable of labor, that are not engaged in it. Even the Syphogrants, though excused by the law, yet do not excuse themselves, but work, that by their examples they may excite the industry of the rest of the people; the like exemption is allowed to those who, being recommended to the people by the priests, are, by the secret suffrages of the Syphogrants, privileged from labor, that they may apply themselves wholly to study; and if any of these fall short of those hopes that they seemed at first to give, they are obliged to return to work; and sometimes a mechanic that so employs his leisure hours as to make a considerable advancement in learning is eased from being a tradesman and ranked among their learned men. Out of these they choose their ambassadors, their priests, their Tranibors, and the Prince himself, anciently called their Barzenes, but is called of late their Ademus.

And thus from the great numbers among them that are neither suffered to be idle nor to be employed in any fruitless labor, you may easily make the estimate how much may be done in those few hours in which they are obliged to labor. But besides all that has been already said, it is to be considered that the needful arts among them are managed with less labor than anywhere else. The building or the repairing of houses among us employs many hands, because often a thriftless heir suffers a house that his father built to fall into decay, so that his successor must, at a great cost, repair that which he might have kept up with a small charge; it frequently happens that the same house which one person built at a vast expense is neglected by another, who thinks he has a more delicate sense of the beauties of architecture, and he, suffering it to fall to ruin, builds another at no less charge. But among the Utopians all things are so regulated that men very seldom build upon a new piece of ground, and are not only very quick in repairing their houses, but show their foresight in preventing their decay, so that their buildings are preserved very long with but very little labor, and thus the builders, to whom that care belongs, are often without employment, except the hewing of timber and the squaring of stones, that the materials may be in readiness for raising a building very suddenly where there is any occasion for it. As to their clothes, observe how little work is spent on them; while they are at labor they are clothed with leather and skins, cast carelessly about them, which will last seven years, and when they appear in public they put on an upper garment which hides the other; and these are all of one color, and that is the natural color of the wool. As they need less woolen cloth than is used anywhere else, so that which they make use of is much less costly; they use linen cloth more, but that is prepared with less labor, and they value cloth only by the whiteness of the linen or the cleanness of the wool, without much regard to the fineness of the thread. While in other places four or five upper garments of woolen cloth of different colors, and as many vests of silk, will scarce serve one man, and while those that are nicer think ten too few, every man there is content with one, which very often serves him two years; nor is there anything that can tempt a man to desire more, for if he had them he would neither be the warmer nor would he make one jot the better appearance for it. And thus, since they are all employed in some useful labor, and since they content themselves with fewer things, it falls out that there is a great abundance of all things among them; so that it frequently happens that, for want of other work, vast numbers are sent out to mend the highways; but when no public undertaking is to be performed, the hours of working are lessened. The magistrates never engage the people in unnecessary labor, since the chief end of the constitution is to regulate labor by the necessities of the public, and to allow the people as much time as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists.

WILLIAM CECIL (LORD BURLEIGH), 1520–1598

THE WELL ORDERING OF A MAN'S LIFE

Son Robert:—

The virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather assurance than hope, that thou art not ignorant of that *summum bonum,* which is only able to make thee happy as well in thy death as life; I mean the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer, without which all other things are vain and miserable: so that thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life with divine and moral documents; yet that I may not cast off the care beseeming a parent towards his child, or that you should have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others than from whence thou receivedst thy breath and being, I think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with such rules and advertisements for the squaring of thy life, as are rather gained by experience than much reading; to the end that entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayest be the better prepared to shun those scandalous courses whereunto the world and the lack of experience may easily draw thee. And because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten precepts; and next unto Moses' tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit, and I the content; and they are these following:—

I

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth; let her not be poor, how generous soever, for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility; nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth, for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee; neither make choice of a dwarf, nor a fool, for by the one you shall beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk; for thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate and according to the means of thy estate; rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly; for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table; but some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well bearing of his drink, which is better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman than for either a gentleman or a serving man. Beware thou spend not above three or four parts of thy revenues, nor above a third part of that in thy house; for the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much: otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want; and the needy man can never live happily or contentedly; for every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell; and that gentleman who sells an acre of land sells an ounce of credit, for gentility is nothing else but ancient riches; so that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must need follow. So much for the first precept.

II

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the overstern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to

take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have one meat served in divers dishes. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian; besides it is a science no longer in request than use; for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

III

Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee; for he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of household is like him that putteth water in a sieve. And what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand; for there is one penny saved in four betwixt buying in thy need and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen, or friends, or men intreated to stay; for they expect much and do little; nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather two too few than one too many. Feed them well and pay them with the most, and then thou mayest boldly require service at their hands.

IV

Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and table; grace them with thy countenance and further them in all honest actions; for by this means thou shalt so double the bond of nature as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back; but shake off those glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but in adverse storm they will shelter thee no more than a harbor in winter.

V

Beware of suretyship for thy best friends; he that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay; but if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it; so shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbor or a friend, but of a stranger, where paying it, thou shalt hear no more of it; otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word, for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

VI

Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving much wrong; for besides that thou makest him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance; neither attempt law against any man before thou be fully resolved that thou hast right on thy side; and then spare not for either money or pains; for a cause or two so followed and obtained will free thee from suits a great part of thy life.

VII

Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles; compliment him often with many yet small gifts, and of little charge; and if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight; otherwise in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obscurity, and be made a football for every insulting companion to spurn at.

VIII

Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous; with thine equals familiar, yet respective; towards thine inferiors show much humanity and some familiarity, — as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head, with such like popular compliments. The first prepares thy way to advancement, the second makes thee known for a man well bred, the third gains a good report, which once got is easily kept; for right humanity takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easilier gained by unprofitable

courtesies than by churlish benefits; yet I advise thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much; seek not to be Essex; shun to be Raleigh.

IX

Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate; for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not dare to become his enemy.

X

Be not scurrilous in conversation, nor satirical in thy jests; the one will make thee unwelcome to all company, the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends; for suspicious jests, when any of them savor of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched; and, albeit, I have already pointed at this inclusively, yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution; because I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather leese their friend than their jest; and if, perchance, their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered of it as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586)

THE USES OF POETRY

Since poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making, and that indeed that name of making is fit for him, considering that where all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only, only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor end containeth any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the philosopher; for moving, leaveth him behind him; since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Savior Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their severed dissections fully commendable; I think, and think I think rightly, the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honor the poet's triumph.

But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be will seem to weigh greatly if nothing be put in the counterbalance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder what objections be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or answering.

First, truly, I note, not only in these *μισομούσοι*, poet haters, but in all that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing, which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle uneasiness (since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it), so deserve they no other answer, but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague; so of the contrary side, if we will turn Ovid's verse, —

"Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali."

"That good lies hid in nearness of the evil," Agrippa will be as merry in the showing the Vanity of Science as Erasmus was in the commending of Folly; neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But for Erasmus and Agrippa, they had another foundation than the superficial part would

promise. Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the verb before they understand the noun, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own; I would have them only remember that scoffing cometh not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they got with their merriments is to be called good fools; for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humorous kind of jesters.

But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humor is rhyming and versing. It is already said, and, as I think, truly said, it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesy; one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry. But yet, presuppose it were inseparable, as, indeed, it seemeth Scaliger judgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation; for if "oratio" next to "ratio," speech next to reason, be the greatest gift bestowed upon mortality, that cannot be praiseless which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considereth each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible quality, but by his best-measured quantity; carrying even in themselves a harmony; without, perchance, number, measure, order, proportion be in our time grown odious.

But lay aside the just praise it hath, by being the only fit speech for music — music, I say, the most divine striker of the senses; thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembering, memory being the only treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now, that verse far exceedeth prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest: the words, besides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory, being so set as one cannot be lost, but the whole work fails: which, accusing itself, calleth the remembrance back to itself, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides, one word so, as it were, begetting another, as, be it in rhyme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a near guess to the follower. Lastly, even they that have taught the art of memory have showed nothing so apt for it as a certain room divided into many places, well and thoroughly known; now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his natural seat, which seat must needs make the word remembered. But what needs more in a thing so known to all men? Who is it that ever was a scholar that doth not carry away some verses of Virgil, Horace, or Cato, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age serve him for hourly lessons? as, —

"Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est.
Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus."

But the fitness it hath for memory is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematics, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away are compiled in verses. So that verse being in itself sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it must be in jest that any man can speak against it.

RICHARD HOOKER (1554?–1600)

THE NECESSITY FOR AN UNDERSTANDING OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAWS

I. He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regimen is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgement to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind; under this fair and plausible colour whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas on the other side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favour of the present state, because thereby we either hold or seek preferment; but also

to bear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loath should be poured into them.

2. Albeit therefore much of that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate; (for many talk of the truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth, and therefore when they are led thereunto they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths wherewith they have been inured); yet this may not so far prevail as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humour of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers-on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious; for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest wellspring and fountain of them to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar. For as much help whereof as may be in this case, I have endeavoured throughout the body of this whole discourse, that every former part might give strength unto all that follow, and every later bring some light unto all before. So that if the judgements of men do but hold themselves in suspense as touching these first more general meditations, till in order they have perused the rest that ensue; what may seem dark at the first will afterwards be found more plain, even as the later particular decisions will appear I doubt not more strong, when the others have been read before.

3. The laws of the Church, whereby for so many ages together we have been guided in the exercise of Christian religion and the service of the true God, our rites, customs, and orders of Ecclesiastical government, are called in question; we are accused as men that will not have Christ Jesus to rule over them, but have wilfully cast his statutes behind their backs, hating to be reformed, and made subject unto the sceptre of his discipline. Behold therefore we offer the laws whereby we live unto the general trial and judgement of the whole world; heartily beseeching almighty God, whom we desire to serve according to his own will, that both we and others (all kind of partial affection being clean laid aside) may have eyes to see, and hearts to embrace, the things that in his sight are most acceptable.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made, than with consideration of the nature of law in general, and of that law which giveth life unto all the rest, which are commendable, just, and good; namely the law whereby the Eternal himself doth work. Proceeding from hence to the law, first of nature, then of scripture, we shall have the easier access unto those things which come after to be debated, concerning the particular cause and question which we have in hand.

II. All things that are, have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth any thing ever begin to exercise the same, without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the

kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that no certain end could ever be attained, unless the actions whereby it is attained were regular; that is to say, made suitable, fit and correspondent unto their end, by some canon, rule or law. Which thing doth first take place in the works even of God himself.

MICHEL EYQUEM, SEIGNEUR DE MONTAIGNE (1533-1592)

The "Father of the Modern Essay" was born at the chateau of St. Michel de Montaigne, in Périgord, France. His father, an upright man who held public offices in Bordeaux (as mayor, 1553-6), took great pains with the education of his children, especially as regarded their practical life. The boy Montaigne was made to associate with common people, was taught Latin by the direct method, and was allowed to cultivate his mind without restraint. From the ages of six to thirteen Montaigne attended the College of Guienne at Bordeaux and then took up law. His romantic friendship with Etienne de la Boétie (from 1557), who died early, was the closest alliance he ever made. He married in 1566 and had several children, but his family life seemed to mean little to him. He saw service in the army and at court, but in 1571 (at the age of 38), partly because of his profound affliction at the sufferings caused by the civil wars, he retired to his chateau to devote the rest of his life to study and contemplation. A painful illness led him in 1580-1 to travel in Italy in search of a cure. He spent some time at Rome and was at Venice when notified of his election as mayor of Bordeaux. At the insistence of the king he accepted the trust and held office very acceptably for four years. With the exception of a period when the pestilence drove him out, he spent the remainder of his life at his chateau, revising and adding to the *Essays* which had first appeared in 1580. He formed an affection for Mlle. Marie de Gournay, whom he adopted as his daughter and who acted as the editor of his essays, bringing out a definitive edition in 1595.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

Reader, loe here a well-meaning Booke. It doth at the first entrance forewarne thee, that in contriving the same, I have proposed unto my selfe no other than a familiar and private end: I have no respect or consideration at all, either to thy service, or to my glory; my forces are not capable of any such desseigne. I have vowed the same to the particular commodity of my kinsfolks and friends: to the end, that losing me (which they are likely to do ere long) they may therein find some lineaments of my conditions and humours, and by that meanes reserve more whole, and more lively foster, the knowledge and acquaintance they have had of me. Had my intention beene to forestal and purchase the worlds opinion and favor, I would surely have adorned my selfe more quaintly, or kept a more grave and solemne march. I desire therein to be delineated in mine owne genuine, simple and ordinarie fashion, without contention, art or study; for it is my selfe I pourtray. My imperfections shall therein be read to the life, and my naturall forme discerned, so farre forth as publike reverence hath permitted me. For if my fortune had beene to have lived among those nations, which yet are said to live under the sweet liberty of Natures first and uncorrupted lawes, I assure thee, I would most willingly have pourtrayed my selfe fully and naked. Thus, gentle Reader, my selfe am the groundworke of my booke: It is then no reason thou shouldest employ thy time about so frivolous and vaine a Subject. Therefore farewell.

From Montaigne, this first March, 1580.

THAT MEN ARE NOT TO JUDGE OF OUR HAPPINESS TILL AFTER DEATH

"Scilicet ultima semper
Exspectanda dies homini est; dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

The very children know the story of King Crœsus to this purpose, who being taken prisoner by Cyrus, and by him condemned to die, as he was going to execution cried out, "O Solon, Solon!" which being presently reported to Cyrus, and he sending to inquire of him what it meant, Crœsus gave him to understand that he

now found the teaching Solon had formerly given him true to his cost, which was, "That men, however fortune may smile upon them, could never be said to be happy till they had been seen to pass over the last day of their lives," by reason of the uncertainty and mutability of human things, which, upon very light and trivial occasions, are subject to be totally changed into a quite contrary condition. And so it was that Agesilaus made answer to one who was saying what a happy young man the king of Persia was, to come so young to so mighty a kingdom; "'Tis true," said he, "but neither was Priam unhappy at his years." In a short time, kings of Macedon, successors to that mighty Alexander, became joiners and scriveners at Rome; a tyrant of Sicily, a pedant at Corinth; a conquerer of one-half of the world and general of so many armies, a miserable suppliant to the rascally officers of a king of Egypt: so much did the prolongation of five or six months of life cost the great Pompey; and, in our fathers' days, Ludovico Sforza, the tenth duke of Milan, whom all Italy had so long truckled under, was seen to die a wretched prisoner at Loches, but not till he had lived ten years in captivity, which was the worst part of his fortune. The fairest of all queens, widow to the greatest king in Europe, did she not come to die by the hand of an executioner? Unworthy and barbarous cruelty! And a thousand more examples there are of the same kind; for, it seems, that as storms and tempests have a malice against the proud and overtowering heights of our lofty buildings, there are also spirits above that are envious of the grandeurs here below.

"Usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quædam
Obterit, et pulchros fasces, sævasque secures
Proculcare, ac ludibrio sibi habere videtur."

And it should seem, also, that Fortune sometimes lies in wait to surprise the last hour of our lives, to show the power she has, in a moment, to overthrow what she was so many years in building, making us cry out with Laberius—

"Nimirum hac die
Una plus vixi mihi, quam, vivendum fuit."

And, in this sense, this good advice of Solon may reasonably be taken; but he, being a philosopher (with which sort of men the favors and disgraces of Fortune stand for nothing, either to the making a man happy or unhappy, and with whom grandeurs and powers are accidents of a quality almost indifferent) I am apt to think that he had some further aim, and that his meaning was, that the very felicity of life itself, which depends upon the tranquillity and contentment of a well-descended spirit, and the resolution and assurance of a well-ordered soul, ought never to be attributed to any man till he has first been seen to play the last, and doubtless, the hardest act of his part. There may be disguise and dissimulation in all the rest: where these fine philosophical discourses are only put on, and where accident, not touching us to the quick, give us leisure to maintain the same gravity of aspect; but, in this last scene of death, there is no more counterfeiting: we must speak out plain, and discover what there is of pure and clean in the bottom of the pot.

"Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur; et eriptur persona, manet res."

Wherefore, at this last, all the other actions of our life ought to be tried and sifted; 'tis the master-day, 'tis the day that is judge of all the rest, "'tis the day," says one of the ancients, "that must be judge of all my foregoing years." To death do I refer the assay of the fruit of all my studies: we shall then see whether my discourses came only from my mouth or from my heart. I have seen many by their death give a good or an ill repute to their whole life. Scipio, the father-in-law of Pompey, in dying, well wiped away the ill opinion that till then every one had conceived of him. Epaminondas being asked which of the three he had in greatest esteem, Chabrias, Iphicrates, or himself, "You must first see us die," said he, "before that question can be resolved." And, in truth, he would infinitely wrong that man who would weigh him without the honor and grandeur of his end.

God has ordered all things as it has best pleased Him; but I have, in my time, seen three of the most execrable persons that ever I knew in all manner of abominable living, and the most infamous to boot, who all died a very regular death, and in all circumstances composed, even to perfection. There are brave and fortunate

deaths: I have seen death cut the thread of the progress of a prodigious advancement, and in the height and flower of its increase, of a certain person, with so glorious an end that, in my opinion, his ambitious and generous designs had nothing in them so high and great as their interruption. He arrived, without completing his course, at the place to which his ambition aimed, with greater glory than he could either have hoped or desired, anticipating by his fall the name and power to which he aspired in perfecting his career. In the judgment I make of another man's life, I always observe how he carried himself at his death; and the principal concern I have for my own is that I may die well—that is, patiently and tranquilly.

OF THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

To Madame Diane de Foix, Countesse de Gurson

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A friend of mine, then, having read the preceding chapter, the other day told me, that I should a little farther have extended my discourse on the education of children. Now, madame, if I had any sufficiency in this subject, I could not possibly better employ it, than to present my best instructions to the little gentleman that threatens you shortly with a happy birth (for you are too generous to begin otherwise than with a male); for having had so great a hand in the treaty of your marriage, I have a certain particular right and interest in the greatness and prosperity of the issue that shall spring from it; besides that, your having had the best of my services so long in possession, sufficiently obliges me to desire the honor and advantage of all wherein you shall be concerned. But, in truth, all I understand as to that particular is only this, that the greatest and most important difficulty of human science is the education of children.

* * * * * * *

The charge of the tutor you shall provide for your son, upon the choice of whom depends the whole success of his education, has several other great and considerable parts and duties required in so important a trust, besides that of which I am about to speak: these, however, I shall not mention, as being unable to add anything of moment to the common rules: and in this, wherein I take upon me to advise, he may follow it so far only as it shall appear advisable.

For a boy of quality then, who pretends to letters not upon the account of profit (for so mean an object as that is unworthy of the grace and favor of the Muses, and moreover, in it a man directs his service to and depends upon others), nor so much for outward ornament, as for his own proper and peculiar use, and to furnish and enrich himself within, having rather a desire to come out an accomplished cavalier than a mere scholar or learned man; for such a one, I say, I would, also, have his friends solicitous to find him out a tutor, who has rather a well-made than a well-filled head; seeking, indeed, both the one and the other, but rather of the two to prefer manners and judgment to mere learning, and that this man should exercise his charge after a new method.

'Tis the custom of pedagogues to be eternally thundering in their pupil's ears, as they were pouring into a funnel, while the business of the pupil is only to repeat what the others have said: now I would have a tutor to correct this error, and, that at the very first, he should, according to the capacity he has to deal with, put it to the test, permitting his pupil himself to taste things, and of himself to discern and choose them, sometimes opening the way to him, and sometimes leaving him to open it for himself; that is, I would not have him alone to invent and speak, but that he should also hear his pupil speak in turn. Socrates, and since him Arcesilaus, made first their scholars speak, and then they spoke to them. "*Obest plerumque iis, qui discere volunt, auctoritas eorum, qui docent.*" It is good to make him, like a young horse, trot before him that he may judge of his going and how much he is to abate of his own speed, to accommodate himself to the vigor and capacity of the other. For want of which due proportion we spoil all; which also to know how to adjust, and to keep within an exact and due measure, is one of the hardest things I know, and 'tis the effect of a high and well-tempered soul to know how to condescend to such puerile motions and to govern and direct them. I walk firmer and more secure up hill than down.

Such as, according to our common way

of teaching, undertake, with one and the same lesson, and the same measure of direction, to instruct several boys of differing and unequal capacities, are infinitely mistaken; and 'tis no wonder, if in a whole multitude of scholars, there are not found above two or three who bring away any good account of their time and discipline. Let the master not only examine him about the grammatical construction of the bare words of his lesson, but about the sense and substance of them, and let him judge of the profit he has made, not by the testimony of his memory, but by that of his life. Let him make him put what he has learned into a hundred several forms, and accommodate it to so many several subjects, to see if he yet rightly comprehends it, and has made it his own, taking instruction of his progress by the pedagogic institutions of Plato. 'Tis a sign of crudity and indigestion to disgorge what we eat in the same condition it was swallowed; the stomach has not performed its office unless it have altered the form and condition of what was committed to it to concoct. Our minds work only upon trust, when bound and compelled to follow the appetite of another's fancy, enslaved and captivated under the authority of another's instruction; we have been so subjected to the trammel, that we have no free, nor natural pace of our own; our own vigor and liberty are extinct and gone: *"Nunquam tutelæ suæ fiunt."*

I was privately carried at Pisa to see a very honest man, but so great an Aristotelian, that his most usual thesis was: "That the touchstone and square of all solid imagination, and of all truth, was an absolute conformity to Aristotle's doctrine; and that all besides was nothing but inanity and chimera; for that he had seen all, and said all." A position, that for having been a little too injuriously and broadly interpreted, brought him once and long kept him in great danger of the Inquisition at Rome.

Let him make him examine and thoroughly sift everything he reads, and lodge nothing in his fancy upon simple authority and upon trust. Aristotle's principles will then be no more principles to him, than those of Epicurus and the Stoics: let this diversity of opinions be propounded to, and laid before him; he will himself choose, if he be able; if not, he will remain in doubt.

"Che, non men che saper, dubbiar m' aggrata,"

for, if he embrace the opinions of Xenophon and Plato, by his own reason, they will no more be theirs, but become his own. Who follows another, follows nothing, finds nothing, nay, is inquisitive after nothing. *"Non sumus sub rege; sibi quisque se vindicet."* Let him at least, know that he knows. It will be necessary that he imbibe their knowledge, not that he be corrupted with their precepts; and no matter if he forgot where he had his learning, provided he know how to apply it to his own use. Truth and reason are common to every one, and are no more his who spake them first, than his who speaks them after: 'tis no more according to Plato, than according to me, since both he and I equally see and understand them. Bees cull their several sweets from this flower and that blossom, here and there where they find them, but themselves afterward make the honey, which is all and purely their own, and no more thyme and marjoram: so the several fragments he borrows from others, he will transform and shuffle together to compile a work that shall be absolutely his own; that is to say, his judgment: his instruction, labor and study, tend to nothing else but to form that. He is not obliged to discover whence he got the materials that have assisted him, but only to produce what he has himself done with them. Men that live upon pillage and borrowing, expose their purchases and buildings to every one's view: but do not proclaim how they came by the money. We do not see the fees and perquisites of a gentleman of the long robe; but we see the alliances wherewith he fortifies himself and his family, and the titles and honors he has obtained for him and his. No man divulges his revenue; or at least, which way it comes in: but every one publishes his acquisitions. The advantages of our study are to become better and more wise. 'Tis, says Epicharmus, the understanding that sees and hears, 'tis the understanding that improves everything, that orders everything, and that acts, rules, and reigns: all other faculties are blind, and deaf, and without soul. And certainly we render it timorous and servile, in not allowing it the liberty and privilege to do anything of itself. Whoever asked his pupil what he thought of grammar or rhet-

oric, and of such and such a sentence of Cicero? Our masters stick them, full feathered, in our memories, and there establish them like oracles, of which the letters and syllables are of the substance of the thing. To know by rote, is no knowledge, and signifies no more but only to retain what one has intrusted to our memory. That which a man rightly knows and understands, he is the free disposer of at his own full liberty, without any regard to the author from whence he had it or fumbling over the leaves of his book. A mere bookish learning is a poor, paltry learning; it may serve for ornament, but there is yet no foundation for any superstructure to be built upon it, according to the opinion of Plato, who says that constancy, faith, and sincerity, are the true philosophy, and the other sciences, that are directed to other ends, mere adulterate paint. I could wish that Paluel or Pompey, those two noted dancers of my time, could have taught us to cut capers, by only seeing them do it, without stirring from our places, as these men pretend to inform the understanding, without ever setting it to work; or that we could learn to ride, handle a pike, touch a lute, or sing, without the trouble of practice, as these attempt to make us judge and speak well, without exercising us in judging or speaking. Now in this initiation of our studies and in their progress, whatsoever presents itself before us is book sufficient; a roguish trick of a page, a sottish mistake of a servant, a jest at the table, are so many new subjects.

And for this reason, conversation with men is of very great use and travel into foreign countries; not to bring back (as most of our young monsieurs do) an account only of how many paces Santa Rotonda is in circuit; or of the richness of Signora Livia's petticoats; or, as some others, how much Nero's face, in a statue in such an old ruin, is longer and broader than that made for him on some medal; but to be able chiefly to give an account of the humors, manners, customs and laws of those nations where he has been, and that we may whet and sharpen our wits by rubbing them against those of others. I would that a boy should be sent abroad very young, and first, so as to kill two birds with one stone, into those neighboring nations whose language is most differing from our own, and to which, if it be not formed betimes, the tongue will grow too stiff to bend.

And also 'tis the general opinion of all, that a child should not be brought up in his mother's lap. Mothers are too tender, and their natural affection is apt to make the most discreet of them all so overfond, that they can neither find in their hearts to give them due correction for the faults they commit, nor suffer them to be inured to hardships and hazards, as they ought to be. They will not endure to see them return all dust and sweat from their exercise, to drink cold drink when they are hot, nor see them mount an unruly horse, nor take a foil in hand against a rude fencer, or so much as to discharge a carbine. And yet there is no remedy; whoever will breed a boy to be good for anything when he comes to be a man, must by no means spare him when young, and must very often transgress the rules of physic:

> "Vitamque sub dio, et trepidis agat
> In rebus."

It is not enough to fortify his soul: you are also to make his sinews strong; for the soul will be oppressed if not assisted by the members, and would have too hard a task to discharge two offices alone. I know very well, to my cost, how much mine groans under the burden, from being accommodated with a body so tender and indisposed, as eternally leans and presses upon her; and often in my reading perceive that our masters, in their writings, make examples pass for magnanimity and fortitude of mind, which really are rather toughness of skin and hardness of bones; for I have seen men, women, and children, naturally born of so hard and insensible a constitution of body, that a sound cudgelling has been less to them than a flirt with a finger would have been to me, and that would neither cry out, wince, nor shrink, for a good swinging beating; and when wrestlers counterfeit the philosophers in patience, 'tis rather strength of nerves than stoutness of heart. Now to be inured to undergo labor, is to be accustomed to endue pain: *"labor callum obducit dolori."* A boy is to be broken into the toil and roughness of exercise, so as to be trained up to the pain and suffering of dislocations, cholics, cauteries, and even imprisonment and the rack itself; for he may

come, by misfortune, to be reduced to the worst of these, which (as this world goes) is sometimes inflicted on the good as well as the bad. As for proof, in our present civil war whoever draws his sword against the laws, threatens the honestest man with the whip and the halter.

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No doubt but Greek and Latin are very great ornaments, and of very great use, but we buy them too dear. I will here discover one way, which has been experimented in my own person, by which they are to be had better cheap, and such may make use of it as will. My late father having made the most precise inquiry that any man could possibly make among men of the greatest learning and judgment, of an exact method of education, was by them cautioned of this inconvenience then in use, and made to believe, that the tedious time we applied to the learning of the tongues of them who had them for nothing, was the sole cause we could not arrive to the grandeur of soul and perfection of knowledge, of the ancient Greeks and Romans. I do not, however, believe that to be the only cause. However, the expedient my father found out for this was, that in my infancy, and before I began to speak, he committed me to the care of a German, who since died a famous physician in France, totally ignorant of our language, but very fluent, and a great critic in Latin. This man, whom he had fetched out of his own country, and whom he entertained with a very great salary for this only end, had me continually with him: to him there were also joined two others, of inferior learning, to attend me, and to relieve him; who all of them spoke to me in no other language but Latin. As to the rest of his family, it was an inviolable rule, that neither himself, nor my mother, man nor maid, should speak anything in my company, but such Latin words as every one had learned only to gabble with me. It is not to be imagined how great an advantage this proved to the whole family; my father and my mother by this means learned Latin enough to understand it perfectly well, and to speak it to such a degree as was sufficient for any necessary use; as also those of the servants did who were most frequently with me. In short, we Latined it at such a rate, that it overflowed to all the neighboring villages, where there yet remain, that have established themselves by custom, several Latin appellations of artisans and their tools. As for what concerns myself, I was above six years of age before I understood either French or Perigordin, any more than Arabic; and without art, book, grammar, or precept, whipping, or the expense of a tear, I had, by that time, learned to speak as pure Latin as my master himself, for I had no means of mixing it up with any other. If, for example, they were to give me a theme after the college fashion, they gave it to others in French, but to me they were to give it in bad Latin, to turn it into that which was good. And Nicholas Grouchy, who wrote a book "De Comitiis Romanorum," William Guerente, who wrote a comment upon Aristotle; George Buchanan, that great Scotch poet; and Mark Antony Muret (whom both France and Italy have acknowledged for the best orator of his time), my domestic tutors, have all of them often told me, that I had in my infancy, that language so very fluent and ready, that they were afraid to enter into discourse with me. And particularly Buchanan, whom I since saw attending the late Mareschal de Brissac, then told me, that he was about to write a treatise of education, the example of which he intended to take from mine, for he was then tutor to that Count de Brissac who afterward proved so valiant and so brave a gentleman.

As to Greek, of which I have but a mere smattering, my father also designed to have it taught me by a devise, but a new one, and by way of sport; tossing our declensions to and fro, after the manner of those who, by certain games at tables and chess, learn geometry and arithmetic. For he, among other rules, had been advised to make me relish science and duty by an unforced will, and of my own voluntary motion, and to educate my soul in all liberty and delight, without any severity or constraint; which he was an observer of to such a degree, even of superstition, if I may say so, that some being of opinion that it troubles and disturbs the brains of children suddenly to wake them in the morning, and to snatch them violently and over-hastily from sleep (wherein they are much more profoundly involved than we), he caused me to be wakened by the sound of some musical instrument, and was never unprovided of a musician for that purpose.

By this example you may judge of the rest, this alone being sufficient to recommend both the prudence and the affection of so good a father, who is not to be blamed if he did not reap fruits answerable to so exquisite a culture.

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OF FRIENDSHIP

Having considered the proceedings of a painter that serves me, I had a mind to imitate his way. He chooses the fairest place and middle of any wall, or panel, wherein to draw a picture, which he finishes with his utmost care and art, and the vacuity about it he fills with grotesques, which are odd fantastic figures without any grace but what they derive from their variety, and the extravagance of their shapes. And in truth, what are these things I scribble, other than grotesques and monstrous bodies, made of various parts, without any certain figure, or any other than accidental order, coherence, or proportion?

"Desinit in piscem mulier, formosa superne."

In this second part I go hand in hand with my painter; but fall very short of him in the first and the better, my power of handling not being such, that I dare to offer at a rich piece, finely polished, and set off according to art. I have therefore thought fit to borrow one of Estienne de la Boetie, and such a one as shall honor and adorn all the rest of my work—namely, a discourse that he called Voluntary Servitude; but, since, those who did not know him have properly enough called it "Le contre Un." He wrote in his youth by way of essay, in honor of liberty against tyrants; and it has since run through the hands of men of great learning and judgment, not without singular and merited commendation; for it is finely written, and as full as anything can possibly be. And yet one may confidently say it is far short of what he was able to do; and if in that more mature age, wherein I had the happiness to know him, he had taken a design like this of mine, to commit his thoughts to writing, we should have seen a great many rare things, and such as would have gone very near to have rivaled the best writings of antiquity: for in natural parts especially, I know no man comparable to him. But he has left nothing behind him, save this treatise only (and that, too, by chance, for I believe he never saw it after it first went out of his hands), and some observations upon that edict of January, made famous by our civil wars, which also shall elsewhere, peradventure, find a place. These were all I could recover of his remains, I to whom, with so affectionate a remembrance, upon his deathbed, he by his last will bequeathed his library and papers, the little book of his works only excepted, which I committed to the press. And this particular obligation I have to this treatise of his, that it was the occasion of my first coming acquainted with him; for it was showed to me long before I had the good fortune to know him; and gave me the first knowledge of his name, proving the first cause and foundation of a friendship which we afterward improved and maintained, so long as God was pleased to continue us together, so perfect, inviolate, and entire, that certainly the like is hardly to be found in story, and among the men of this age there is no sign nor trace of any such thing in use; so much concurrence is required to the building of such a one, that 'tis much, if fortune bring it but once to pass in three ages.

There is nothing to which nature seems so much to have inclined us, as to society; and Aristotle says, that the good legislators had more respect to friendship than to justice. Now the most supreme point of its perfection is this: for, generally, all those that pleasure, profit, public or private interest create and nourish, are so much the less beautiful and generous, and so much the less friendships, by how much they mix another cause, and design, and fruit in friendship, than itself. Neither do the four ancient kinds, natural, social, hospitable, venerian, either separately or jointly, make up a true and perfect friendship.

That of children to parents is rather respect: friendship is nourished by communication, which cannot, by reason of the great disparity, between these, but would rather perhaps offend the duties of nature; for neither are all the secret thoughts of fathers fit to be communicated to children, less it beget an indecent familiarity between them; nor can the advices and reproofs, which is one of the principal offices of friendship, be properly performed

by the son to the father. There are some countries where 'twas the custom for children to kill their fathers; and others, where the fathers killed their children, to avoid their being an impediment one to another in life; and naturally the expectations of the one depend upon the ruin of the other. There have been great philosophers who have made nothing of this tie of nature, as Aristippus for one, who being pressed home about the affection he owed to his children, as being come out of him, presently fell to spit, saying, that this also came out of him, and that we also breed worms and lice; and that other, that Plutarch endeavored to reconcile to his brother; "I make never the more account of him," said he, "for coming out of the same hole." This name of brother does indeed carry with it a fine and delectable sound, and for that reason, he and I called one another brothers, but the complication of interests, the division of estates, and that the wealth of the one should be the poverty of the other, strangely relax and weaken the fraternal tie: brothers pursuing their fortune and advancement by the same path, 'tis hardly possible, but they must of necessity often jostle and hinder one another. Besides, why is it necessary that the correspondence of manners, parts, and inclinations, which begets the true and perfect friendships, should always meet in these relations? The father and the son may be of quite contrary humors, and so of brothers: he is my son, he is my brother; but he is passionate, ill-natured, or a fool. And moreover, by how much these are friendships that the law and natural obligation impose upon us, so much less is there of our own choice and voluntary freedom; whereas that voluntary liberty of ours has no production more promptly and properly its own than affection and friendship. Not that I have not in my own person experimented all that can possibly be expected of that kind, having had the best and most indulgent father, even to his extreme old age, that ever was and who was himself descended from a family for many generations famous and exemplary for brotherly concord.

"Et ipse
Notus in fratres animi paterni."

We are not here to bring the love we bear to women, though it be an act of our own choice, into comparison; nor rank it with the others. The fire of this, I confess,

"Neque enim est dea nescia nostri
Quæ dulcem curis miscet amaritiem,"

is more active, more eager, and more sharp: but withal, 'tis more precipitant, fickle, moving and inconstant; a fever subject to intermissions and paroxysms, that has seized but on one part of us. Whereas in friendship, 'tis a general and universal fire, but temperate and equal, a constant established heat, all gentle and smooth, without poignancy or roughness. Moreover, in love, 'tis no other than frantic desire for that which flies from us:

"Come segue la repre ii cacciatore
Al freddo, al caldo, alla montagna, al lito;
Ne piu l' estima poi che presa vede;
E sol dietro a chi fugge affretta il piede:"

so soon as it enters into the terms of friendship, that is to say, into a concurrence of desires, it vanishes and is gone, fruition destroys it, as having only a fleshly end, and such a one as is subject to satiety. Friendship, on the contrary, is enjoyed proportionately as it is desired; and only grows up, is nourished and improves by enjoyment, as being of itself spiritual, and the soul growing still more refined by practice. Under this perfect friendship, the other fleeting affections have in my younger years found some place in me, to say nothing of him, who himself so confesses but too much in his verses; so that I had both these passions, but always so, that I could myself well enough distinguish them, and never in any degree of comparison with one another; the first maintaining its flight in so lofty and so brave a place, as with disdain to look down, and see the other flying at a far humbler pitch below.

As concerning marriage, besides that it is a covenant, the entrance into which only is free, but the continuance in it forced and compulsory, having another dependence than that of our own freewill, and a bargain commonly contracted to other ends, there almost always happens a thousand intricacies in it to unravel, enough to break the thread and to divert the current of a lively affection: whereas friendship has no manner of business or traffic with aught but itself. Moreover, to say truth,

the ordinary talent of women is not such as is sufficient to maintain the conference and communication required to the support of this sacred tie; nor do they appear to be endued with constancy of mind, to sustain the pinch of so hard and durable a knot. And doubtless, if without this, there could be such a free and voluntary familiarity contracted where not only the souls might have this entire fruition, but the bodies also might share in the alliance, and a man be engaged throughout, the friendship would certainly be more full and perfect; but it is without example that this sex has ever yet arrived at such perfection; and by the common consent of the ancient schools, it is wholly rejected from it.

That other Grecian license is justly abhorred by our manners; which also, from having, according to their practice, a so necessary disparity of age and difference of offices between the lovers, answered no more to the perfect union and harmony that we here require, than the other: *"quis est enim iste amor amicitiæ? cur neque deformem adolescentem quisquam amat, neque formosum senem?"* Neither will that very picture that the Academy presents of it, as I conceive, contradict me, when I say, that this first fury inspired by the son of Venus into the heart of the lover, upon sight of the flower and prime of a springing and blossoming youth, to which they allow all the insolent and passionate efforts that an immoderate ardor can produce, was simply founded upon external beauty, the false image of corporal generation; for it could not ground this love upon the soul, the sight of which as yet lay concealed, was but now springing, and not of maturity to blossom: that this fury, if it seized upon a low spirit, the means by which it preferred its suit were rich presents, favor in advancement to dignities, and such trumpery, which they by no means approve: if on a more generous soul, the pursuit was suitably generous, by philosophical instructions, precepts to revere religion, to obey the laws, to die for the good of one's country; by examples of valor, prudence, and justice, the lover studying to render himself acceptable by the grace and beauty of his soul, that of his body being long since faded and decayed, hoping by this mental society to establish a more firm and lasting contract. When this courtship came to effect in due season (for that which they do not require in the lover, namely, leisure and discretion in his pursuit, they strictly require in the person loved, forasmuch as he is to judge of an internal beauty, of difficult knowledge and abstruse discovery), then there sprung in the person loved the desire of a spiritual conception by the mediation of a spiritual beauty. This was the principal; the corporeal, an accidental and secondary matter: quite the contrary as to the lover. For this reason they prefer the person beloved, maintaining that the gods in like manner preferred him too, and very much blame the poet Æschylus for having, in the loves for Achilles and Patroclus, given the lover's part to Achilles, who was in the first flower and pubescency of his youth, and the handsomest of all the Greeks. After this general community, the sovereign and most worthy part presiding and governing, and performing its proper offices, they say, that thence great utility was derived, both by private and public concerns: that it constituted the force and power of the countries where it prevailed, and the chiefest security of liberty and justice. Of which the salutiferous loves of Harmonius and Aristogiton are instances. And therefore it is that they called it sacred and divine, and conceive that nothing but the violence of tyrants and the baseness of the common people are inimical to it. Finally, all that can be said in favor of the Academy, is, that it was a love which ended in friendship, which well enough agrees with the Stoical definition of love: *"Amorem conatum esse amicitiæ faciendæ ex pulchritudinis specie."*

I return to my own more just and true description. *"Omnino amicitiæ, corroboratis jam confirmatisque, et ingeniis, et ætatibus, judicandæ sunt."* For the rest, what we commonly call friends and friendships, are nothing but acquaintance and familiarities, either occasionally contracted or upon some design, by means of which there happens some little intercourse between our souls. But in the friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one piece, with so universal a mixture, that there is no more sign of the seam by which they were first conjoined. If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I find it could no otherwise be expressed, than by making answer: because it was he, because it was

I. There is, beyond all that I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fated power that brought on this union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the characters we heard of one another, which wrought upon our affections more than, in reason, mere reports should do; I think 't was by some secret appointment of heaven. We embraced in our names; and at our first meeting, which was accidentally at a great city entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endeared between ourselves, that from thenceforward nothing was so near to us as one another. He wrote an excellent Latin satire, since printed, wherein he excuses the precipitation of our intelligence, so suddenly come to perfection, saying, that destined to have so short a continuance, as begun so late (for we were both full-grown men, and he some years the older), there was no time to lose, nor were we tied to conform to the example of those slow and regular friendships that require so many precautions of long preliminary conversation. This has no other idea than that of itself, and can only refer to itself: this is no one special consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand; 't is I know not what quintessence of all this mixture, which, seizing my whole will, carried it to plunge and lose itself in his, and that having seized his whole will, brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite to plunge and lose itself in mine. I may truly say lose, reserving nothing to ourselves, that was either his or mine.

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THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH ESSAY

EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ESSAYISTS

The essay may be said to have become firmly established in England between the appearance of Bacon's *Essays* in 1597 and the opening of the Civil War in 1642. Most representative of the work produced in the various types of the essay of this period are the essays of Francis Bacon, Sir William Cornwallis, Thomas Dekker, Ben Jonson; the "character" writers, Joseph Hall, Sir Thomas Overbury, and John Earle; and John Selden, Owen Feltham, and James Howell.

Francis Bacon, the "Father of the English Essay," was born at York House, on the Strand, London, of parents who connected him at once with the governing classes, his father being Keeper of the Great Seal; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied law at Gray's Inn; had his desire for public office early gratified when in 1584 he was elected to Parliament; though advancement came slowly, considering his ability and connections, became, in turn, solicitor-general (1607), attorney-general (1613), privy councillor (1616), lord keeper (1617), and lord chancellor (1618), and was created Baron Verulam in 1618 and Viscount St. Albans in 1621; but, accused of bribery in 1621, admitted having received gifts but denied their influence on the conduct of his office; was assessed heavy penalties on his conviction, all of which were remitted by the king, except that forbidding his holding public office; retired therewith to his estate and devoted the rest of his life to that study and writing to which he had always given his leisure time. It has been said that Bacon was the last man who dared say, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," but his position as one of the chief founders of modern inductive science justified his ambition. Besides his *Essays* (1597, 1612, and 1625), Bacon's chief works were the *Advancement of Learning* (in English, 1605), the *Novum Organum* (in Latin, 1620), the *History of the Reign of Henry VII* (1622), and the *New Atlantis* (pub. in Latin, 1627, trans. 1629). In his combination of wide and deep learning, keen analytical power, practical wisdom, and pregnancy of style, he has never been equalled among essayists, English or foreign.

Sir William Cornwallis, about whom little is known, was the elder son of Sir Charles Cornwallis (ambassador to Spain under James I). He appears to have been knighted in 1602, and was a friend of Ben Jonson, whom he employed in 1604 to write an "Entertainment" for the visit of the king and queen to his house in Highgate. He spent his life in studious retirement, the chief product of which was his essays: *Essayes* (1601-2), *Essayes of certaine Paradoxes* (1616), and *Essayes. Newlie Corrected. Discourses upon Seneca the tragedian* (1632).

Thomas Dekker, of the facts of whose life there is no certain record, was born and bred in London, with probably a meagre amount of formal education; was connected with Henslowe, the theatre manager and Alleyn, the actor; was satirized by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster* (1601), to which Dekker retorted in his *Satiromastix* (1602); devoted his life to the writing of plays and miscellaneous prose, including the plays, *The Shoemakers' Holiday* (ptd. 1600) and *Old Fortunatus* (ptd. 1600), and the prose works, *The Wonderful Year* (1603), *The Seven Deadly Sins of London* (1606), *News from Hell* (1606), *The Bellman of London* (1608), and *The Gull's Hornbook* (1609). With the mental energy of Defoe and the kindliness of Goldsmith, he was, excluding Shakespeare, the most lovable and sympathetic of the Elizabethan playwrights, and no one equalled him in presenting a mirror of Elizabethan and Jacobean life.

Ben Jonson, dramatist, poet, and critic, was born at Westminster of obscure parentage, his father being a bricklayer; went to school at St. Martins-in-the-Fields and Westminster; married, had several children, and served as a soldier in Flanders; by 1597 was acting and writing plays in London, his first play, *Every Man in His Humour* being staged with great success at the Globe Theatre in 1598; shortly after this, killed a fellow actor in a duel but escaped the death penalty by pleading benefit of clergy; followed his first success with several comedies, two of which were concerned with Jonson's stage quarrel with his foes called the "War of the Theatres," in which Jonson supported "classical" precedent; beginning with *Sejanus* (1603), carried his dramatic theories into tragedy; became a successful writer of masques and produced four masterly comedies (*Volpone*, c. 1605, *The Silent Woman*, 1609, *The Alchemist*, 1610, and *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614), in addition to his tragedy of *Catiline* (1611); in 1616 published a folio edition of his works, and in 1618 made a foot tour to Scotland, where he was the guest of the poet Drummond of Hawthornden; was given several

honors on his return to England, where he was on intimate terms with the greatest men of his time, both within and without literary circles; spent his later years clouded with misfortunes, including the burning of his fine library, painful bodily affliction, the failure of his plays, and the loss of his employment as a writer of masques; was buried in Westminster Abbey, where he was practically forgotten till his admirer, Sir John Young, had inscribed upon his tomb the epitaph, "O Rare Ben Jonson." Among his unpublished manuscripts were a collection of miscellaneous poems entitled *Underwoods* and his valuable collection of critical comments, *Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter.* Both of these were published, with other works, in the second folio edition of his works in 1640.

Of the chief writers of character essays during this period, Joseph Hall was the earliest. He was educated at Cambridge; attained early success as a poet and satirist, his *Virgidemiarium, or Satires* (1597-8), though condemned by Archbishop Whitgift to be burned, being called by Pope "the best poetry and truest satire in the English language"; published his *Characters of Virtues and Vices* in 1608; was made Bishop of Exeter in 1627 and Bishop of Norwich in 1641; sympathizing with Charles I, was imprisoned in the Tower in 1641 and had his property confiscated; defended the English Church in a work calling out *Smectymnuus* from Milton and others; retired in 1647 to a small farm near Norwich for the remainder of his life.

Sir Thomas Overbury was born in Warwickshire, of an aristocratic family; studied at Oxford and the Temple; took up his life at Court as the friend of Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, an unprincipled favorite of James I, and fostered literature and the arts; becoming involved in a court love intrigue, was imprisoned in the Tower and secretly poisoned. In 1614, the year after his death, his poem "The Wife" was published with his *Characters.*

John Earle was born at York and educated for the Church at Oxford, where he became proctor of the University on graduation; on being elected to the celebrated Westminster Assembly in 1642, declined to attend on account of his Royalist sympathies; followed the Stuarts into exile, and, after the Restoration, was made chaplain to the king, who made him Bishop of Worcester in 1662 and later Bishop of Salisbury. He had made his reputation as a "character" writer in 1628 with the publication of his *Microcosmography.* He was a man of great goodness and kindness of heart and was called "one of those men who could not have an enemy."

John Selden was born in Sussex, England; became a lawyer and jurist of wide reputation; published a number of works in 1618 which were suppressed; was imprisoned in the Tower in 1621 for sedition and in 1628 assisted in drawing up the Petition of Right against the encroachments of royalty; was elected in 1640 to the Long Parliament and was a member of the committee that impeached Archbishop Laud. His *Table Talk* was not published till long after his death.

Owen Feltham, about whose life little is known, was born in Suffolk; in middle life became interested in the quarrel between King and Parliament, siding with the King, one of his poems referring to Charles I as "Christ II." He is best known as the most eminent writer of the Baconian type of essay, exemplified in his *Resolves* (pub. in 1628 or earlier).

James Howell, a native of Wales, was, to use his own words, "a true Cosmopolite"; was engaged in commercial ventures in Venice, employed in foreign service, diplomatic and otherwise, in Spain, Denmark, and France, as well as in Scotland and Ireland; sat for a time in Parliament; was imprisoned in the Fleet for eight years or more for debt; struggled through the difficult period of the Commonwealth; and was made royal historiographer after the Restoration. The last position he owed to his numerous historical writings, but his fame rests largely on his *Familiar Letters* (pub. 1645-55), which mirror the many experiences of his travels as well as record his thoughtful observations about the ways of life.

FRANCIS BACON (1561–1626)

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment only by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use: but that is a

wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. That is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: *"Abeunt studia in mores."* Nay, there is no stond nor impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises: bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting, for the lungs and breast; gentle walking, for the stomach; riding, for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen,—for they are *cymini sectores;* if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

OF NEGOTIATING

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter; and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification, afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report, for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as affect the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter; as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky, and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription. It is better to sound a person with whom one deals, afar off, than to fall upon the point at first; except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start or first performance is all; which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such which must go before, or else a man can persuade the other party that he shall still need him in some other thing, or else that he be counted the honester man. All practice is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares, and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him; or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they

least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once; but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

OF TRUTH

What is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sect of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the Ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out the truth; nor again, that, when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts that doth bring lies in favor: but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy "*vinum dæmonum*," because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene) and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below": so always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge. Saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man." Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last

peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold, that when Christ cometh "he shall not find faith upon the earth."

OF FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words, than in that speech, *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.* For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, *Magna civitas, magna solitudo;* because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak: so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes; as if it were matter of grace, or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum;* for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; *for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting.* With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's Phil-

ippics, calleth him *venefica,* "witch"; as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, *that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great.* With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, *Hæc pro amicitiâ nostrâ non occultavi;* and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate by these words: *I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me.* Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, for such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire: and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten, what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith that towards his latter time *that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding.* Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; *Cor ne edito,* "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and on the other side weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, *that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.* Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a

statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, *Dry light is ever the best.* And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men *that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour.* As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces — asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man — it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers; one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind; and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, *that a friend is another himself;* for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath as it were two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like.

But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

OF ATHEISM

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. And therefore God never wrought a miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity. Nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion; that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus. For it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements and one immutable fifth essence duly and eternally placed need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God"; it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart." So as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it. For none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged, that he did but dissemble, for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world. Wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God. But certainly he is traduced; for his words are noble and divine: "*Non deos vulgi negare profanum; sed vulgi opiniones diis applicare profanum.*" Plato could have said no more. And although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the West have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God; as if the heathen should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, etc., but not the word *Deus:* which shows, that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it. So that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion, or superstition, are by the adverse part branded with the name of atheists. But the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things, but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism. Another is, scandal of priests; when it is come to that which Saint Bernard saith, "*non est jam dicere, ut populus, sic sacerdos: quia nec sic populus, ut sacerdos.*" A third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion. And lastly, learned times, especially with peace and prosperity: for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by

his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature: for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man; who to him is instead of a God, or *melior natura:* which courage is manifestly such, as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith, which human nature in itself could not obtain: therefore as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations: never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome; of this state hear what Cicero saith: *"Quam volumus, licet, patres conscripti, nos amemus, tamen nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec callidate Pœnos, nec artibus Græcos, nec denique hoc ipso hujus gentis et terræ domestico nativoque sensu Italos ipsos et Latinos; sed pietate, ac religione, atque hac una sapientia, quod deorum immortalium numine omnia regi gubernarique perspeximus, omnes gentes nationesque superavimus."*

OF DELAYS

Fortune is like the market, where many times if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For occasion, as it is in the common verse, turneth a bald noddle, after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken: or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom, than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows, as some have been when the moon was low, and shone on their enemies' back, and so to shoot off before the time; or to teach dangers to come on, by over-early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion, as we said, must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel and celerity in the execution. For when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts, as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and as it were more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations are not ripe for action, till they have passed the meridian of their years: as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *"Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam."* And yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth; as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus, duke of Florence, Gaston de Fois, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this,

that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon, absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them: like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period; but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both: and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors: and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain Rabbin upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth, that young men are admitted nearer to God than old; because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes: these are first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtile, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age: such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech; which becomes youth well, but not age. So Tully saith of Hortensius, *"Idem manebat, neque idem decebat."* The third is, of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous, more than tract of years can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *"Ultima primis cedebant."*

OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble works, are proper to men: and surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men; which have sought to express the images of their minds, where those of their bodies have failed: so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children, beholding them as the continuance not only of their kind, but of their work; and so both children and creatures.

The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal, and sometimes unworthy, — especially in the mother; as Solomon saith: A wise son rejoiceth the father, but an ungracious son shames the mother." A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wantons; but in the midst, some that are as it were forgotten, who many times nevertheless prove the best. The illiberality of parents in allowance towards their children is a harmful error; makes them base, acquaints them with shifts, makes them sort with mean company, and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty: and therefore the proof is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse. Men have a foolish manner, both parents, and schoolmasters, and servants, in creating and breeding an emulation between brothers during childhood, which many times sorteth to discord when they are men, and disturbeth families. The Italians make little difference between children and nephews, or near kinsfolks; but so they be of the lump they care not, though they pass not through their own body. And, to say truth, in nature it is much a like matter; insomuch that we see a nephew sometimes resembleth an uncle, or a kinsman, more than his own parent; as the blood happens. Let parents choose be-

times the vocations and courses they mean their children should take, — for then they are most flexible: and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that which they have most mind to. It is true, that if the affection or aptness of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it: but generally the precept is good, "*Optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo.*" Younger brothers are commonly fortunate, but seldom or never where the elder are disinherited.

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men: which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay, more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take a pride in having no children because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, Such a one is a great rich man; and another except to it, Yea, but he hath a great charge of children, — as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty; especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away: and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen: for charity will hardly water the ground, where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates: for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and children. And I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldiers more base. Certainly, wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted, good to make severe inquisitors, because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of Ulysses, "*Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati.*" Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise: which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle ages; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husbands' kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

OF GREAT PLACE

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or State, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious; and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse,

which is a melancholy thing. *"Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere?"* Nay, retire men cannot when they would; neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow: like old townsmen that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it, but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs; though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. *"Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi."* In place there is license to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *"Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis"*; and then the Sabbath. In the discharge of thy place, set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example, and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated; but yet ask counsel of both times: of the ancient time what is best, and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect: but be not too positive and peremptory, and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction: and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto* than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place, and do not drive away such as bring the information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays: give easy access, keep times appointed, go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption: do not only bind thine own hands or thy servant's hand from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed and with a manifest detestation of bribery doth the other; and avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it. together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a byway to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Solomon saith: "To respect persons is not good; for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread." It is most true that was anciently spoken: "A place showeth the man"; and it showeth some to the better, and some to the

worse: "*omnium consensu, capax imperii, nisi imperasset,*" saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, "*solus imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius.*" Though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honor amends. For honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou are gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible, or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors, but let it rather be said, When he sits in place, he is another man.

OF ADVERSITY

It was a high speech of Seneca, after the manner of the Stoics, that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired: "*Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.*" Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, much too high for a heathen, "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God." *Vere magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis securitatem Dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed. And the poets, indeed, have been busy with it, for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus, by whom human nature is represented, sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher; lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean: the virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearselike airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

OF SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy, or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth and to do it. Therefore, it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers.

Tacitus saith, Livia sorted well with the arts of her husband and dissimulation of her son; attributing arts or policy to Augustus and dissimulation to Tiberius. And again, when Mucianus encourageth Vespasian to take arms against Vitellius, he saith, We rise not against the piercing judgment of Augustus, nor the extreme caution or closeness of Tiberius. These properties of arts or policy, and dissimulation or closeness, are indeed habits and faculties several, and to be distinguished. For if a man have that penetration of judgment as he can discern what things are to be laid open, and what to be secreted, and what to be showed at half-lights, and to whom and when, which indeed are

arts of state, and arts of life, as Tacitus well calleth them, to him a habit of dissimulation is a hindrance and a poorness. But if a man cannot obtain to that judgment, then it is left to him, generally, to be close and a dissembler. For where a man cannot choose, or vary in particulars, there it is good to take the safest and wariest way in general; like the going softly by one that cannot well see. Certainly the ablest men that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing and a name of certainty and veracity; but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn: and at such times, when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith, and clearness of dealing made them almost invisible.

There be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self. The first, closeness, reservation, and secrecy, when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is. The second, dissimulation in the negative, when a man lets fall signs and arguments, that he is not that he is. And a third, simulation in the affirmative, when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not.

For the first of these, secrecy; it is indeed the virtue of a confessor; and assuredly the secret man heareth many confessions; for who will open himself to a blab or a babbler? but if a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery; as the more close air sucketh in the more open: and as in confession the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart, so secret men come to knowledge of many things in that kind, while men rather discharge their minds than impart their minds. In a few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides, to say truth, nakedness is uncomely as well in mind as body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's manners and actions if they be not altogether open. As for talkers and futile persons, they are commonly vain and credulous withal. For he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not. Therefore set it down, that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral. And in this part it is good that a man's face give his tongue leave to speak. For the discovery of a man's self by the tracts of his countenance is of a great weakness and betraying; by how much it is many times more marked and believed than man's words.

For the second, which is dissimulation; it followeth many times upon secrecy, by necessity: so that he that will be secret must be a dissembler in some degree. For men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an indifferent carriage between both, and to be secret, without swaying the balance on either side. They will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick it out of him, that, without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech. As for equivocations, or oraculous speeches, they cannot hold out long. So that no man can be secret, except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation, which is as it were but the skirts or train of secrecy.

But for the third degree, which is simulation and false profession; that I hold more culpable and less politic, except it be in great and rare matters. And therefore a general custom of simulation, which is this last degree, is a vice rising either of a natural falseness, or fearfulness, or of a mind that hath some main faults; which because a man must needs disguise, it maketh him practice simulation in other things, lest his hand should be out of use.

The great advantages of simulation and dissimulation are three. First, to lay asleep opposition, and to surprise. For where a man's intentions are published, it is an alarm to call up all that are against them. The second is, to reserve a man's self a fair retreat: for if a man engage himself by a manifest declaration, he must go through, or take a fall. The third is, the better to discover the mind of another; for to him that opens himself, men will hardly show themselves adverse, but will fair let him go on, and turn their freedom of speech to freedom of thought. And therefore it is a good shrewd proverb of the Spaniard, Tell a lie, and find a truth. As if there were no way of discovery but by simulation. There be also three disadvantages to set it even. The first, that simulation and dissimulation commonly carry with them a show of fearfulness, which in any business doth spoil

the feathers of round flying up to the mark. The second, that it puzzleth and perplexeth the conceits of many, that perhaps would otherwise co-operate with him; and makes a man walk almost alone, to his own ends. The third and greatest is, that it depriveth a man of one of the most principal instruments for action; which is trust and belief. The best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habits; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign, if there be no remedy.

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society, and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, Himself. It is right earth. For that only stands fast upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince, because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore, let princes or states choose such servants as have not this mark, except they mean their service should be made but the accessory. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is, that all proportion is lost: it were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants, which set a bias upon their bowl of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers as they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters because their study is but to please them, and profit themselves, and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which, as Cicero says of Pompey, are "*sui amantes sine rivale*," are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

OF BOLDNESS

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration. Question was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an orator. He answered, Action. What next? — Action. What next again? — Action. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator, which is but superficial and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature, generally, more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business; what first? — Boldness. What second and third? — Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But nevertheless it

doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part; yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so there are mountebanks for the politic body: men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out; nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." So these men, when they have promised great matters, failed most shamefully, yet, if they have the perfection of boldness, they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly to men of great judgment bold persons are a sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar also boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous: for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must; for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come, but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay, like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir: but this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences: therefore, it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them except they be very great.

OF BEAUTY

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set: and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features; and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect. Neither is it almost seen, that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue. As if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labor to produce excellency. And therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behavior than virtue. But this holds not always; for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward IV. of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the sophi of Persia, were all high and great spirits; and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favor is more than that of color: and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favor. That is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express: no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces, to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them. Not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity, as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music, and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that if you examine them part by part, you shall never find a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable; *"pulchrorum autumnus pulcher"*: for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and, considering the youth, as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and for the most part it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush.

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS (?–1631?)

OF DISCOURSE

It is a pittifull thing at great assemblies, to see how the rich, and gay, will engrosse their talke, and how basely they use that commoditie, not a word able to profit a Hackney-man: they send away Time worse apparelled then their Horse-keepers, poore and naked of what is precious, but loden with straw and durt, good only for Thatchers and Dawbers. At this time I suffer much, specially if I would choose rather to fill my eares then my belly, I wish for Fidlers to confound them, or any noyse saving theirs. I would at this time loose my memory, for shee is covetous and takes all, and with this she will pollute all, make all taste of Barbarisme.

In this time my eye wandering to finde a handsome cause of Interruption, meets with a fellow in blacke, backe againe they come with their Intelligence, and tell me they have found a Scholler. I goe to this Vessell, and thirsting after some good licour, hastily pierce it, when there issueth medicines, or law tearms: alas, it is either a Surgeon, or an Atturny, my expectation hath broken her necke. Well, these are places to grow fat in, not wise. Let us travile somwhither else, to the Universitie: Their discourse is good, but too finicall, you undoe them if you suffer them not to go Methodically to worke. *Nego maiorem, aut minorem, probo, ipse dixit, etc.* I like not this, except his adversarie be a Fencer too, there is no understanding one another: It is a generall fault among the best professions: For Mercenary, and Mechanicke, it skills not: It becomes them well to discover themselves by their speech: but a Gentleman, which is, like a wise man: his knowledge ought to bee generall, it becomes him not to talke of one thing too much, or to be wayed down with any particular profession. Herein I admire *Plato* his Description of *Socrates*, who although a Souldier, and a Scholler, yet he discoursed still like wisedome, which commands over all. One knowledge, is but one part of the house, a bay-windowe, or a gable-end: who builds his house so maimed? much lesse himselfe; no, be compleat. If thy Ghests be weary of thy Parlor, carry them into thy Gallery: Bee thus, but yet if thou meetest with a fellow, that would faine shew thee he is a Mathematitian, or a Navigator, be content to talke with him of Circles, and Quadrangles, of the Poles, and Navigating Starres.

There is another Creature that weyes every word, and will be sure to turne the *verbe* behind, affects elegancy, and to be thought learned: this fellow is formall, hee robs himselfe of his commendations, with this premeditated course: men looke for much, where they discerne such a preparation: besides me thinkes he dresses Truth and wisedome too gawdily: It is the Country fashion to sugar over what is naturally sweete: hee profits not his Auditory.

I knew a Country Church furnished with a Clocke, whose hammer was stricken by an Image like a man, upon the wheeles stood a Catte, which when the Image strooke, made such haste away, as the Parishioners when they should have wept for their sinnes, and were moved thereunto by the Preacher, laughed at the Cattes nimblenesse: so is it with this mans hearers, they catch at some prettie sounding words, and let the matter slip without any attention. Let Ape-keepers and Players, catch the eares of their Auditory and Spectators with faire bumbaste words and set speeches: It shall be my course when I must discourse (but I had rather heare) not to loose my selfe in my tale, to speake words that may be understood, and to my power to meane wisely, rather then to speake eloquently.

OF ALEHOUSES

I write this in an Alehouse into which I am driven by night, which would not give me leave to finde out an honester harbour. I am without any company but Inke, and Paper, and them I use in stead of talking to my selfe: my Hoste hath already given me his knowledge, but I am little bettered, I am now trying whether my selfe bee his better in discretion. The first note here is to see how honestly every place speakes, and how ill every man lives: not a Poste, nor a painted cloth in the house, but cryes out, *Feare God*, and yet the Parson of the Towne scarce keeps this Instruction. It is a strange thing how men bely themselves: every one speaks well, and means naughtily. They cry out

if man breake his word, and yet no Body keepes promise with vertue. But why should these Inferiours be blamed, since the noblest professions are become base? Their instructions rest in the Example of higher fortunes, and they are blinde, and lead men into sensualitie. Me thinkes a drunken Cobler, and a meere hawking Gentleman ranke equally, both end their pursuites with pleasing their senses, this the eye, the other the Taste. What differs scraping misery from a false Cheatour? the directour of both is Covetousnesse, and the end Gaine. Lastly courting of a Mistresse, and buying of a Whore are somewhat like, the end of both is Luxury. Perhaps the one speakes more finely, but they both mean plainly. I have been thus seeking differences, and to distinguish of places, I am faine to fly to the signe of an Ale-house, and to the stately comming in of greater houses. For Men, Titles and clothes, not their lives, and Actions help me: so were they all naked, and banished from the Heralds books, they are without any evidence of preheminence, and their souls cannot defend them from Community.

know when Winter plums are ripe and ready to be gathered.

When Charity blows her nails and is ready to starve, yet not so much as a watchman will lend her a flap of his frieze gown to keep her warm: when tradesmen shut up shops, by reason their frozen-hearted creditors go about to nip them with beggary: when the price of sea-coal riseth, and the price of men's labour falleth: when every chimney casts out smoke, but scarce any door opens to cast so much as a maribone to a dog to gnaw; when beasts die for want of fodder in the field, and men are ready to famish for want of food in the city; when the first word that a wench speaks at your coming into the room in a morning is, "Prithee send for some faggots," and the best comfort a sawyer beats you withal is to say, "What will you give me?"; when gluttons blow their pottage to cool them; and Prentices blow their nails to heat them; and lastly when the Thames is covered over with ice and men's hearts caked over and crusted with cruelty: Then mayest thou or any man be bold to swear it is winter.

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THOMAS DEKKER (1570?–1641?)

OF WINTER

Winter, the sworne enemie to summer, the friend to none but colliers and woodmongers: the frostbitten churl that hangs his nose still over the fire: the dog that bites fruits, and the devil that cuts down trees, the unconscionable binder up of vintners' faggots, and the only consumer of burnt sack and sugar: This cousin to Death, father to sickness, and brother to old age, shall not show his hoary baldpate in this climate of ours (according to our usual computation) upon the twelfth day of December, at the first entering of the sun into the first minute of the sign Capricorn, when the said Sun shall be at his greatest south declination from the equinoctial line, and so forth, with much more such stuff than any mere Englishman can understand — no, my countrymen, never beat the bush so long to find out Winter, where he lies, like a beggar shivering with cold, but take these from me as certain and most infallible rules,

HOW A GALLANT SHOULD BEHAVE HIMSELF IN A PLAY-HOUSE

The theater is your Poets Royal Exchange, upon which their Muses, (yt are now turnd to Merchants,) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware then words, *Plaudites,* and the *breath* of the great *Beast;* which (like the threatnings of two Cowards) vanish all into air. *Plaiers* and their *Factors,* who put away the stuffe, and make the best of it they possibly can (as indeed tis their parts so to doe) your Gallant, your Courtier, and your Capten had wont to be the soundest paymaisters; and I thinke are still the surest chapmen: and these, by meanes that their heades are well stockt, deale upon this comical freight by the grosse: when your *Groundling,* and *gallery-Commoner* buyes his sport by the penny, and, like a *Hagler,* is glad to utter it againe by retailing.

Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stoole as well to the Farmers sonne as to your Templer:

that your Stinkard has the self-same libertie to be there in his Tobacco-Fumes, which your sweet Courtier hath: and that your Car-man and Tinker claime as strong a voice in their suffrage, and sit to give judgment on the plaies life and death, as well as the prowdest *Momus* among the tribe[s] of *Critick:* It is fit that hee, whom the most tailors bils do make roome for, when he comes, should not be basely (like a vyoll) casd up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers of the publique or private Play-house stand to receive the afternoones rent, let our Gallant (having paid it) presently advance himselfe up to the Throne of the Stage. I meane not into the Lords roome (which is now but the Stages Suburbs): No, those boxes, by the iniquity of custome, conspiracy of waiting-women and Gentlemen-Ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetousnes of Sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the reare, and much new Satten is there dambd, by being smothred to death in darknesse. But on the very Rushes where the Comedy is to daunce, yea, and under the state of *Cambises* himselfe must our fethered *Estridge,* like a piece of Ordnance, be planted valiantly (because impudently) beating downe the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality.

For do but cast up a reckoning, what large cummings-in are pursd up by sitting on the Stage. First a conspicuous *Eminence* is gotten; by which meanes, the best and most essenciall parts of a Gallant (good cloathes, a proportionable legge, white hand, the Persian lock, and a tollerable beard) are perfectly revealed.

By sitting on the stage, you have a signd patent to engrosse the whole commodity of Censure; may lawfully presume to be a Girder; and stand at the helme to steere the passage of *scænes;* yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent, overweening Coxcombe.

By sitting on the stage, you may (without travelling for it) at the very next doore aske whose play it is: and, by that *Quest of Inquiry,* the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking: if you know not ye author, you may raile against him: and peradventure so behave your selfe, that you may enforce the Author to know you.

By sitting on the stage, if you be a Knight, you may happily get you a Mistress: if a mere *Fleet-street* Gentleman, a wife: but assure yourselfe, by continuall residence, you are the first and principall man in election to begin the number of *We three.*

By spreading your body on the stage, and by being a Justice in examining of plaies, you shall put your selfe into such true *scænical* authority, that some Poet shall not dare to present his Muse rudely upon your eyes, without having first unmaskt her at a taverne, when you most nightly shal, for his paines, pay for both their suppers.

By sitting on the stage, you may (with small cost) purchase the deere acquaintance of the boys: have a good stoole for sixpence: at any time know what particular part any of the infants present: get your match lighted, examine the play-suits lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper, &c. And to conclude, whether you be a foole or a Justice of peace, or a Capten, a Lord-Mayors sonne, or a dawcocke, a knave, or an under-Sherife; of what stamp soever you be, currant, or counterfet, the Stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light and lay you open: neither are you to be hunted from thence, though the Scarecrows in the yard hoot at you, hisse at you, spit at you, yea, throw durt even in your teeth: 'tis most Gentlemanlike patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the silly Animals: but if the *Rabble,* with a full throat, crie, away with the foole, you were worse then a madman to tarry by it: for the Gentleman, and the foole should never sit on the Stage together.

Mary, let this observation go hand in hand with the rest: or rather, like a country-serving-man, some five yards before them. Present not your selfe on the Stage (especially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got culor into his cheekes, and is ready to give the trumpets their Cue, that hees upon point to enter: for then it is time, as though you were one of the *properties,* or that you dropt out of ye *Hangings,* to creepe from behind the Arras, with your *Tripos* or three-footed stoole in one hand, and a teston mounted betweene a forefinger and a thumbe in the other: for if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar, when the belly of the house is but halfe full, your apparell is quite eaten up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be devoured

then if it were served up in the Counter amongst the Powltry: avoid that as you would the Bastome. It shall crowne you with rich commendation, to laugh alowd in the middest of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest Tragedy: and to let that clapper (your tongue) be tost so high, that all the house may ring of it: your Lords use it; your Knights are Apes to the Lords, and do so too: your Inne-a-court-man is Zany to the Knights, and (mary very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it: bee thou a beagle to them all, and never lin snuffing, till you have scented them: for by talking and laughing (like a Plough-man in a Morris) you heap *Pelion* upon *Ossa,* glory upon glory: As first, all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the Players, and onely follow you: the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and when he meetes you in the streetes, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a Watch, his word shall be taken for you: heele cry *Hees such a gallant,* and you passe. Secondly, you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seeme not to resort thither to taste vaine pleasures with a hungrie appetite: but onely as a Gentleman to spend a foolish houre or two, because you can doe nothing else: Thirdly, you mightily disrelish the Audience, and disgrace the Author: marry, you take up (though it be at the worst hand) a strong opinion of your owne judgement, and inforce the Poet to take pity of your weakenesse, and, by some dedicated sonnet, to bring you into a better paradice, onely to stop your mouth.

If you can (either for love or money) provide your selfe a lodging by the water-side: for, above the convenience it brings to shun Shoulder-clapping, and to ship away your Cockatrice betimes in the morning, it addes a kind of state unto you, to be carried from thence to the staires of your Play-house: hate a Sculler (remember that) worse then to be acquainted with one o' th' Scullery. No, your Oares are your onely Sea-crabs, boord them, and take heed you never go twice together with one paire: often shifting is a great credit to Gentlemen; and that dividing of your fare wil make the poore watersnaks be ready to pul you in peeces to enjoy your custome: No matter whether upon landing, you have money or no: you may swim in twentie of their boates over the river upon *Ticket:* marry, when silver comes in, remember to pay treble their fare, and it will make your Flounder-catchers to send more thankes after you, when you doe not draw, then when you doe; for they know, It will be their owne another daie.

Before the Play begins, fall to cardes: you may win or loose (as *Fencers* doe in a prize) and beate one another by confederacie, yet share the money when you meete at supper: notwithstanding, to gul the *Raggamuffins* that stand aloofe gaping at you, throw the cards (having first torne foure or five of them) round about the Stage, just upon the third sound, as though you had lost: it skils not if the foure knaves ly on their backs, and outface the Audience; theres none such fooles as dare take exceptions at them, because, ere the play go off, better knaves than they will fall into the company.

Now sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistris, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs &c. on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse then by tossing him in a blancket, or giving him the bastinado in a Taverne, if, in the middle of his play, (bee it Pastoral or Comedy, Morall or Tragedie) you rise with a screwd and discontented face from your stoole to be gone: no matter whether the Scenes be good or no; the better they are the worse do you distast them: and, beeing on your feet, sneake not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance, that are spred either on the rushes, or on stooles about you, and draw what troope you can from the stage after you: the *Mimicks* are beholden to you, for allowing them elbow roome: their Poet cries, perhaps, a pox go with you, but care not for that, theres no musick without frets.

Mary, if either the company, or indisposition of the weather binde you to sit it out, my counsell is then that you turne plain Ape, take up a rush, and tickle the earnest eares of your fellow gallants, to make other fooles fall a laughing: mewe at passionate speeches, blare at merrie, finde fault with the musickle, whew at the childrens Action, whistle at the songs: and above all, curse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on an embrodered Felt and Feather, (Scotch-fashion) for your mistres in the Court, within two houres after, you encounter with the very same block on the

stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.

To conclude, hoard up the finest playscraps you can get, upon which your leane wit may most favourly feede, for want of other stuffe, when the *Arcadian* and *Euphuized* gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you: that qualitie (next to your shuttlecocke) is the onely furniture to a Courtier thats but a new beginner, and is but in his A B C of complement. The next places that are filled, after the Play-houses bee emptied, are (or ought to be) Tavernes: into a Taverne then let us next march, where the braines of one Hogshead must be beaten out to make up another.

BEN JONSON (1573?–1637)

ON SHAKESPEARE—ON THE DIFFERENCE OF WITS

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat,* as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause"; and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

In the difference of wits I have observed there are many notes; and it is a little maistry to know them, to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear; for before we sow our land we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of minds than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians, some to be sent to the plow, and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high; others low and still; some hot and fiery; others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily. I mean that is hard by and next them, which they will utter unretarded without any shamefacedness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are on the sudden; they show presently like grain that, scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium;* they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher.

You have others that labor only to ostentation; and are ever more busy about the colors and surface of a work than in the matter and foundation, for that is hid, the other is seen.

Others that in composition are nothing but what is rough and broken. *Quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.* And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves; have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hatband; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that ofttimes the faults which he fell into, the others seek for. This is the danger, when vice become a precedent.

Others there are that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's

poets they are called, as you have women's tailors.

"They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream."

You may sound these wits and find the depth of them with your middle finger. They are cream-bowl, or but puddle-deep.

Some that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers; that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice. By which means it happens that what they have discredited and impugned in one week, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last, and therein their own folly so much that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested; not that the place did need it neither, but that they thought themselves furnished and would vent it.

Some again who, after they have got authority, or, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much, dare presently to feign whole books and authors, and lie safely. For what never was will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false venditation of their own naturals, think to divert the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts; when yet they are so rank, as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author; their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books; and so come forth more ridiculously and palpably guilty than those who, because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

But the wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helps and arts; such as presuming on their own naturals (which, perhaps, are excellent), dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily with their ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature; and they utter all they can think with a kind of violence and indisposition, unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else; and the more willful and stubborn they are in it the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment, who think those things the stronger that have no art; as if to break were better than to open, or to rend asunder gentler than to loose.

It cannot but come to pass that these men who commonly seek to do more than enough may sometimes happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out and are more eminent because all is sordid and vile about them; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. Now, because they speak all they can (however unfitly), they are thought to have the greater copy; where the learned use ever election and a mean, they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from Nature as he were afraid of her, or depart from life and the likness of truth, but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamerlanes and Tamerchams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows it is his only art so to carry it as none but artificers perceive it. In the meantime, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men who, without labor, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweetness he strokes them; in inveighing, what sharpness; in jest, what urbanity he uses; how he doth reign in men's affections; how invade and break in upon them, and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornaments, which height, what

is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to show the composition manly; and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate phrase; which is not only praised of the most, but commended (which is worse), especially for that it is naught.

JOSEPH HALL (1574–1656)

HE IS A HAPPY MAN

That hath learned to read himself more than all books, and hath so taken out this lesson that he can never forget it; that knows the world, and cares not for it; that, after many traverses of thoughts, is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands now equally armed for all events; that hath got the mastery at home, so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so please it that he makes it not a wanton; that in earthly things wishes no more than nature, in spiritual is ever graciously ambitious; that for his condition stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great, and can so frame his thoughts to his estate that when he hath least he cannot want, because he is as free from desire as superfluity; that hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity, and can now manage it at pleasure; upon whom all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof; and for the greater calamities, he can take them as tributes of life and tokens of love; and if his ship be tossed, yet he is sure his anchor is fast. If all the world were his, he could be no other than he is, no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage, because he knows contentment lies not in the things he hath, but in the mind that values them. The powers of his resolution can either multiply or subtract at pleasure. He can make his cottage a manor or a palace when he lists, and his home close a large dominion, his stained cloth arras, his earth plate, and he can see state in the attendance of one servant, as one that hath learned a man's greatness or baseness is in himself; and in this he may even contest with the proud, that he thinks his own the best. Or if he must be outwardly great, he can but turn the glass, and make his stately manor a low and straight cottage, and in all his costly furniture he can see not richness but use; he can see dross in the best metal and earth through the best clothes, and in all his troope he can see himself his own servant. He lives quietly at home out of the noise of the world, and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his friend, and hath as full scope to his thought as to his eyes. He walks ever even midway betwixt hopes and fears, resolved to fear nothing but God, to hope for nothing but that which he must have. He hath a wise and virtuous mind in a serviceable body, which that better part affects as a present servant and a future companion, so cherishing his flesh as one that would scorn to be all flesh. He hath no enemies; not for that all love him, but because he knows to make a gain of malice. He is not so engaged to any earthly thing that they two cannot part on even terms; there is neither laughter in their meeting, nor in their shaking of hands tears. He keeps ever the best company, the God of Spirits and the spirits of that God, whom he entertains continually in an awful familiarity, not being hindered either with too much light or with none at all. His conscience and his hand are friends, and (what devil soever tempt him) will not fall out. That divine part goes ever uprightly and freely, not stooping under the burden of a willing sin, not fettered with the gyves of unjust scruples. He would not, if he could, run away from himself or from God; not caring from whom he lies hid, so he may look these two in the face. Censures and applauses are passengers to him, not guests; his ear is their thoroughfare, not their harbor; he hath learned to fetch both his counsel and his sentence from his own breast. He doth not lay weight upon his own shoulders, as one that loves to torment himself with the honor of much employment; but as he makes work his game, so doth he not list to make himself work. His strife is ever to redeem and not to spend time. It is his trade to do good, and to think of it his recreation. He hath hands enough for himself and others, which are ever stretched forth for beneficence, not for need. He walks cheerfully in the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide or more smooth. Those very temptations whereby he is foiled strengthen him; he comes forth crowned and triumphing out of the spiritual battles, and

those scars that he hath make him beautiful. His soul is every day dilated to receive that God, in whom he is; and hath attained to love himself for God, and God for his own sake. His eyes stick so fast in heaven that no earthly object can remove them; yea, his whole self is there before his time, and sees with Stephen, and hears with Paul, and enjoys with Lazarus, the glory that he shall have, and takes possession beforehand of his room amongst the saints; and these heavenly contentments have so taken him up that now he looks down displeasedly upon the earth as the region of his sorrow and banishment, yet joying more in hope than troubled with the sense of evils. He holds it no great matter to live, and his greatest business to die; and is so well acquainted with his last guest that he fears no unkindness from him: neither makes he any other of dying than of walking home when he is abroad, or of going to bed when he is weary of the day. He is well provided for both worlds, and is sure of peace here, of glory hereafter; and therefore hath a light heart and a cheerful face. All his fellow-creatures rejoice to serve him; his betters, the angels, love to observe him; God himself takes pleasure to converse with him, and hath sainted him before his death, and in his death crowned him.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY (1581–1613)

A FRANKLIN

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentleman) and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, "Go to field," but "Let us go," and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment; he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' penknives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospects; they are, indeed, his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late, but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety, but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the blackbird; nor oppression, but when in the month of July he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong. Rock-Monday, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas eve, the hoky, or seedcake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding an aerie of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young), in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his quietus is in heaven.

A TINKER

A tinker is a movable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettledrum. Note that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The com-

panion of his travels is some foul sunburnt quean; that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsyism, and is turned peddleress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremovably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so strong an enemy to idleness, that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages; if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valor is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

JOHN EARLE (C. 1601–1665)

ON A CHILD

A child is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred notebook. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. His hardest labor is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobbyhorses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

ON A YOUNG RAW PREACHER

A young raw preacher is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the university hath set him thus forward; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a divine. His small standing, and time, hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which, and his tablebook, he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which, taken up at St. Mary's, he utters in the country: and if he write brachygraphy, his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading, for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his college more at large. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale till the clock stop him. The labor of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made in it himself, is the faces. He takes on against the pope without mercy, and has a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine; yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind, I must needs say, very orthodox. His action is

all passion and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. [His style is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary.] He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is that he never looks upon book; and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered: he has more tricks with a sermon than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit get him in with some town precision, and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge facing; and his ruff, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonishes with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means to a chambermaid; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock: next Sunday you shall have him again.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE UNIVERSITY

A young gentleman of the university is one that comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter he has been at the university. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing schools; from these he has his education, from his tutor the oversight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shown the colleges, and initiated in a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority is the bare velvet of his gown and his proficiency at tennis, where when he can once play a set, he is a freshman no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which he shows to his father's man, and is loath to untie or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history, or a piece of Euphormio; for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loitering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honor, and turns a gentleman critic in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit, though it be made of satin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands, whom he admires at first, afterward scorns. If he have spirit or wit he may light of better company, and may learn some flashes of wit, which may do him knight's service in the country hereafter. But he is now gone to the inns-of-court, where he studies to forget what he learned before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

JOHN SELDEN (1584–1654)

TABLE-TALK

Changing Sides

'Tis the trial of a man to see if he will change his side; and if he be so weak as to change once, he will change again. Your country fellows have a way to try if a man be weak in the hams, by coming behind him and giving him a blow unawares; if he bend once, he will bend again.

The lords that fall from the king after they have got estates by base flattery at court and now pretend conscience, do as a vintner, that when he first sets up, you may go to his house, and carouse there; but when he grows rich, he turns conscientious, and will sell no wine upon the Sabbath Day.

Col. Goring, serving first the one side and then the other, did like a good miller that knows how to grind which way soever the wind sits.

After Luther had made a combustion in Germany about religion, he was sent to by the Pope, to be taken off, and offered any preferment in the Church that he would make choice of: Luther answered, if he had offered half as much at first, he would have accepted it; but now he had gone so far, he could not come back. In truth, he

had made himself a greater thing than they could make him; the German princes courted him, he was become the author of a sect ever after to be called Lutherans. So have our preachers done that are against the bishops; they have made themselves greater with the people than they can be made the other way; and, therefore, there is the less probability of bringing them off.

Evil Speaking

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against: for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

A gallant man is above ill words; an example we have in the old Lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, "Fool": the lord complains and has Stone whipped; Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury 'fool' often enough before he would have had me whipped."

Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying. His confessor told him (to work him to repentance) how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell: the Spaniard, replying, called the devil "my lord": "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall, and if I happen into his I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

The Measure of Things

We measure from ourselves; and as things are for our use and purpose, so we approve them. Bring a pear to the table that is rotten, we cry it down, "'T is naught"; but bring a medlar that is rotten, and "'T is a fine thing": and yet I'll warrant you the pear thinks as well of itself as the medlar does.

We measure the excellencey of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough (as poets used to be), seeing an alderman with his gold chain, upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, "Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse!"

Nay, we measure the goodness of God from ourselves; we measure his goodness, his justice, his wisdom, by something we call just, good, or wise in ourselves; and in so doing we judge proportionably to the country fellow in the play, who said if he were a king he would live like a lord, and have peas and bacon every day, and a whip that cried, "Slash!"

Wit

Wit and wisdom differ; wit is upon the sudden turn, wisdom is in bringing about ends.

Nature must be the groundwork of wit and art; otherwise whatever is done will prove but jack-pudding's work.

Wit must grow like fingers. If it be taken from others 'tis like plums stuck upon blackthorns; there they are for a while, but they come to nothing.

He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks may by chance be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.

Women ought not to know their own wit, because they will still be showing it, and so spoil it; like a child that will continually be showing its fine new coat, till at length it all bedaubs it with its pah hands.

Fine wits destroy themselves with their own plots, in meddling with great affairs of state. They commonly do as the ape that saw the gunner put bullets in the cannon, and was pleased with it, and he would be doing so too: at last he puts himself into the piece, and so both ape and bullet were shot away together.

Women

"Let the women have power of their heads, because of the angels." The reason of the words, "because of the angels," is this: The Greek Church held an opinion that the angels fell in love with women; an opinion grounded upon that, Genesis vi. "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair." This fancy St.

Paul discreetly catches, and uses it as an argument to persuade them to modesty.

The grant of a place is not good, by the canon law, before a man be dead: upon this ground some mischief might be plotted against him in present possession, by poisoning, or some other way. Upon the same reason a contract made with a woman, during her husband's life, was not valid.

Men are not troubled to hear a man dispraised, because they know, though he be naught, there's worth in others; but women are mightily troubled to hear any of them spoken against, as if the sex itself were guilty of some unworthiness.

Women and princes must both trust somebody; and they are happy or unhappy according to the desert of those under whose hands they fall. If a man knows how to manage the favor of a lady, her honor is safe, and so is a prince's.

OWEN FELTHAM (C. 1602–1668)

OF DREAMS

Dreams are notable means of discovering our own inclinations. The wise man learns to know himself as well by the night's black mantle, as the searching beams of day. In sleep, we have the naked and natural thoughts of our souls: outward objects interpose not, either to shuffle in occasional cogitations, or hale out the included fancy. The mind is then shut up in the Borough of the body; none of the *Cinque Ports* of the *Isle of Man,* are then open, to in-let any strange disturbers. Surely, how we fall to vice, or rise to virtue, we may by observation find in our dreams. It was the wise Zeno, that said, he could collect a man by his dreams. For then the soul stated in a deep repose, bewrayed her true affections: which, in the busy day, she would either not shew, or not note. It was a custom among the *Indians,* when their kings went to their sleep, to pray with piping acclamations, that they might have happy dreams; and withal consult well for their subjects' benefit: as if the night had been a time, wherein they might grow good, and wise. And certainly, the wise man is the wiser for his sleeping, if he can order well in the day, what the eyeless night presenteth him. Every dream is not to be counted of: nor yet are all to be cast away with contempt. I would neither be a *Stoic,* superstitious in all; nor yet an *Epicure,* considerate of none. If the *Physician* may by them judge of the disease of the body, I see not but the *Divine* may do so, concerning the soul. I doubt not but the genius of the soul is waking, and motive even in the fastest closures of the imprisoning eyelids. But to presage from these thoughts of sleep, is a wisdom that I would not reach to. The best use we can make of dreams, is observation: and by that, our own correction, or encouragement. For 'tis not doubtable, but that the mind is working, in the dullest depth of sleep. I am confirmed by *Claudian,*

Omnia quae sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
Tempore nocturno, reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit
Mens tamen ad silvas, et sua lustra redit
Judicibus lites, aurigae somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Furto gaudet amans; permutat navita Merces:
Et vigil elapsas quaerit avarus opes.
Blandaque largitur frustra sitientibus aegris
Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.
Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,
Artibus assiduis, sollicitare solet.

Day thoughts, transwinged from th' industrious breast,
All seem re-acted in the night's dumb rest.
When the tired Huntsman, his repose begins,
Then flies his mind to woods, and wild beast dens.
Judges dream cases: Champions seem to run,
With their night Coursers, the vain bounds to shun.
Love hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffic minds.
The miser thinks he some lost treasure finds.
And to the thirsty sick, some potion cold,
Stiff flattering sleep, inanely seems to hold.
Yea, and in th' age of silent rest, even I,
Troubled with Art's deep musings, nightly lie.

Dreams do sometimes call us to a recognition of our inclinations, which print the deeper, in so undisturbed times. I could wish men to give them their consideration, but not to allow them their trust, though sometimes, 'tis easy to pick out a profitable moral. Antiquity had them in much more reverence, and did oft account them prophecies, as is easily found in the sacred volume: and among the *Heathen,* nothing was more frequent. *Astyages* had two, of

his daughter *Mandana*, the vine and the flood. *Calphurnia* of her *Cæsar; Hecuba* of *Paris;* and almost every prince among them, had his fate shewed in interpreted dreams. *Galen* tells of one, that dreamed his thigh was turned to stone, and soon after, it was struck with a dead palsy. The aptness of the humors to the like effects, might suggest something to the mind, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to preserve health or amend the life, dreams may, to a wise observer, be of special benefit. I would neither depend upon any, to incur a prejudice, nor yet cast them all away in a prodigal neglect and scorn. I find it of one that having long been troubled with the paining spleen: that he dreamt, if he opened a certain vein, between two of his fingers, he should be cured: which he awaked, did, and mended. But, indeed I would rather believe this, than be drawn to practise after it. These plain predictions are more rare foretellings, used to be lapped in more obscure folds: and now that art lost, Christianity hath settled us to less inquisition; it is for a Roman soothsayer to read those darker spirits of the night, and tell that still Dictator, his dream of his mother, signified his subjecting the world to himself. 'Tis now so out of use, that I think it not to be recovered. And were it not for the power of the Gospel, in crying down the vanity of men, it would appear a wonder, how a science so pleasing to humanity, should fall so quite to ruin.

JAMES HOWELL (1594?–1666)

THE BUCENTAUR CEREMONY IN VENICE

These wishes come to you from Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; renowned Venice, the admired'st city in the world, a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant, the Turk, by sea; else, I believe, he had overrun all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath performed notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers others: she hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her galleys often preserved St. Peter's bark from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea, which marriage is solemnly renewed every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galeasse, called the Bucentoro, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often out upon the careen and trimmed. This made me think of that famous ship at Athens; nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of men, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring, ever and anon, a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into a blood and fleshy substance, which, as in all other sublunary bodies, that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nurriture: I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this Bucentoro, which, tho it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I believe there's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pieced.

In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humors, and, I may say, new flesh; the old, by continual deperdition and insensible perspirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about with him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical, individually numerical body, when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lambskin hood in Oxford; or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same

flesh, now in Venice, which I carried about me three years since, up and down London streets, having, in lieu of beer and ale, drunk wine all this while, and fed upon different viands. Now, the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical kind of virtue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us; but tho it be questionable whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same, for you may remember I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of these hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food: you will say that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear thee say that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts.

But I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion, which the sight of Bucentoro infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I fear me, to trespass too much upon your patience; I leave the further disquisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into and drunk more of Aristotle's well. But to conclude, tho it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no in all points that I had in England, I am well assured that I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse:

"Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt"

"The air, but not the mind, they change,
Who in outlandish countries range."

For, what alterations soever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—the very same.

ESSAYISTS OF THE PURITAN PERIOD

During the controversial Puritan Period (1642-1660), the chief contributors to the development of the essay were Sir Thomas Browne, Thomas Fuller, John Milton, and Jeremy Taylor.

Sir Thomas Browne was born in London; was educated at Winchester and Oxford; studied at Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden, taking his doctor's degree at the last place; in 1637 settled at Norwich, where he lived the rest of his life, practising as a physician and writing his philosophical works, uninterrupted by the clamors of the Civil War period and enjoying a wide and justly deserved fame as a scholar and physician; was knighted on the visit of Charles II to Norwich in 1671. He had published his best known work, *Religio Medici*, in 1643, after it had been twice printed surreptitiously in 1642. His *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* (or *Vulgar and Common Errors*) appeared in 1646, followed in 1658 by *Hydriotaphia: Urn Burial* and *The Garden of Cyrus*, all three characterized by curious learning and quaint phraseology, yet embodying the riches of a sane mind in a style of rare musical harmony. After his death were published his *Miscellanies* (1684), his moving *Letter to a Friend* (1690), and his *Christian Morals* (1716). Professor Saintsbury has called him "the greatest prose-writer perhaps, when all things are taken together, in the whole range of English."

Thomas Fuller entered the Church, after graduation from Cambridge, and, because of his Royalist sympathies, became known as "the cavalier parson." But, though he was an army chaplain during the Civil War and was chaplain to Charles II after the Restoration, he was no partizan. A good scholar, gifted with a remarkable memory, he produced a great volume of works in theology, history, morals, and antiquities, the chief of which were his *Holy and Profane State* (1642) and his *Worthies of England* (1662). Displaying in his writings shrewd observation couched in a style of quaint humor and esteemed for his amiable character, he went far to merit Coleridge's description of him as "incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man in an age that boasted a galaxy of great men."

John Milton, another Cambridge man, and the greatest literary exponent of the Puritan cause, had trained himself, by his careful scholarship and his wide acquaintance with various tongues, for the production of a poem "which the world would not willing let die." The exigencies of the time, however, decreed the postponement of this great work till his later years, and the bisecting Civil War served to divide his literary career into three periods: the early period of the shorter poems and masques, including *Comus* (acted 1634), *Lycidas* (1638), and the collected *Poems* (1645); the middle prose period of his numerous controversial tracts, such as those on divorce, the Church, the State, education, censorship, and similar subjects brought to the front by the stress of the times; and the later period of his longer poetic works, *Paradise Lost* (1667), *Paradise Regained* (1671), and *Samson Agonistes* (1671). The early period was marked by his retirement to Horton (1632-7) for study and his travels on the Continent (1638-9) to complete his education. His middle period (1641-60) was devoted almost wholly to his service to the Puritan cause and the Commonwealth, resulting, along with much of his scurrilous and rightly forgotten prose, in such notable essays as the *Tractate on Education* (1644), *Areopagitica* (1644), *Eikonoklastes* (1649), and the *Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* (1660). Having sacrificed his eye-sight as Latin Secretary of State, he fulfilled, after the Restoration, his life-long ambition by completing his great epic, in the seclusion of his virtual exile from the affairs of his time, "fallen on evil days," but turning those days to imperishable good account.

Jeremy Taylor, the son of a barber, was educated at Oxford and Cambridge; became an eloquent preacher, of Royalist sympathies; was the chaplain to Charles I during the Civil War; lost his rectory during the Commonwealth and retired to Wales, where he devoted himself to the composition of numerous devotional works, the most notable of which were *Holy Living* (1650) and *Holy Dying* (1651); after the Restoration was made Bishop of Down and Connor and a member of the Irish Privy Council. His stainless character and his genuine enthusiasm for religion and charity endeared him to all, and his two best known works are a testimony to his possession of the "enchanter's wand" of a prose style which is impassioned, rich in imagery, and permeated by subtlety of argument and fullness of thought.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682)

A PHYSICIAN'S RELIGION

For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all, as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behavior and discourse in matters of religion, — neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardor and contention opposing another — yet in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable style of a Christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my parents instilled into my understanding, or by a general consent proceed into the religion of my country: but having in my riper years and confirmed judgment, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged, by the principles of grace, and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this: neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks and infidels, and (what is worse) Jews; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

But because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of faith; to be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name: of the same belief our Savior taught, the Apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of the times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity. Now the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means whereby, the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the insolent pagans first cast at Christ and his Disciples.

Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been, as to stand in diameter and sword's point with them: we have reformed from them, not against them; for omitting those improperations, and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appelation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them. I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the heathen: we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him; if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it. Holy water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all.

I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition: my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behavior full of rigor, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour: I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Maria

bell * without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst therefore they direct their devotions to her, I offer mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers, by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are, questionless, both in Greek, Roman, and African churches, solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot consist in the narrow point and centre of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference.

As there were many reformers, so likewise many reformations; every country proceeding in a particular way and method, according as their national interest, together with their constitution and clime, inclined them, — some angrily, and with extremity, others calmly and with mediocrity, not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation, which, though peaceable spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time and the mercies of God may effect, yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremes, their contrarieties in condition, affection, and opinion, may with the same hopes expect a union in the poles of heaven.

But to difference myself nearer, and draw into a lesser circle: there is no church, whose every part so squares into my conscience; whose articles, constitutions, and customs seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England, to whose faith I am a sworn subject; and therefore in a double obligation subscribe unto her articles and endeavor to observe her constitutions; whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor and fashion of my devotion; neither believing this, because Luther affirmed it, nor disapproving that because Calvin hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the council of Trent, nor approve all in the synod of Dort. In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the church is my text; where that speaks, it is but my comment: where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and a gross error in ourselves to compute the nativity of our religion from Henry VIII., who, though he rejected the Pope, refused not the faith of Rome, and effected no more than what his own predecessors desired and essayed in ages past, and was conceived the state of Venice would have attempted in our days. It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the bishop of Rome, to whom, as temporal prince, we owe the duty of good language. I confess there is a cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated; heretic is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear witness, I ever returned him the name of Antichrist, man of sin, or whore of Babylon. It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction; those usual satires and invectives of the pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to rhetoric than logic; yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, it is good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, it is best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth,

* A church bell that tolls every day at six and twelve of the clock; at the hearing whereof, every one in that place soever, either of house or street, betakes himself to his prayer, which is commonly directed to the virgin.

nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender, it is therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to hazard her on a battle; if, therefore, there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them, for I perceive every man's own reason is his best Œdipus, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road, and though not in an implicit, yet a humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my own brain; by this means I leave no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors, of which at present I hope I shall not injure truth to say I have no taint or tincture. I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived, but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine; for indeed heresies perish not with their authors, but like the river Arethusa, though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another. One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy; it may be canceled for the present, but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For as though there were metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another, opinions do find, after certain revolutions, men and minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again, we need not look for Plato's year:* every man is not only himself; there hath been many Diogenes, and as many Timons, though but few of that name: men are lived over again, the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and as it were his revived self.

* A revolution of certain thousand years, when all things should return unto their former estate, and he be teaching again in the school as when he delivered this opinion.

THOMAS FULLER (1608–1661)

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are discheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of His goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of Church and State, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him

in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all — saving some few exceptions — to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails — so they count the rest of their schoolfellows — they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons' exemption from his rod — to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction — with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* than *paidagogos,* rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shape of fiends and furies. Junius complains *de insolento carnificina* of his schoolmaster, by whom *conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos.* Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own life:

"From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes, given to me
At once I had.

"For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass that beat I was;
See Udall, see, the mercy of thee,
To me, poor lad."

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in formâ pauperis.* And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me

of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar — such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues — to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness — however privately charitable unto him — lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars after their studying in the university preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is no way pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not gingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place — that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly School, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674)

A COMPLETE EDUCATION

* * * Seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics, so that

they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and courtshifts, and tyrannous aphorisms, appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which, indeed, is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age.

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. * * *

IN DEFENSE OF BOOKS

* * * I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre; whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. * * *

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667)

OF CURIOSITY (Good and Bad)

Every man hath in his own life sins enough, in his own mind trouble enough, in his own fortune evils enough, and in performance of his offices failings more than enough to entertain his own inquiry: so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind. What is it to me if my neighbour's grandfather were a Syrian, or his grandmother illegitimate, or that another is indebted five thousand pounds, or whether his wife be expensive? But commonly curious persons, or (as the Apostle's phrase is) 'busy-bodies,' are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well-governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person; but if there be any thing for which men keep locks and bars and porters, things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature, these things are their care and their business. But if great things will satisfy our inquiry, the course of the sun and moon, the spots in their faces, the firmament of heaven and the supposed orbs, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, are work enough for us: or, if this be not, let him tell me whether the number of the stars be even or odd, and when they began to be so; since some ages have discovered new stars which the former knew not, but might have seen if they had been where now they are fixed. If these be too troublesome, search lower, and tell me why this turf this year brings forth a daisy, and the next year a plantain; why the apple bears his seed in his heart, and wheat bears it in his head: let him tell why a graft, taking nourishment from a crab-stock, shall have a fruit more noble than its nurse and parent: let him say why the best of oil is at the top, the best of wine in the middle, and the best of honey at the bottom, otherwise than it is in some liquors that are thinner, and in some that are thicker. But these things are not such as please busy-bodies; they must feed upon tragedies, and stories of misfortunes and crimes: and yet tell them ancient stories of the ravishment of chaste maidens, or the debauchment of nations, or the extreme poverty of learned persons, or the persecutions of the old saints, or the changes of government, and sad accidents happening in royal families amongst the Arsacidæ, the Cæsars, the Ptolemies, these were enough to scratch the itch of knowing sad stories: but unless you tell them something sad and new, something that is done within the bounds of their own knowledge or relation, it seems tedious and unsatisfying; which shows plainly it is an evil spirit: envy and idleness married together, and begot curiosity. Therefore Plutarch rarely well compares curious and inquisitive ears to the execrable gates of cities, out of which only malefactors and hangmen and tragedies pass — nothing that is chaste or holy. If a physician should go from house to house unsent for, and inquire what woman hath a cancer in her bowels, or what man a fistula in his colik-gut, though he could pretend to cure it, he would be almost as unwelcome as the disease itself: and therefore it is inhuman to inquire after crimes and disasters without pretence of amending them, but only to discover them. We are not angry with searchers and publicans when they look only on public merchandise; but when they break open trunks, and pierce vessels, and unrip packs, and open sealed letters.

Curiosity is the direct incontinency of the spirit; and adultery itself, in its principle, is many times nothing but a curious inquisition after, and envying of, another man's inclosed pleasures: and there have been many who refused fairer objects that they might ravish an enclosed woman from her retirement and single possessor. But these inquisitions are seldom without danger, never without baseness; they are neither just, nor honest, nor delightful, and very often useless to the curious inquirer. For men stand upon their guard against them, as they secure their meat against harpies and cats, laying all their counsels and secrets out of their way; or as men clap their garments close about them when the searching and saucy winds would discover their nakedness: as knowing that what men willingly hear, they do willingly speak of. Knock, therefore, at the door before you enter upon your neighbour's privacy; and remember that there is no difference between entering into his house, and looking into it.

ESSAYISTS OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD

The period of the Restoration (1660-1700) produced varied types of essay writing. The most representative exponents of these types were Abraham Cowley, Samuel Butler, John Evelyn, Sir William Temple, John Dryden, and John Locke.

Abraham Cowley, the son of a London stationer, was educated at Cambridge and Oxford; achieved early fame as a precocious poet with his *Poetical Blossoms* (1633) and other poems; on the outbreak of the Civil War, identified himself with the Royalists and fled with the Queen to France in 1646; returned to England in 1656 to act for some time as a Royalist spy; after the Restoration, retired to Chertsey to engage in agricultural pursuits and the composition of his few but famous *Essays,* published the year after his death. His contemporary fame as a poet has been eclipsed by his later recognition as the reviver of the personal essay.

Samuel Butler, the son of a Worcestershire farmer, had a scanty education, for which he atoned by reading and study; held several positions, as clerk to justices of the peace and as secretary to several eminent persons; assisted the Royalists in the composition of some pamphlets; after the Restoration, gained wide celebrity with his *Hudibras* (1663 ff.), a mock-heroic poem satirizing the Presbyterian and Independent parties; is said to have died very poor. His *Characters* were not published until 1759.

John Evelyn was born in Surrey; after completing his studies at Oxford and the Temple, traveled on the Continent; returning in 1647 on the side of the King, retired to Wotton (where he was born), after the Royal cause became hopeless, to devote himself to the study of the out-of-doors. He was a prime mover in the establishment of the Royal Society, of which he was for a time the secretary, and after the Restoration he used his influence as a court favorite and the holder of numerous positions of public trust to promote the work of this and similar worthy projects of science and benevolence. Among several published works the most notable are his *Sylva* (1664) and his *Diary* (1818), the latter of which shares with that of Pepys the distinction of being the most famous production of its kind. Evelyn was a model country gentleman whose public life was in every way as admirable as his private life was agreeable and profitable.

Sir William Temple was born at London; was educated at Cambridge; traveled on the Continent, where he met and later married Dorothy Osborne, one of the most charming women of history; served twenty years in the service of the state; then retired to Moor Park to the enjoyment of an earned leisure. He was the model of a negotiator, combining politeness and address with honesty. His two great interests were politics and literature, the former being represented in his *Observations on the Netherlands* (1672) and his *Memoirs* (1692), the latter by his essays published in *Miscellanea* (1680, 1690, and 1701). The third part of *Miscellanea* was edited by Swift, who had been Temple's secretary during the latter years of his life.

John Dryden was born of a good family and educated at Westminster and Cambridge; was at first a supporter of Cromwell, the poem on whose death was his first important poetic contribution; becoming a Royalist after the Restoration, addressed himself to the drama, making valuable contributions to the new comedy and the heroic play, as well as adapting plays of Shakespeare, as in his *All for Love* (1678), founded on *Antony and Cleopatra;* was made poet laureate and historiographer in 1670 and enjoyed public favor until the change in rule and religion put out of office the man who had shifted from the Church of England supporter of *Religio Laici* (1682) to the Roman Catholic of *The Hind and the Panther* (1687). Meanwhile Dryden had attained distinction, not merely as a satirist, but as a notable critical essayist, in such works as the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668), marked by keen critical insight and admirably lucid style. Forced to live by his pen from 1688 till his death, Dryden devoted himself mainly to writing prologues and epilogues for others' plays, criticism, and translation. With all of his faults on the score of consistency, he was worthy of his position as literary leader of his time and the place in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey which was accorded him at his death.

John Locke was born in Somersetshire; was educated at Westminster and Oxford, where he distinguished himself; studied medicine; in 1666 met Lord Ashley (afterwards Earl of

Shaftesbury), who procured him several public appointments and confided to him his son's education; after accompanying his patron to Holland, returned after the Revolution of 1688; after serving again in public office, retired in 1691 to spend his last years with some friends in Essex. Locke was a member of the Royal Society from 1668, but he published little of importance till 1689. The most considerable figure in English philosophy, the head of the so-called Sensational School, he is best known by his great work, the *Essay on the Human Understanding* (1690), intended to show that all our ideas are derived from experience, that is, through the senses and our reflections on their revelations to us.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618–1667)

OF MYSELF

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

IX

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill-known:
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

X

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
"To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them,—I have lived to-day."

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still

grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so easily is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as irremediably as a child is made a eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant, for that was the state then of the English and French courts: yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses, yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect: —

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy Restoration but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretenses, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it: —

Thou, neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.
Content thyself with the small barren praise,
Which neglected verse does raise, etc.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *à corps perdu,* without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease." I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.* Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

"*Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
Nomina, vos, Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique sylvæque, anima remanente, relinquam."

(Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.)

But this is a very pretty ejaculation. Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humor to the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. 10, EP. 47

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, etc.

Since, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me;
These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call;
Let this estate from parents' care descend:
The getting it too much of life does spend.
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry.
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchens be a vestal flame.
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbèd peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy daytime creep,
At night, without wines, opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed,
Be satisfied, and pleased with what thou art;
Act cheerfully and well the allotted part.
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish the approaches of the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. 10, EP. 96

Me, who have lived so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat:
And a retreat so distant, as may show
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote so e'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
Where poverty itself in plenty flows
And all the solid use of riches knows.
The ground about the house maintains it there,
The house maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
And little lukewarm fires are to you sold.
There fire's an element as cheap and free
Almost as any of the other three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of men you score:
The Place's bounty there, shall give me more.

OF GREATNESS

Since we cannot attain to greatness (says the Sieur de Montaigne), let 's have our revenge by railing at it: this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it and made one of the principal officers of state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial; I can therefore only make my protestation.

If ever I more riches did desire
Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I 'm content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness rather than with majestical beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a

bona roba, nor as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter, for the stateliness and largeness of her person, but, as Lucretius says, *'Parvula, pumilio, χαρίτων μία, tota merum sal.'*

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder describes to this effect. Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town: he would have no servants but huge massy fellows, no plate or household stuff but thrice as big as the fashion; you may believe me, for I speak it without raillery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness that he would not put on a pair of shoes each of which was not big enough for both his feet; he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears: he kept a concubine that was a very giantess, and made her walk, too, always in *chiopins,* till at last he got the surname of *'Senecio Grandio,'* which, Messala said, was not his cognomen, but his cognomentum. When he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes his army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice, 'I rejoice, I rejoice!'— We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. 'Xerxes,' says he, 'is all mine own. He who took away the sight of the sea with the canvas veils of so many ships ——' and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burly way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not, in some things, and to some degrees, grandios. Is anything more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them? and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say that all the ostentation of our grandees is just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this but a spice of *grandio?* How tedious would this be if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king who would not rather be deposed than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation. The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them), as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes of the world of late could find out no delight so satisfactory as the keeping of little singing-birds, and hearing of them and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too) they certainly possessed it; and yet one of them, who styled himself 'Lord and God of the Earth,' could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constant two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub. One of his predecessors, Nero (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite), could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage; he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were of their triumphs over nations. He did not at his death complain that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the Cæsarian race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cried out, 'Alas! what pity 't is that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner!' His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madnesses of Caligula's delights, and the

execrable sordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that Rome's best blood he spilt,
With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
Was it for this that his ambition strove
To equal Caesar first, and after Jove?
Greatness is barren sure of solid joys;
Her merchandise, I fear, is all in toys;
She could not else sure so uncivil be,
To treat his universal majesty,
His new created Deity,
With nuts and bounding-stones and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine; her guests must be contented, sometimes with but slender cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or horses, but a few good ones, which will do all the busines as well; not so many choice dishes at every meal, but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy and the more pleasant; not so rich garments nor so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change, too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the tailor or valet-de-chambre; not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costlier sorts of tapestry, but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions), not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain or cascade gardens, but herb and flower and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph or the urn of a river-god. If for all this you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other, liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence: and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you before but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than a high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object.

——*Sed quantum vertice ad auras*
Aetherias tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress. What a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery, *Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris Cappadocum Rex.* This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia. They abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live, one would have thought, pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity, so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts but out of the succours and supplies of rapine; 'as riches increase,' says Solomon, 'so do the mouths that devour it.' The master mouth has no more than before.

The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay and an ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the peak of Teneriffe, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despite of the gods, and they cast Ossa upon Olympus and Pelion upon Ossa: two or three mountains more they thought would have done their business, but the thunder spoiled all the work when they were come up to the third story:

> And what a noble plot was crossed,
> And what a brave design was lost.

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain; and afterwards general, which was his second; and after that absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the heaven which he affected; is believed to have died with grief and discontent because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for the want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, but [is] a creature of the fancy — a notion that consists only in relation and comparison. It is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us that an idol is nothing in the world. There is in truth no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no upper hand in nature; everything is little and everything is great according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland where I might be a great man; and in that case I should be like Cæsar — you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in anything — and choose rather to be the first man of the village than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Britain, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground in comparison of the whole earth besides; and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

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SAMUEL BUTLER (1612–1680)

A ROMANCE WRITER

Pulls down old histories to build them up finer again, after a new model of his own designing. He takes away all the lights of truth in history to make it the fitter tutoress of life; for Truth herself has little or nothing to do in the affairs of the world, although all matters of the greatest weight and moment are pretended and done in her name, like a weak princess that has only the title, and falsehood all the power. He observes one very fit decorum in dating his histories in the days of old and putting all his own inventions upon ancient times; for when the world was younger, it might perhaps love and fight and do generous things at the rate he describes them; but since it is grown old, all these heroic feats are laid by and utterly given over, nor ever like to come in fashion again; and therefore all his images of those virtues signify no more than the statues upon dead men's tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of Homer's gods, that sets men together by the ears and fetches them off again how he pleases; brings armies into the field like Janello's leaden soldiers; leads up both sides himself, and gives the victory to which he pleases, according as he finds it fit the design of

his story; makes love and lovers too, brings them acquainted, and appoints meetings when and where he pleases, and at the same time betrays them in the height of all their felicity to miserable captivity, or some other horrid calamity; for which he makes them rail at the gods and curse their own innocent stars when he only has done them all the injury; makes men villains, compels them to act all barbarous inhumanities by his own directions, and after inflicts the cruelest punishments upon them for it. He makes all his knights fight in fortifications, and storm one another's armor before they can come to encounter body for body, and always matches them so equally one with another that it is a whole page before they can guess which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is so mangled that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at first; but when they encounter with those that are no knights, though ever so well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing. As for the ladies, they are every one the most beautiful in the whole world, and that's the reason why no one of them, nor all together with all their charms, have power to tempt away any knight from another. He differs from a just historian as a joiner does from a carpenter; the one does things plainly and substantially for use, and the other carves and polishes merely for show and ornament.

JOHN EVELYN (1620–1706)

THE GREAT FIRE

September 2, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish Street, in London.

September 3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near the waterside; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles roundabout for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the

last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage — *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

September 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

September 5. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commanded to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield, north: but continued all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair; it also brake out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood-wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City, was looked upon as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628–1699)

OF POETRY AND MUSIC

* * * Among the Romans, the last and great Scipio passed the soft hours of his life in the conversation of Terence, and was thought to have a part in the composition of his comedies. Cæsar was an excellent poet as well as orator, and com-

posed a poem in his voyage from Rome to Spain, relieving the tedious difficulties of his march with the entertainments of his muse. Augustus was not only a patron, but a friend and companion of Virgil and Horace, and was himself both an admirer of poetry and a pretender too, as far as his genius would reach, or his busy scene allow. 'T is true, since his age we have few such examples of great princes favouring or affecting poetry, and as few perhaps of great poets deserving it. Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it, certain it is, that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions or affections. I know very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. It may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the Fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of Heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and request of these two entertainments will do so too: and happy those that content themselves with these or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them!

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

OF GARDENING

* * * I may perhaps be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavoured to escape from them into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life. * * *

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen; which, I thank God, has befallen me; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humour to make so small a remove. * * *

That which makes the cares of gardening more necessary, or at least more excusable, is, that all men eat fruit that can get it; so as the choice is only, whether

one will eat good or ill; and between these the difference is not greater in point of taste and delicacy, than it is of health: for the first I will only say, that whoever has used to eat good will do very great penance when he comes to ill: and for the other, I think nothing is more evident, than as ill or unripe fruit is extremely unwholesome and causes so many untimely deaths, or so much sickness about autumn, in all great cities where 't is greedily sold as well as eaten; so no part of diet, in any season, is so healthful, so natural, and so agreeable to the stomach, as good and well-ripened fruits; for this I make the measure of their being good: and let the kinds be what they will, if they will not ripen perfectly in our climate, they are better never planted, or never eaten. * * * Now whoever will be sure to eat good fruit, must do it out of a garden of his own; for besides the choice so necessary in the sorts, the soil, and so many other circumstances that go to compose a good garden, or produce good fruits, there is something very nice in gathering them, and choosing the best even from the same tree. The best sorts of all among us, which I esteem the white figs and the soft peaches, will not carry without suffering. The best fruit that is bought, has no more of the master's care than how to raise the greatest gains; his business is to have as much fruit as he can upon a few trees, whereas the way to have it excellent is to have but little upon many trees. So that for all things out of a garden, either of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better, that has one of his own, than a rich man that has none. And this is all I think of, necessary and useful to be known upon this subject.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700)

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

* * * As Neander was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, Eugenius, earnestly regarding him: I beseech you, Neander (said he), gratify the company, and me in particular, so far as, before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?

I fear (replied Neander) that, in obeying your commands, I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior.

To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets

"*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*"

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equaled them to him in their esteem; and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study, — Beaumont, especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writ-

ings to his censure, and 't is thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their "Philaster," for before that they had written two or three very unsuccesfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ "Every Man in His Humor." Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is because there is a certain gayety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humor also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in "Sejanus" and "Catiline." But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the most correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his "Discoveries" we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

JOHN LOCKE (1632–1704)

OF THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of

America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavor to point out proper remedies for in the following discourse.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind will find their defects in this kind very frequent and very observable.

The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbors, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any further than it suits their humor, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters that they come with an unbiased indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but, for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question and may be of moment to decide it. We are all shortsighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as came short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of, if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is that the principles from which we conclude, the grounds upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact. * * *

In this we may see the reason why some men of study and thought, that reason right, and are lovers of truth, do make no great advances in their discoveries of it. Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds, their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments. The reason whereof is, they converse but with one sort of men, they read but one sort of books, they will not come in the hearing but of one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expanse they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They have a petty traffic with known correspondents in some little creek; within that they confine themselves, and are dexterous managers enough of the wares and products of that corner with which they content themselves, but will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey

the riches that nature hath stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what has fallen to their lot in the admired plenty and sufficiency of their own little spot, which to them contains whatsoever is good in the universe. Those who live thus mewed up within their own contracted territories, and will not look abroad beyond the boundaries that chance, conceit, or laziness has set to their inquiries, but live separate from the notions, discourses, and attainments of the rest of mankind, may not amiss be represented by the inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which, being separated by a large tract of sea from all communion with the habitable parts of the earth, thought themselves the only people of the world. And though the straitness and conveniences of life amongst them had never reached so far as to the use of fire, till the Spaniards, not many years since, in their voyages from Acapulco to Manila brought it amongst them, yet, in the want and ignorance of almost all things, they looked upon themselves, even after that the Spaniards had brought amongst them the notice of variety of nations abounding in sciences, arts, and conveniences of life, of which they knew nothing, they looked upon themselves, I say, as the happiest and wisest people in the universe.* * *

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us further than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged plowman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally without thought or pains into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavor to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! Not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful, but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost the conception of unpracticed spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the products of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and opposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather because it is not got by rules; and those who excel in either of them never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learned. But yet it is true that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or Inns of Court.

To what purpose all this, but to show that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties as acquired habits? He would be laughed at

that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger, at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavor at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts, when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH ESSAY

EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BRITISH ESSAYISTS

Since the influence of journalism in some form practically dominated essay writing in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, it is in the work of such journalists, pamphleteers, and publicists as Daniel Defoe, Jonathan Swift, Sir Richard Steele, and Joseph Addison that we find the most typical essays of the period.

Daniel Defoe, the son of a butcher, was born at St. Giles; was educated at a dissenting college at Newington, with the Presbyterian ministry in mind; though a member of the defeated army of Monmouth, became an adherent of William III in 1688; failed in a number of commercial enterprises and was forced to flee from his creditors; obtained a government position in 1695 through his ability as a writer, producing his *Essay on Projects* (1697); published his popular poem, "The True-born Englishman" (1701), his satire, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (1702), which was misunderstood and resulted in his being fined, imprisoned, and pilloried, and his *Hymn to the Pillory* (1704); started his periodical, *The Review,* which he published from 1704 to 1713; because of continued disfavor with the government, gave up satirical and political writing in favor of novels, publishing *Robinson Crusoe* in 1719; followed this success with a number of other novels and miscellaneous prose works, including the graphic *Journal of the Plague Year* (1722), which continued to flow prolifically from his pen until, at his death, he was the author of some 250 works. Convincing realism, clarity of style, and vivid imagination characterize the novels and essays of this very faulty but far-sighted and energetic pioneer in the fields of journalism and fiction.

Jonathan Swift, a cousin of John Dryden, was born in Dublin of English parents and brought up in great poverty; was educated at Kilkenny and Trinity College, Dublin; after the Revolution of 1688, was appointed secretary to Sir William Temple, whose large library he used to good advantage and at whose house he met Esther Johnson, the "Stella" of his famous *Journal to Stella* (written 1710-13); leaving the Temple household in 1694, took orders, returned to Ireland, and there wrote his *Tale of a Tub* and *Battle of the Books* (pub. 1704); after another stay with Temple in 1698, again returned to Ireland on the latter's death in 1699; gained small preferments and made visits to London, where he joined the Addison circle, deserted the Whigs for the Tories in 1710, and edited the *Examiner* (1710-11); was made Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin in 1713, from which time he spent the remainder of his life in Ireland, defeated in his hopes of further advancement by the death of Queen Anne, and passing from disappointment to misanthropy, and from misanthropy to insanity, with an almost total loss, toward the end, of all his faculties. To this later period belong his *Drapier's Letters* (1724) on behalf of the Irish, his supreme satire, *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), and his horrible but masterfully ironic *Modest Proposal* (1729). In Swift was joined the greatest of English satirists and the most tragic of lives among English writers. Thackeray said of him, "So great a man he seems that thinking of him is like thinking of an Empire falling."

Sir Richard Steele, the son of a Dublin attorney, was educated at the Charterhouse School, London (where he met Addison) and Oxford, which he left without taking his degree; enlisted in the Horse Guards and rose to the rank of captain; wrote *The Christian Hero* (1701) to set before himself a high ideal of conduct; produced three sentimental comedies (*The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode,* 1702; *The Tender Husband,* 1703; and *The Lying Lover,* 1704); profited by his position as government Gazetteer, to which he was appointed in 1707, by establishing *The Tatler* (1709-11); supervised this periodical and its successors (*The Spectator,* 1711-12, and *The Guardian,* 1713), as well as contributing a large number of essays to each of these and other periodicals of the period; lost his position as Gazetteer through his valiant fight for the Whigs and was expelled from the House of Commons in 1714; though regaining favor on the accession of George I, spent the last years of his life under a cloud of troubles, including his omnipresent financial difficulties, the death of his wife, and his estrangement from Addison; retired from London to live at Hereford and at Carmarthen, where he died, after producing another play, *The Conscious Lovers* (1722).

Joseph Addison, the son of Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, was born in Wiltshire; was educated at the Charterhouse School and Oxford, where he distinguished himself; gave up

entering the Church because of his interest in politics and literature; formed friendships with Dryden and Lord Somers, the latter of whom procured for him a pension of £300 to travel on the Continent with a view to a diplomatic appointment; losing his pension on the death of William III, returned to England in 1703; retrieved his fortune by the publication of his poem, *The Campaign* (1704), celebrating the victory of Blenheim; secured, through its popularity, the office of Commissioner of Appeals, followed in 1705 by that of Under-Secretary of State; in 1708 was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland and Keeper of the Records there; becoming a contributor to Steele's *Tatler* in 1709, found his true vocation as a periodical essayist; founded the *Spectator* (with Steele) in 1711, which, after a period of cessation, he revived in 1714; produced his tragedy of *Cato* (1713), which was received with immense enthusiasm by both Whigs and Tories, and followed it with his comedy, *The Drummer* (1715); contributed to various periodicals, including Steele's *Guardian* (1713) and his own party paper, *The Freeholder* (1715-16); became Secretary of State in 1716 but resigned in 1718; passed the remainder of his life in ill-health and domestic unhappiness. Addison was more urbane and scholarly than Steele, who was the more original and genial of the two, though the charm of Addison's manner and conversation made him one of the most admired men of his day.

DANIEL DEFOE (1661?–1731)

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence, while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

One would wonder indeed how it should happen that women are conversable at all, since they are only beholding to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles. They are taught to read indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so, and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, What is a man (a gentleman, I mean) good for that is taught no more?

I need not give instances, or examine the character of a gentleman with a good estate, and of a good family, and with tolerable parts, and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the lustre of it will never appear. And it is manifest that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why, then, should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities, for he made nothing needless: besides, I would ask such what they can see in ignorance that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman. Or, How much worse is a wise woman than a fool? or, What has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when it is only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater and their senses quicker than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to is plain from some instances of female wit which this age is not without, which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements.

To remove this objection, and that women might have at least a needful opportunity of education in all sorts of useful learning, I propose the draft of an academy for that purpose.

I know it is dangerous to make public appearances of the sex; they are not either to be confined or exposed: the first will disagree with their inclinations, and the last with their reputations; and therefore it is somewhat difficult; and I doubt a method proposed by an ingenious lady, in a little book called "Advice to the Ladies," would be found impracticable. For, saving my respect to the sex, the levity which perhaps is a little peculiar to them (at

least in their youth) will not bear the restraint; and I am satisfied nothing but the height of bigotry can keep up a nunnery. Women are extravagantly desirous of going to heaven, and will punish their pretty bodies to get thither; but nothing else will do it, and even in that case sometimes it falls out that nature will prevail.

When I talk therefore of an academy for women I mean both the model, the teaching, and the government different from what is proposed by that ingenious lady, for whose proposal I have a very great esteem, and also a great opinion of her wit; different, too, from all sorts of religious confinement, and, above all, from vows of celibacy.

Wherefore the academy I propose should differ but little from public schools, wherein such ladies as were willing to study should have all the advantages of learning suitable to their genius. * * *

To such whose genius would lead them to it I would deny no sort of learning: but the chief thing in general is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that, their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them but as they are, or are not, distinguished by education. Tempers indeed may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp; I believe I may be allowed to say generally so; for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive; and without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of his singular regard to man (his darling creature), to whom he gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive; and it is the most sordid piece of folly and ingratitude in the world to withhold from the sex the due lustre which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but to rejoice in her, and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows thus:—

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy.

Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative.

Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical.

If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud.

If she be passionate, want of manners makes her termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic.

If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous.

And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, and "the devil."

Methinks mankind for their own sakes (since say what we will of the women, we all think fit one time or other to be concerned with them) should take some care to breed them up to be suitable and serviceable, if they expected no such thing as delight from them. Bless us! what care do we take to breed up a good horse, and to break him well! And what a value do we put upon him when it is done! — and all because he should be fit for our use. And why not a woman? — since all her ornaments and beauty, without suitable behavior, is a cheat in nature, like the false tradesman who puts the best of his goods uppermost, that the buyer may think the rest are of the same goodness.

Beauty of the body, which is the women's glory, seems to be now unequally bestowed, and nature (or rather Providence), to lie under some scandal about it, as if it was given a woman for a snare to men, and so make a kind of a she-devil of her; because, they say, exquisite beauty is rarely given with wit, more rarely with goodness of temper, and never at all with

modesty. And some, pretending to justify the equity of such a distribution, will tell us it is the effect of the justice of Providence in dividing particular excellences among all his creatures, "Share and share alike, as it were," that all might for something or other be acceptable to one another, else some would be despised. * * *

But to come closer to the business; the great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion, that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women: for I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least: but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of the man as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost; to say, "the weakness of the sex, as to judgment, would be nonsense: for ignorance and folly would be no more to be found among women than men. I remember a passage which I heard from a very fine woman; she had wit and capacity enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and, for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women's affairs; and when she came to converse in the world her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education that she gave this short reflection on herself: —

"I am ashamed to talk with my very maids," says she, "for I don't know when they do right or wrong: I had more need to go to school than be married."

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice; it is a thing that will be more easily granted than remedied: this chapter is but an essay at the thing, and I refer the practice to those happy days, if ever they shall be, when men shall be wise enough to mend it.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745)

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK, ACCORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head: and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually

mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be — grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING

E quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,
Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit autor,
Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error,
Vanaque Laetitia est, consternatique Timores,
Seditioque recens, dubioque autore susurri.

I am prevailed on, through the importunity of friends, to interrupt the scheme I had begun in my last paper, by an Essay upon the Art of Political Lying. We are told the devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning; so that, beyond contradiction, the invention is old: and, which is more, his first Essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of his prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience: for which he was driven down from heaven, where (as Milton expresses it) he had been viceroy of a great western province; and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, poor or deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so, till he be chained in the bottomless pit.

But although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics, is not so clear from history, although I have made some diligent inquiries. I shall therefore consider it only according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us that, after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the earth in revenge produced her last offspring, which was Fame. And the fable is thus interpreted: that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumors and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have made great additions, applying this art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it; as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those that tread upon them.

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for political lying; I shall therefore desire to refine upon it, by adding some circumstances of its birth and parents. A political lie is sometime born out of a discarded statesman's head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape: at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it; and often it sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth, and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the opening of the womb, and there it is delivered with a whisper. I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, [of] which, although too proud and great at present to own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood. To conclude the nativity of this monster; when it comes into the world without a sting it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting it dies.

No wonder if an infant so miraculous in its birth should be destined for great adventures; and accordingly we see it has been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain; has presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a blackmoor white; make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelli-

gence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their ruin in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In this glass you will behold your best friends, clad in coats powdered with *fleurs de lis* and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes; and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, moderation, and a cornucopia in their hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them in mud, and, soaring aloft, scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty ways for new supplies.

I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty, that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary according to the various occasions he meets with every hour of differing from himself and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds the persons disposed with whom he has to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient, upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whom we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule, and my imagination this minute represents before me a certain great man famous for this talent, to the constant practice of which he owes his twenty years' reputation of the most skilful head in England for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts, the next half-hour. He never yet considered whether any proposition were true or false, but whether it were convenient for the present minute or company to affirm or deny it; so that, if you think fit to refine upon him by interpreting everything he says, as we do dreams, by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived whether you believe or not: the only remedy is to suppose that you have heard some inarticulate sounds, without any meaning at all; and besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition; although, at the same time, I think he cannot with any justice be taxed with perjury when he invokes God and Christ, because he has often fairly given public notice to the world that he believes in neither.

Some people may think that such an accomplishment as this can be of no great use to the owner, or his party, after it has been often practised and is become notorious; but they are widely mistaken. Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand without being known for the author: besides, as the vilest writer has his readers, so the greater liar has his believers; and it often happens that, if a lie be believed only for an hour, it has done its work, and there is no farther occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man who has thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed or the company parted; or like a physician who has found out an infallible medicine after the patient is dead.

Considering that natural disposition in many men to lie, and in multitudes to believe, I have been perplexed what to do with that maxim so frequent in everybody's mouth, that truth will at last prevail. Here has this island of ours, for the greatest part of twenty years, lain under the influence of such counsels and persons, whose principle and interest it was to corrupt our manners, blind our understanding, drain our wealth, and in time destroy our constitution both in church and state, and we at last were

brought to the very brink of ruin; yet, by the means of perpetual misrepresentations, have never been able to distinguish between our enemies and friends. We have seen a great part of the nation's money got into the hands of those who, by their birth, education, and merit, could pretend no higher than to wear our liveries; while others, who, by their credit, quality, and fortune, were only able to give reputation and success to the Revolution, were not only laid aside as dangerous and useless, but loaded with the scandal of Jacobites, men of arbitrary principles, and pensioners to France; while truth, who is said to lie in a well, seemed now to be buried there under a heap of stones. But I remember it was a usual complaint among the Whigs, that the bulk of the landed men was not in their interests, which some of the wisest looked on as an ill omen; and we saw it was with the utmost difficulty that they could preserve a majority, while the court and ministry were on their side, till they had learned those admirable expedients for deciding elections and influencing distant boroughs by powerful motives from the city. But all this was mere force and constraint, however upheld by most dexterous artifice and management, until the people began to apprehend their properties, their religion, and the monarchy itself in danger; when we saw them greedily laying hold on the first occasion to interpose. But of this mighty change in the dispositions of the people I shall discourse more at large in some following paper: wherein I shall endeavour to undeceive or discover those deluded or deluding persons who hope or pretend it is only a short madness in the vulgar, from which they may soon recover; whereas, I believe it will appear to be very different in its causes, its symptoms, and its consequences; and prove a great example to illustrate the maxim I lately mentioned, that truth (however sometimes late) will at last prevail.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672–1729)

PROSPECTUS

Quicquid agunt homines . . . nostri farrago libelli.

Though the other papers which are published for the use of the good people of England have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, yet they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being men of strong zeal and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall from time to time report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I have also resolved to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honor of whom I have taken the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present gratis, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire my readers to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner:

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I shall on any other subject offer, shall be dated from my own apartment.

I once more desire my reader to con-

sider that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under twopence each day merely for his charges, to White's under sixpence, nor to the Grecian without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney at St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my gratis stock is exhausted) of a penny a piece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the helps of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and not speak of anything until it is passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.

THE CHARACTER OF ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Rura mihi placcant, riguique in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius—

Grecian Coffeehouse, November 2d.

I have received this short epistle from an unknown hand.

Sir:—

I have no more to trouble you with than to desire you would in your next help me to some answer to the inclosed concerning yourself. In the meantime I congratulate you upon the increase of your fame, which you see has extended itself beyond the bills of mortality.

Sir:—

That the country is barren of news has been the excuse, time out of mind, for dropping a correspondence with our friends in London,—as if it were impossible, out of a coffeehouse, to write an agreeable letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavor at the covering of my negligence with so common an excuse. Doubtless, amongst friends, bred, as we have been, to the knowledge of books as well as men, a letter dated from a garden, a grotto, a fountain, a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, may be more entertaining than one from Tom's, Will's, White's, or St. James's. I promise, therefore, to be frequent for the future in my rural dates to you. But, for fear you should, from what I have said, be induced to believe I shun the commerce of men, I must inform you that there is a fresh topic of discourse lately arisen amongst the ingenious in our part of the world, and is become the more fashionable for the ladies giving into it. This we owe to Isaac Bickerstaff, who is very much censured by some, and as much justified by others. Some criticize his style, his humor, and his matter; others admire the whole man. Some pretend, from the informations of their friends in town, to decipher the author; and others confess they are lost in their guesses. For my part, I must own myself a professed admirer of the paper, and desire you to send me a complete set, together with your thoughts of the squire and his lucubrations.

There is no pleasure like that of receiving praise from the praiseworthy; and I own it a very solid happiness, that these my lucubrations are approved by a person of so fine a taste as the author of this letter, who is capable of enjoying the world in the simplicity of its natural beauties. This pastoral letter, if I may so call it, must be written by a man who carries his entertainment wherever he goes, and is, undoubtedly, one of those happy men who appear far otherwise to the vulgar. I dare say he is not envied by the vicious, the vain, the frolic, and the loud; but is continually blessed with that strong and serious delight, which flows from a well-taught and liberal mind. With great respect to country sports, I may say, this gentleman could pass his time agreeably, if there were not a hare or a fox in his county. That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, which is a kind of forgetting ourselves, is but a mean way of entertainment, in comparison of that which is considering, knowing, and enjoying ourselves. The pleasures of ordinary people are in their passions; but the seat of this delight is in the reason and understanding. Such a frame of mind raises that sweet enthusiasm, which warms the imagination at the sight of every work of nature, and turns

all round you into picture and landscape. I shall be ever proud of advices from this gentleman; for I profess writing news from the learned, as well as the busy world.

As for my labors, which he is pleased to inquire after, if they can but wear one impertinence out of human life, destroy a single vice, or give a morning's cheerfulness to an honest mind; in short, if the world can be but one virtue the better, or in any degree less vicious, or receive from them the smallest addition to their innocent diversions, I shall not think my pains, or indeed my life, to have been spent in vain.

Thus far as to my studies. It will be expected I should, in the next place, give some account of my life. I shall, therefore, for the satisfaction of the present age, and the benefit of posterity, present the world with the following abridgment of it.

It is remarkable that I was bred by hand, and ate nothing but milk until I was a twelve-month old; from which time, to the eighth year of my age, I was observed to delight in pudding and potatoes; and, indeed, I retain a benevolence for that sort of food to this day. I do not remember that I distinguished myself in anything at those years, but by my great skill at taw, for which I was so barbarously used, that it has ever since given me an aversion to gaming. In my twelfth year I suffered very much for two or three false concords.* At fifteen I was sent to the university, and stayed there for some time; but a drum passing by, being a lover of music, I enlisted myself for a soldier. As years came on, I began to examine things, and grew discontented at the times. This made me quit the sword, and take to the study of the occult sciences, in which I was so wrapped up, that Oliver Cromwell had been buried and taken up again five years before I heard he was dead. This gave me first the reputation of a conjurer, which has been of great disadvantage to me ever since, and kept me out of all public employments. The greater part of my later years has been divided between Dick's coffeehouse, the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, and my own lodgings.

From My Own Apartment,
November 2d.

The evil of unseasonable visits has been complained of to me with much vehemence by persons of both sexes; and I am desired to consider this very important circumstance, that men may know how to regulate their conduct in an affair which concerns no less than life itself. For to a rational creature, it is almost the same cruelty to attack his life, by robbing him of so many moments of his time, or so many drops of his blood. The author of the following letter has a just delicacy in this point, and hath put it into a very good light: —

October 29th.

Mr. Bickerstaff: —

I am very much afflicted with the gravel, which makes me sick and peevish. I desire to know of you, if it be reasonable that any of my acquaintance should take advantage over me at this time, and afflict me with long visits, because they are idle, and I am confined. Pray, sir, reform the town in this matter. Men never consider whether the sick person be disposed for company, but make their visits to humor themselves. You may talk upon this topic, so as to oblige all persons afflicted with chronical distempers, among which I reckon visits. Do not think me a sour man, for I love conversation and my friends; but I think one's most intimate friend may be too familiar, and that there are such things as unseasonable wit and painful mirth.

It is with some so hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a great good fortune when they have a friend indisposed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that state which cannot be called sickness or health; when he is too well to deny company and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon case, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapse.

Will's Coffeehouse, November 2d.

I was very well pleased this evening, to hear a gentleman express a very becoming

* Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., declares that he was sixty-three in 1709; he was born, therefore, in 1646; he could only be fifteen in 1661, when the body of Cromwell was exposed. Yet he was sent to the university at fifteen;—then he was a soldier, a cadet at the battle of Coldstream; afterward he took to the study of the occult sciences, and did not hear of Cromwell's fate till five years after it happened. Kept out of all public employments, the greater part of his later years was divided between Dick's coffeehouse, a tavern, or alehouse, and his own obscure lodgings in Sheer-lane. How was such a man qualified to decide on all subjects private and public? (Steele's note.)

indignation against a practice which I myself have been very much offended at. "There is nothing," said he, "more ridiculous, than for an actor to insert words of his own in the part he is to act, so that it is impossible to see the poet for the player. You will have Penkethman and Bullock helping out Beaumont and Fletcher. It puts me in mind," continued he, "of a collection of antique statues which I once saw in a gentleman's possession, who employed a neighboring stonecutter to add noses, ears, arms, or legs, to the maimed works of Phidias or Praxiteles. You may be sure this addition disfigured the statue much more than time had. I remember Venus, that, by the nose he had given her, looked like mother Shipton; and a Mercury, with a pair of legs that seemed very much swelled with the dropsy."

I thought the gentleman's observations very proper, and he told me I had improved his thought in mentioning on this occasion those wise commentators who had filled up the hemistichs of Virgil; particularly that notable poet, who, to make the "Æneid" more perfect, carried on the story to Lavinia's wedding. If the proper officer will not condescend to take notice of these absurdities, I shall myself, as a censor of the people, animadvert upon such proceedings.

ON DUELLING

White's Chocolate-house, June 14

Having a very solid respect for human nature, however it is distorted from its natural make by affectation, humour, custom, misfortune, or vice, I do apply myself to my friends to help me in raising arguments for preserving it in all its individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my letters on this subject, I have received the following answer:

Sir,

In answer to your question, why men of sense, virtue, and experience are seen still to comply with that ridiculous custom of duelling, I must desire you to reflect that custom has dished up in ruffs the wisest heads of our ancestors, and put the best of the present age into huge falbala periwigs. Men of sense would not impose such encumbrances on themselves, but be glad they might show their faces decently in public upon easier terms. If then such men appear reasonably slaves to the fashion, in what regards the figure of their persons, we ought not to wonder that they are at least so in what seems to touch their reputations. Besides, you can't be ignorant that dress and chivalry have been always encouraged by the ladies as the two principal branches of gallantry. It is to avoid being sneered at for his singularity, and from a desire to appear more agreeable to his mistress, that a wise, experienced, and polite man complies with the dress commonly received, and is prevailed upon to violate his reason and principles in hazarding his life and estate by a tilt, as well as suffering his pleasures to be constrained and soured by the constant apprehension of a quarrel. This is the more surprising, because men of the most delicate sense and principles have naturally in other cases a particular repugnance in accommodating themselves to the maxims of the world: but one may easily distinguish the man that is affected with beauetry and the reputation of a tilt from him who complies with both merely as they are imposed upon him by custom; for in the former you will remark an air of vanity and triumph, whereas when the latter appears in a long Duvillier full of powder, or has decided a quarrel by the sword, you may perceive in his face that he appeals to custom for an excuse. I think it may not be improper to inquire into the genealogy of this chimerical monster called a duel, which I take to be an illegitimate species of the ancient knight-errantry. By the laws of this whim, your heroic person, or man of gallantry, was indispensably obliged to starve in armour a certain number of years in the chase of monsters, encounter them at the peril of his life, and suffer great hardships in order to gain the affection of the fair lady, and qualify himself for assuming the *bel air*, that is, of a pretty fellow, or man of honour according to the fashion: but since the publishing of *Don Quixote* and extinction of the race of dragons, which Suetonius says happened in that of Wantley, the gallant and heroic spirits of these later times have been under the necessity of creating new chimerical monsters to entertain themselves with, by way of single combats, as the only proofs they are able to give their own sex, and the ladies, that they are in all points men of nice honour. But to do justice to the ancient and real monsters, I must observe that they never molested those who were not of a humour to hunt for them in the woods and deserts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the courts and cities of Europe (except France) that one can scarce be in the most humanised society without risking one's life; the people of the best sort and the fine gentlemen of the

age being so fond of them that they seldom appear in any public place without one. I have some further considerations upon this subject which, as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you by, Sir, a cousin but once removed from the best family of the Staffs, namely,

Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Kinsman and Friend,
Tim. Switch.

It is certain, Mr. Switch has hit upon the true source of this evil, and that it proceeds only from the force of custom that we contradict ourselves in half the particulars and occurrences of life. But such a tyranny in love, which the fair impose upon us, is a little too severe, that we must demonstrate our affection for them by no certain proof but hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does to an estate) by survivorship. This way of application to gain a lady's heart is taking her as we do towns and castles, by distressing the place and letting none come near them without our pass. Were such a lover once to write the truth of his heart, and let her know his whole thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a passion for her; but it would hardly be called love. The billet-doux would run to this purpose:

Madame,

I have so tender a regard for you and your interests that I 'll knock any man in the head whom I observe to be of my mind, and like you. Mr. Truman the other day looked at you in so languishing a manner that I am resolved to run him through to-morrow morning: this, I think, he deserves for his guilt in admiring you, than which I cannot have a greater reason for murdering him, except it be that you also approve him. Whoever says he dies for you, I will make his words good, for I will kill him. I am,

Madame,
Your most obedient,
Most humble Servant.

FALSE REFINEMENTS IN STYLE

From my own Apartment, Sept. 27

The following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subjects the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

Sir,

There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; though, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are the deplorable ignorance that for some years hath reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like; I mean the traders in history and politics, and the *belles lettres*, together with those by whom books are not translated, but (as the common expressions are) *done* out of French, Latin, or other language, and made English. I cannot but observe to you that till of late years a Grub Street book was always bound in sheepskin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars; but now they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all places. They are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-house to persons of quality; are shown in Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests. You may see them gilt, and in royal paper of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of English books, published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or common sense.

These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced a third; I mean the continual corruption of our English tongue, which, without some timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

But instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language, I here send you the copy of a letter I received some time ago from a most accomplished person in this way of writing; upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:

"Sir,

"I *cou'd n't* get the things you sent for all *about town* — *I thôt* to *ha'* come down myself, and then *I'd h' brot' um;* but I *ha' nt don't,* and I believe I *can't d't, that 's pozz* — Tom begins to *gi'mself* airs, because *he 's* going with the *plenipo's* — 'Tis said the French King will *bamboozl' us agen,* which *causes many speculations.* The Jacks and others of that *kidney* are very *uppish,* and *alert upon't,* as you may see by their *phizz's* — Will Hazzard has got the *hipps,* having lost *to the tune of* five hundr'd pound, *thô* he understands play very well, *nobody better..* He has promis't me upon *rep,* to leave off play; but you know 't is a weakness *he 's* too apt to give into, *thô* he has as much wit as any man, *nobody more.* He has lain *incog* ever since — The *mobb 's* very quiet with us now — I believe you *thôt I banter'd* you in my last, like a *country put* — I *shan't* leave town this month," etc.

This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing, nor is it of less authority for being an epistle: you may gather every flower in it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers offered us every day in the coffee-houses: and these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? And after he had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence, of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sound are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans, altogether of the Gothic strain, and a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the Northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest: such as *phizz, hipps, mobb, pozz, rep,* and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming our words, it will certainly answer the end, for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as *incog* and *plenipo*: but in a short time 'tis to be hoped they will be further docked to *inc* and *plen.* This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words, as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns: *speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communication, circumvallation, battalions*: as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

The third refinement observable in the letter I send you consists in the choice of certain words, invented by some pretty fellows, such as *banter, bamboozle, country put,* and *kidney,* as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of *mobb* and *banter,* but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

In the last place, you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letter, some of them tolerable enough, until they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find them, though they were not in a different print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

These are the false refinements in our style which you ought to correct: first, by argument and fair means; but if these fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as Censor, and by an annual *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak: a noble standard for language! To depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress! I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing in their words, and liberal in their syllables: and upon this head I should be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from the university full fraught with admiration of our town politeness, will needs correct the style of their prayer-books. In reading the Absolution, they are very careful to say *pardons* and *absolves;* and in the prayer for the royal family, it must be *endue 'um, enrich 'um, prosper 'um,* and *bring 'um.* Then in their sermons they use all the modern terms of art: *sham, banter, mobb, bubble, bully, cutting, shuffling,* and *palming;* all which, and many more of the

like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from such young sophisters, so I have read them in some of those sermons that have made most noise of late. The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry; to show us that they know the town, understand men and manners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the university.

I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in life, which the politer age always aimed at in their building and dress (*simplex munditiis*), as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest that all new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any language; and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader; much more clear and intelligible than those of Sir H. Wotton, Sir Rob. Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several others who wrote later; but being men of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

What remedies are to be applied to these evils, I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper. Besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them. I am, with great respect,

Sir,

Your, &c.

ON CONVERSATION

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Qui sapere et fari possit quæ sentiat? —

Will's Coffee-house, Oct. 30

It is no easy matter, when people are advancing in anything, to prevent their going too fast for want of patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the prosecution of studies. Hence it is, that we meet crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affact the flowers of rhetoric before they understand the parts of speech. In the ordinary conversation of this town, there are so many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not one in twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an ambition to excel, or, as the term is, to shine, in company. The matter is not to make themselves understood, but admired. They come together with a certain emulation, rather than benevolence. When you fall among such companions, the safe way is to give yourself up, and let the orators declaim for your esteem, and trouble yourself no further. It is said that a poet must be born so; but I think it may be much better said of an orator, especially when we talk of our town poets and orators; but the town poets are full of rules and laws, the town orators go through thick and thin, and are, forsooth, persons of such eminent natural parts and knowledge of the world, that they despise all men as inexperienced scholastics who wait for an occasion before they speak, or who speak no more than is necessary. They had half persuaded me to go to the tavern the other night, but that a gentleman whispered me, "Prithee, Isaac, go with us; there is Tom Varnish will be there, and he is a fellow that talks as well as any man in England."

I must confess, when a man expresses himself well upon any occasion, and his falling into an account of any subject arises from a desire to oblige the company, or from fulness of the circumstance itself, so that his speaking of it at large is occasioned only by the openness of a companion; I say, in such a case as this, it is not only pardonable but agreeable, when a man takes the discourse to himself; but when you see a fellow watch for opportunities for being copious, it is excessively troublesome. A man that stammers, if he has understanding, is to be attended with patience and good-nature; but he that speaks more than he need, has no right to such an indulgence. The man who has a defect in his speech takes pains to come to you, while a man of a weak capacity with fluency of speech triumphs in outrunning you. The stammerer strives to be fit for your company; the loquacious man endeavours to show you, you are not fit for his.

With thoughts of this kind do I always enter into that man's company who is recommended as a person that talks well; but if I were to chose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no further than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have

patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense and the ability to express it are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter, among familiar friends there needs but very little care in clothing them.

Urbanus is, I take it, a man one might live with whole years, and enjoy all the freedom and improvement imaginable, and yet be insensible of a contradiction to you in all the mistakes you can be guilty of. His great good-will to his friends has produced in him such a general deference in his discourse that if he differs from you in his sense of anything, he introduces his own thoughts by some agreeable circulocution, or he has often observed such and such a circumstance that made him of another opinion. Again, where another would be apt to say, "This I am confident of; I may pretend to judge of this matter as well as anybody;" Urbanus says, "I am verily persuaded; I believe one may conclude." In a word, there is no man more clear in his thoughts and expressions than he is, or speaks with greater diffidence. You shall hardly find one man of any consideration, but you shall observe one of less consequence form himself after him. This happens to Urbanus; but the man who steals from him almost every sentiment he utters in a whole week, disguises the theft by carrying it with quite a different air. Umbratilis knows Urbanus's doubtful way of speaking proceeds from good-nature and good-breeding and not from uncertainty in his opinions. Umbratilis therefore has no more to do but repeat the thoughts of Urbanus in a positive manner, and appear to the undiscerning a wiser man than the person from whom he borrows: but those who know him can see the servant in the master's habit, and the more he struts, the less do his clothes appear his own.

In conversation the medium is neither to affect silence nor eloquence; not to value our approbation, and to endeavor to excel us who are of your company, are equal injuries. The great enemies therefore to good company, and those who transgress most against the laws of equality (which is the life of it), are the clown, the wit, and the pedant. A clown, when he has sense, is conscious of his want of education, and with an awkward bluntness hopes to keep himself in countenance by overthrowing the use of all polite behaviour. He takes advantage of the restraint good-breeding lays upon others not to offend him, to trespass against them, and is under the man's own shelter while he intrudes upon him. The fellows of this class are very frequent in the repetition of the words "rough" and "manly." When these people happen to be by their fortunes of the rank of gentlemen, they defend their other absurdities by an impertinent courage; and to help out the defect of their behaviour, add their being dangerous to their being disagreeable. This gentleman (though he displeases, professes to do so, and knowing that, dares still go on to do so) is not so painful a companion as he who will please you against your will, and resolves to be a wit.

This man, upon all occasions and whoever he falls in company with, talks in the same circle and in the same round of chat which he has learned at one of the tables of this coffee-house. As poetry is in itself an elevation above ordinary and common sentiments, so there is no fop so near a madman in indifferent company as a poetical one. He is not apprehensive that the generality of the world are intent upon the business of their own fortune and profession, and have as little capacity as curiosity to enter into matters of ornament or speculation. I remember at a full table in the City one of these ubiquitary wits was entertaining the company with a soliloquy (for so I call it when a man talks to those who do not understand him) concerning wit and humour. An honest gentleman who sat next to me and was worth half a plum stared at him, and observing there was some sense, as he thought, mixed with his impertinence, whispered me, "Take my word for it, this fellow is more knave than fool." This was all my good friend's applause of the wittiest man of talk that I was ever present at, which wanted nothing to make it excellent but that there was no occasion for it.

The pedant is so obvious to ridicule that it would be to be one to offer to explain him. He is a gentleman so well known that there is none but those of his own class who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much reading and little understanding. A pedant among men of learning and sense is like an ignorant servant giving an account of a polite con-

versation. You may find he has brought with him more than could have entered into his head without being there, but still that he is not a bit wiser than if he had not been there at all.

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

Haec alii sex,
Et plures, uno conclamant ore—

The first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire,* of antient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. His great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is call'd after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in *Soho-Square:* It is said, he keeps himself a Batchelor by reason he was crossed in Love, by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* and Sir *George Etherege,* fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawson* in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the abovementioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. He is now in his Fifty sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum;* that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago gain'd universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

The Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Batchelor, who is a Member of the *Inner Temple;* a man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursome Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Cooke.* The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump: He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully,* but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business; exactly at five he passes thro' *New-Inn,* crosses thro' *Russel-Court,* and takes a turn at *Will's* till the play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Perriwig powder'd at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose.* It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

The Person of next Consideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jesting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruined more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, among which the greatest Favourite is, "A Penny saved is a Penny got." A General Trader of good Sense, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men; tho' at the same Time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the Compass but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room sits Captain SENTRY, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take Notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges; but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose I never heard him make a sour Expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even Regular Behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through Crowds, who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his Way of Talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Mens Desert, or inquiring in it: For, says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come to him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, especially in a military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnish'd him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the gallant WILL. HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his Years should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person, and always had a very easie Fortune, Time has made but very little Impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well turn'd, of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women. He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; and whose Vanity to show her Foot made Petticoats so short in such a Year. In a Word, all his Conversation

and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take Notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same Time received a Glance or a Blow of a Fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the Present Lord such-a-one. This way of Talking of his very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company but my self, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as that Sort of Man, who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophick Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes, when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions.

SIR ROGER AND THE WIDOW

——*Haerent infixi pectore vultus.*

In my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth, which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House: As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old Man, looking round him with a Smile, "very hard, that any Part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and her Severity. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that Custom I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees; so unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Passions by the Methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World."

Here followed a profound Silence; and I was not displeased to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken Notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause, he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raised my *Idea* of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that chearful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

"I came to my Estate in my Twenty second Year, and resolved to follow the Steps of the most worthy of my Ancestors, who have inhabited this spot of Earth before me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, for the Sake of my Fame; and in Country Sports and Recreations, for the Sake of my Health. In my Twenty third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in my Servants, Officers, and whole Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that publick Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to your self what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well

dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my Horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind Looks and Glances I had from all the Balconies and Windows, as I rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court, to hear the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This commanding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered her self from one Eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to her, she cast her bewitching Eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised Booby; and knowing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated Calf as I was, Make Way for the Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the County immediately see the Sheriff also was become a Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause was upon Trial, she behaved her self, I warrant you, with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets handed to her Counsel, then would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much Company, that not only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her Favour; and all that the next Heir to her Husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her Counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the Court thought he could have urged to her Advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures that secretly rejoyce in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no further Consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes from her Slaves in town to those in the Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of Friendship: She is always accompanied by a Confident, who is Witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a Bar to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY was the tamest and most human of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the Strength of this Slender Encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horses, sent them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their Legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the Country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue suitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I set out from hence to make my Addresses. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wishes, and yet command Respect. To make her Mistress of this Art, she has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit, and good Sense, than is usual even among Men of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, she will arm her self with her real Charms, and strike you with Admiration instead of Desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aspect, that Composure in her Motion, that Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country-Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her House I was admitted to her Presence with great Civility; at the same Time she placed her self to be first seen by me in such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture of a Picture, that she discovered new Charms, and I at last came towards her with such an Awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her Advantage of it, and began a Discourse to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to them. When she discussed these Points in a Discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best Philosopher in *Europe* could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on these important Particu-

lars. Her Confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last Confusion and Silence, this malicious Aide of hers turning to her says, I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this Subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter when he pleases to speak. They both kept their Countenances, and after I had sat half an Hour meditating how to behave before such profound Casuists, I rose up and took my Leave. Chance has since that Time thrown me very often in her Way, and she as often has directed a Discourse to me which I do not understand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Distance from the most beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other Women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the Pleasure of that Man be, who could converse with a Creature —— But, after all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom and adjusted her Tucker. Then she cast her Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: Her Voice in her ordinary Speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a publick Table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some Tansy in the Eye of all the Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same Condition; for as her Speech is Musick, her form is Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men!"

I found my Friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House, that we might be joined by some other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret Cause of all that Inconsistency which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse; tho' he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render into *English*, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, which represents with much Humour my honest Friend's Condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo:
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia: si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.

Let Rufus *weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,*
Still he can nothing but of Nævia *talk;*
Let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia *or be mute.*
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my Lovely Nævia, *ever thine.*

A STAGE-COACH JOURNEY

Qui aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.

Having notified to my good Friend Sir Roger that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and, attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County Town at Twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, enquired of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. *Betty Arable*, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother, a recruiting Officer (who took a Place because they were to go), young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to), *Ephraim* the Quaker, her Guardian, and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's. I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural Shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately,

that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting out was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloak-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good-natured, usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity; and we had not moved about two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, "That indeed he had but very little Luck, and suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word," continued he, "I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me your self, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep, to be the Brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, "This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father." The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good Part that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savoureth of Folly: Thou are a Person of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, but thy Emptiness, that thou hast spoken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we cannot help it Friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee: But if thou wert a Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take Advantage of thy courageous Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the Hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it as an Outrage against a distressed Person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some Degree assaulting on the high Road."

Here *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support it self at the same time) crys, "Faith, Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoaky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing Part of the Journey. I was going to give myself Airs, but Ladies I beg Pardon."

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowred by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim;* and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happen'd which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I consider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no small good Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore

Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at *London*, had to me an Air not only of good Understanding, but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary Part of humane Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon Meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him: Such a Man when he falleth in the Way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend," continued he, turning to the Officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparels are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable Demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it."

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719)

THE CHARACTER OF TOM FOLIO

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant.

From my own Apartment, April 12

Tom Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward, in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that does not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors, knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephans. He thinks he gives you an account of an author when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extolls the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages, nay, though they write themselves in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot (for that is the light in which I consider every pedant), when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations that he did not "believe" in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought has taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because Æneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him that Virgil possibly had his oversights as well as another author. "Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff," says he,

"you would have another opinion of him if you would read him in Daniel Heinsius' edition. I have perused him myself several times in that edition," continued he; "and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: one of them is in the *Æneids,* where there are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third *Georgic,* where you may find a semicolon turned upside down." "Perhaps," said I, "these were not Virgil's faults, but those of the transcriber." "I do not design it," says Tom, "as a reflection on Virgil: on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts reclaim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, "what would a man give to see one simile of Virgil writ in his own hand?" I asked him which was the simile he meant, but was answered, "Any simile in Virgil." He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning: of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class who are professed admirers of Tasso without understanding a word of Italian, and one in particular that carries a *Pastor Fido* in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant who, with all Tom Folio's impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin, and is still more unsupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics, and in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together to correct, publish, and expound such trifles of antiquity as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions will write volumes upon an idle sonnet that is originally in Greek or Latin, give editions of the most immoral authors, and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their authors, and that what they do in this kind is out of their great learning and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character:

Un Pédant enivré de sa vaine science,
Tout hérissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui, de mille auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
Dans sa tête entassés n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, & que, sans Aristote,
La raison ne voit goutte, & le bon sens radote.

THE SPECTATOR INTRODUCES HIMSELF

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he know whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate,

which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that before I was born my mother dreamt that she was to bring forth a judge; whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that my parts were solid and would wear well. I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me: of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffeehouse, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stockjobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species! by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for

other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fullness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet full of thoughts every morning for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can in any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in tomorrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

SIR ROGER AT HOME

Hinc tibi copia
Menabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Having often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY to pass away a Month with him in the Country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some Time at his Country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me rise and go to Bed when I please, dine at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the County come to see him, he only shews me at a distance: As I have been walking in his Fields I have observed them stealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at Ease in Sir Roger's Family, because it consists of sober and staid Persons; for as the Knight is the best Master in the World, he seldom changes his Servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him: By this Means his Domesticks are all in Years, and grown old with their Master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the gravest Men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the Looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the Goodness of the Master even in the old House-dog, and in a gray Pad that is kept in the Stable with great Care and tenderness out of Regard to his past Services, tho' he has been useless for several Years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of Pleasure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-Seat. Some of them could not refrain

from Tears at the Sight of their old Master; every one of them press'd forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same Time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered the Enquiries afer his own affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves. This Humanity and Good nature engages every Body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none so much as the Person whom He diverts himself with: On the Contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any Infirmity of old Age, it is easy for a Stander-by to observe a secret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants.

My worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as well as the rest of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their Master talk of me as of his particular Friend.

My chief Companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himself in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable Man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his House in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Person of good Sense and some Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging Conversation: He heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Esteem; so that he lives in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have observed in several of my Papers that my Friend Sir ROGER, amidst all his good Qualities, is something of an Humourist; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other Men. This Cast of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in it self, so it renders his Conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same Degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him last Night, he ask'd me how I liked the good Man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my Answer, told me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own Table; for which Reason, he desired a particular Friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Sense than much Learning, of a good Aspect, a clear Voice, a social Temper, and, if possible, a Man that understood a little of Back-Gammon. "My friend," says Sir ROGER, "found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the Endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar though he does not shew it. I have given him the Parsonage of the Parish; and because I know his Value, have settled upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he out-lives me, he shall find that he was higher in my Esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years; and though he does not know I have taken Notice of it, has never in all that Time asked any thing of me for himself, tho' he is every Day soliciting me for something in Behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Parishioners. There has not been a Law-Suit in the Parish since he has lived among them: If any Dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the Decision; if they do not acquiesce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a Present of all the good Sermons which have been printed in *English*, and only begged of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued System of practical Divinity."

As Sir ROGER was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to Morrow (for it was *Saturday* Night) told us, the Bishop of St. *Asaph* in the Morning, and Doctor *South* in the Afternoon. He then shewed us his List of Preachers for the whole Year, where I saw with a great deal of Pleasure Archbishop *Tillotson*, Bishop *Saunderson*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Calamy*, with several living Authors who have published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's insisting upon the Qualifications of a good Aspect and a clear Voice; for I was so charmed with the Gracefulness of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any Time more to my Sat-

isfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Composition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country-Clergy would follow this Example; and instead of wasting their Spirits in laborious Compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome Elocution, and all those other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the People.

WILL WIMBLE IS INTRODUCED

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

Sir Roger: —

I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely. I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

WILL WIMBLE.

This extraordinary letter and message that accompanied it made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows: Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring as often as he meets them "how they wear!" These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, on his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and, on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of this discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of

seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider with a great deal of concern how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications!

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!

We last Night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suspense, Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY *is dead.* He departed this Life at his House in the Country, after a few Weeks' Sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER'S Enemy and Antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention Nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much Care of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter without any Alteration or Diminution.

"Honoured Sir,

"Knowing that you was my old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherless Children that had been wronged by a Neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to Custom; and you know he used to take great Delight in it. From that Time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made Love to the forty last Years of his Life; but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. He has bequeathed

to this Lady, as a Token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother; He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frize Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take Leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining Part of our Days. He has bequeathed a great Deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Money to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some Time ago, that if he lived two Years longer *Coverley* Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every Body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried, according to his own Directions, among the Family of the *Coverleys,* on the left Hand of his Father, Sir Arthur. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum:* The whole Parish followed the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning-Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-hoods. Captain *Sentry,* my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and shews great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It wou'd have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire.* This being all from,

Honoured Sir,

Your most sorrowful Servant,

Edward Biscuit.

P. S. My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport,* in his Name."

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of Writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the Reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in Particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger's* own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last Time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew,* who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the Sight of the Old Man's Handwriting burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circúm
Caligat, nubem eripiam.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in

the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimiters in their hands, who ran to and fro from the bridge, thrusting several

persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among those several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

PARTY PATCHES

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris
Horruit in maculas.

About the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theater in the Haymarket, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of

battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were Patched differently; the faces, on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left: I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon enquiry I found, that the body of Amazons on my right hand were whigs, and those on my left, tories: and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whoes faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the whig or tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonored, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the Patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favor. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not Patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honor who Patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which sides she pleases.

I must here take notice that Rosalinda, a famous whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colors, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry; or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

> — She swells with angry pride,
> And calls forth all her spots on ev'ry side.

When I was in the theater the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the Patches on both sides, and found the tory Patches to be about twenty stronger than the whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-shew filled with faces spotted after the whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of Party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavored to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of

those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbad them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavor to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under the public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favor of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honor of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; 'And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'

DETRACTION AMONG POETS

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.

There is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets, than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame, than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it, to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavor to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional luster from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca and Ovid,

we know that Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world; but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candor and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works!

> But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
> Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise:
> Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
> Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
> Of eastern Kings, who to secure their reign
> Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem, I mean *The Art of Criticism,* which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's *Art of Poetry,* without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's *Art of Poetry,* he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those critics who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflections has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses.

> These EQUAL SYLLABLES alone require,
> Though oft the ear the OPEN VOWELS tire,
> While EXPLETIVES their feeble aid DO join,
> And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view.

> A NEEDLESS ALEXANDRINE ends the song,
> That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along

And afterwards,

> 'T 'is not enough no harshness gives offense,
> The SOUND must seem an ECHO to the SENSE.
> SOFT is the strain when ZEPHIR gently blows,
> And the SMOOTH STREAM in SMOOTHER NUMBERS flows;
> But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
> The HOARSE, ROUGH VERSE should like the TORRENT roar.

When AJAX strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too LABORS, and the words move SLOW
Not so, when swift CAMILLA scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

The beautiful distich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines, puts me in mind of a description in Homer's *Odyssey*. * * * It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice, that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a masterpiece in its kind; the *Essay on Translated Verse*, the *Essay on the Art of Poetry*, and the *Essay upon Criticism*.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulaeque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia—.

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another, the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε. Hom.
Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque. Virg.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediately closed up and lost. Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh moldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old-age, weakness and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offense: Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the Monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

HOMER AND MILTON

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.

There is nothing in nature so irksome as general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall waive the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether Milton's "Paradise Lost" may be called an heroic poem. Those who will not give it that title, may call it (if they please) a divine poem. It will be sufficient to its perfection, if it have in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who allege it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it than if they should say Adam is not Æneas, nor Eve Helen.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it fall short of the "Iliad" or "Æneid," in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but one action; secondly, it should be an entire action; and, thirdly, it should be a great action. To consider the action of the "Iliad," "Æneid," and "Paradise Lost," in these three several lights: Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed. Had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have

been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of everything material which relates to them, and had passed before that fatal dissension. After the same manner Æneas makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of Italy, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the "Æneid," the contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though for preserving this unity of action they follow them in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his "Paradise Lost" with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, which preceded in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world (which would have entirely destroyed the unity of the principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened), he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critic and philosopher endeavors to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion that the "Æneid" also labors in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which we have now under our consideration hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the origin of the Roman Empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth, Milton, with the like art in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in "The Spanish Friar," or "The Double Discovery," where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem is that it should be an entire action. An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and Æneas's settlement in Italy carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it, both by sea and land. The action in Milton excels (I think) both the former in this particular: we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy produced the Cæsars and gave birth to the Roman Empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every-

thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say that the book of games in the "Æneid," or that in the "Iliad," are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of the top, and many other of the same kind in the "Iliad," as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of "Paradise Lost," and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan system.

But Aristotle, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration, or, in other words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following similitude: An animal no bigger than a mite cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if, on the contrary, you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shown their principal art in this particular; the action of the "Iliad" and that of the "Æneid" were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books, as in the best-invented story I ever met with. It is possible that the traditions on which the "Iliad" and "Æneid" were built had more circumstances in them than the history of the fall of man, as it is related in Scripture. Besides, it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in everything that he added out of his own invention. And indeed, notwithstanding all the restraint he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offense to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the "Iliad" and "Æneid" the space of time which is taken up by the action of each of those poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

LATER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BRITISH ESSAYISTS

The middle and later years of the eighteenth century were marked by a revival of the periodical essay of the *Spectator* type and by further contributions to various types of the essay in the work of such representative essayists as Henry Fielding, Lord Chesterfield, David Hume, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and Edmund Burke.

Henry Fielding was born of good parentage near Glastonbury; was educated privately and at Eton; after a love affair with a young heiress, went to Leyden to study law, but returned to England on his allowance being cut off; went to London and made his way as a writer of comedies and light farces; after dissipating the fortune which his marriage brought him in 1735, managed a small theatre in London and put on some successful plays, contributed to *The Champion* (1739-41), studied law, and was called to the bar in 1740; published his first novel (*Joseph Andrews,* 1742), which was suggested by Richardson's *Pamela* (1740); spent the next few years in the writing of his *Miscellanies* (1743), the conduct of two party papers, and the faithful performance of his duties as a magistrate; won his greatest fame with his novel, *The History of Tom Jones* (1749); after publishing another novel (*Amelia,* 1751) and contributing to the *Covent-Garden Journal* (1752), was forced by ill-health to journey to Lisbon, where he died and was buried.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, eldest son of the third Earl of Chesterfield, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; sat in the House of Commons till his accession to the peerage in 1726 as the fourth Earl of Chesterfield; filled several high positions of public trust, including the ambassadorship to Holland and the offices of Secretary of State and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; was enabled, through his rank and the positions which he filled, to become acquainted with the most distinguished men of his time and to display by example his own ideal of conduct and manners which are so fully detailed in the famous *Letters to his Son* (1774).

David Hume was born and educated in Edinburgh, being intended for the law; having no liking for any other pursuit than literature, in which he had a life-long ambition to excel, went to France in 1734, where he spent three years in study on a small allowance from his father; published his first and greatest work, the *Treatise on Human Nature,* in 1739 but was keenly disappointed in its slight reception; after publishing his *Essays, Moral and Philosophical* (1742), was appointed to a position which took him to Austria and Italy; published three more works between 1748 and 1752, including his famous "Essay on Miracles," which caused a great controversy; in 1752 was appointed Keeper of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, where he wrote his *History of England* (pub. 1754-62), as well as his *Four Dissertations* (1757); in 1763 went to Paris, acting for a short while as Chargé d'Affaires, meeting the brilliant personages of Paris, and forming a friendship with Rousseau; after holding another government position and being granted a pension, retired in 1769 to Edinburgh, with an ample income and enjoying for the rest of his life the recognized leadership of the intellectual society of that city. He was highly original, both as historian and philosopher, profoundly influenced European thought in his own and succeeding times, and became recognized as the greatest English philosopher of his century.

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield, the son of a bookseller; after an early education in Lichfield, went to Oxford in 1728 but left without his degree because of poverty; was an usher in a school and a hack-writer in Birmingham; started an academy without success, having only three boys, including David Garrick; in 1737 went to London, accompanied by Garrick; spent the next twenty years in a hard struggle with poverty, borne with great courage, producing a good deal of hack-work, making many contributions to periodicals, notably his essays in the *Rambler* (1750-2), which he conducted, and the "Idler" series (1758-60), publishing his *Life of Savage* (1744) and his drama *Irene* (1749), and completing his *Dictionary* (begun in 1747, published in 1755), for which he was awarded an M.A. from Oxford; was rewarded with a turn in the tide of his fortunes from the publication of his most popular book (*Rasselas,* 1759); was granted a pension in 1762 and spent the remainder of his years in comparative comfort; founded his famous "literary club" about 1763 and met his future biographer, James Boswell, in that year; from 1764 spent much of his time as a guest of the Thrales; published his edition of Shakespeare in 1765 and his greatest work, *The Lives of the Poets,* in 1779-81 (10 vols.). His last years were darkened by the loss

of his friends Goldsmith and Thrale and by his estrangement from Mrs. Thrale. But he died enjoying the undisputed dictatorship of literary London, the recipient of the LL.D. degree from Oxford and Dublin, and the object of genuine admiration for his qualities as a man, as attested by his burial in Westminster Abbey, the dedication of a monument to him in St. Paul's, and the erection of statues of him in Lichfield and Uttoxeter.

Oliver Goldsmith, the son of a clergyman, was born in Ireland; after receiving an early education at various schools, went in 1744 to Trinity College, Dublin, whence he ran away but returned to graduate in 1749; failing to pass an examination for the Church, tried tutoring but squandered his savings; got no further than Dublin on the money provided for a law education in London; went to Edinburgh in 1752 to study medicine, whence, after idling away two years, he went to Leyden; in 1755 went on a walking tour through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, keeping himself, so he said, by disputing at universities and playing the flute; returning to London in 1756 almost penniless, tried his hand at various things till he at last found his career as a man of letters in the publication of his *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* and his collection of essays in *The Bee* (both 1759); began his friendship with Johnson in 1761, leading to that with the other great men of the Johnson circle, including Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick; from this time on produced successes in various fields, including his *Chinese Letters* (1760-1), his poem *The Deserted Village* (1770), his novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), and his dramas *The Good-Natured Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773). His death in 1774, brought about by overwork and anxiety, was as sincerely mourned, by great and small, as that of any English man of letters, since his faults of vanity and imprudence were overshadowed by his humanity, his humor, and his boundless kindness.

Edmund Burke was born at Dublin; graduated at Trinity College in 1748; in 1750 began to study law at the Middle Temple but showed more interest in literature, as evidenced by his first important publication, the treatise *On the Sublime and Beautiful* (1756); after serving as private secretary for three years in Ireland, entered Parliament in 1765 to begin his brilliant career as orator and political philosopher; became interested particularly in the controversy with the American Colonies, signalized by his noteworthy *Speech on Conciliation with America* (1775), and in the improvement of Indian government, marked by his successful conduct of the trial of Warren Hastings (1787-94); was profoundly moved by the French Revolution and electrified Europe with his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790); suffered in the loss of his much-loved son in 1794 a blow from which he never recovered, refusing a peerage because he could no longer transmit it. But, though his hope and vigor had abated, he died fighting to the last for those principles of government which he had always held dear.

HENRY FIELDING (1707–1754)

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

* * * As conversation is a branch of society, it follows that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now, society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in animals who are entirely guided by nature that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and, unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If, therefore, there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensue the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend, the author of "An Inquiry into Happiness") that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions or extravagant births.

Again, if society require that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institutions; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social is to render it inoffensive; an instance of which is to be seen in those the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that, in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go further and propose some positive good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes, not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt, but positively our receiving some good, some pleasure or advantage from each other in it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honorable poet —

> "Give us our wildness and our woods,
> Our huts and caves again."

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives to all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent author of "An Inquiry," etc., I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is may be, with some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a tailor, or a periwig maker; no, nor even by the dancing master himself. According to the idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have above enumerated. In short, by good breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense) I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend, therefore, no longer on this head; for, whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good breeding then, or the art of pleasing in conversation, is expressed two different ways, *viz.*, in our actions and our words, and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in Scripture: do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. Indeed, concise as this rule is and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics but comments upon it? And whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly what they would have done unto them, or, at least, what it would be their interest to have done.

If, therefore, men, through weakness or inattention, often err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good breeding which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to do unto men what you would they (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) should do unto you; and, as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so it is particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see, then, a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even good nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former that it hath been called, and with the appearance at least of propriety, artificial good nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shows the truth of those lines in Horace: —

"Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam."

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we show the deviations from those rules which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary with the utmost caution to avoid hurting or giving any offense to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion when, speaking of the second Tarquin, he says: *in omnes superbia* (*quæ crudelitate gravior est bonis*) *grassatus*. He trod on all with insolence, which sits heavier on men of great minds than cruelty itself. If there is any temper in man which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quick-sightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species which inflates the cheeks, erects the head, and stiffens the gait of those strutting animals who sometimes stalk in assemblies for no other reason but to show in their gesture and behavior the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than this puppet, yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murderous weapon, and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man when attacked by it, that in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it, but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bow, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offenses given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good breeding be what we have endeavored to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how opposite to it, must such a behavior be! and can any man call a duke or a duchess who wears it well bred? Or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the reverse. See the Earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescending; himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive—we must be profitable servants to each other; we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My Lord Shaftesbury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, "My Lord," is sure not to offend, even though there be no lord there, but, on the contrary, should plain "Sir" fly in the face of a nobleman, what must be the consequence? And, indeed, whoever considers the bustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labors undertaken, and sometimes the prices given, for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labor of their whole lives well employed in procuring? We are therefore to adapt our behavior to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE
(*Earl of Chesterfield*), (1694-1773)

ATTENTIONS TO LADIES

* * * Women, in a great degree, establish or destroy every man's reputation of good breeding; you must, therefore, in a manner, overwhelm them with the attentions of which I have spoken; they are used to them, they expect them; and, to do them justice, they commonly requite them. You must be sedulous, and rather over officious than under, in procuring them their coaches, their chairs, their conveniences in public places; not see what you should not see; and rather assist, where you cannot help seeing. Opportunities of showing these attentions present themselves perpetually; but if they do not, make them. As Ovid advises his lover, when he sits in the circus near his mistress, to wipe the dust off her neck, even if there be none. *Si nullus, tamen excute nullum.* Your conversation with women should always be respectful; but at the same time, *enjoué*, and always addressed to their vanity. Everything you say or do should convince them of the regard you have (whether you have it or not) for their beauty, their wit, or their merit. Men have possibly as much vanity as women, though of another kind; and both art and good breeding require that, instead of mortifying, you should please and flatter it, by words and looks of approbation. Suppose (which is by no means improbable) that at your return to England, I should place you near the person of some one of the royal family; in that situation good breeding, engaging address, adorned with all the graces that dwell at courts, would very probably make you a favorite, and, from a favorite, a minister: but all the knowledge and learning in the world, without them, never would. The penetration of princes seldom goes deeper than the surface. It is the exterior that always engages their hearts; and I would never advise you to give yourself much trouble about their understandings. Princes in general (I mean those *Porphyrogenets* who are born and bred in purple) are about the pitch of women; bred up like them, and are to be addressed and gained in the same manner. They always see, they seldom weigh. Your lustre, not your solidity, must take them; your inside will afterwards support and secure what your outside has acquired. With weak people (and they undoubtedly are three parts in four of mankind) good breeding, address, and manners are everything; they can go no deeper: but let me assure you, that they are a great deal, even with people of the best understandings. Where the eyes are not pleased, and the heart is not flattered, the mind will be apt to stand out. Be this right or wrong, I confess, I am so made myself. Awkwardness and ill breeding shock me, to that degree, that where I meet with them, I cannot find in my heart to inquire into the intrinsic merit of that person; I hastily decide in myself, that he can have none; and am not sure, I should not even be sorry to know that he had any. I often paint you in my imagination, in your present *lotananza;* and, while I view you in the light of ancient and modern learning, uesful and ornamental knowledge, I am charmed with the prospect; but when I view you in another light, and represent you awkward, ungraceful, ill bred, with vulgar air and manners, shambling towards me with inattention and distractions, I shall not pretend to describe to you what I feel, but will do as a skillful painter did formerly, draw a veil before the countenance of the father.

I dare say you know already enough of architecture to know that the Tuscan is the strongest and most solid of all the orders; but, at the same time, it is the coarsest and clumsiest of them. Its solidity does extremely well for the foundation and base floor of a great edifice; but, if the whole building be Tuscan, it will attract no eyes, it will stop no passengers, it will invite no interior examination; people will take it for granted that the finishing and furnishing cannot be worth seeing, where the front is so unadorned and clumsy. But if, upon the solid Tuscan foundation, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders rise gradually with all their beauty, proportions, and ornaments, the fabric seizes the most incurious eye, and stops the most careless passenger, who solicits admission as a favor, nay, often purchases it. Just so will it fare with your little fabric, which at present I fear has more of the Tuscan than of the Corinthian order. You must absolutely change the whole front, or nobody will knock at the door. The several parts which must compose this new front are elegant, easy, natural, superior good

breeding; an engaging address; genteel motions; an insinuating softness in your looks, words, and actions; a spruce, lively air, and fashionable dress; and all the glitter that a young fellow should have. * * *

DAVID HUME (1711–1776)

OF THE DIGNITY OR MEANNESS OF HUMAN NATURE

There are certain sects which secretly form themselves in the learned world as well as factions in the political; and though sometimes they come not to an open rupture, they give a different turn to the ways of thinking of those who have taken part on either side. The most remarkable of this kind are the sects founded on the different sentiments with regard to the dignity of human nature; which is a point that seems to have divided philosophers and poets as well as divines from the beginning of the world to this day. Some exalt our species to the skies, and represent man as a kind of human demigod, who derives his origin from heaven, and retains evident marks of his lineage and descent. Others insist upon the blind sides of human nature, and can discover nothing, except vanity, in which man surpasses the other animals, whom he affects so much to despise. If an author possesses the talent of rhetoric and declamation, he commonly takes part with the former; if his turn lie towards irony and ridicule, he naturally throws himself into the other extreme.

I am far from thinking that all those who have depreciated our species have been enemies to virtue, and have exposed the frailties of their fellow-creatures with any bad intention. On the contrary, I am sensible that a delicate sense of morals, especially when attended with a splenetic temper, is apt to give a man a disgust of the world, and to make him consider the common course of human affairs with too much indignation. I must, however, be of opinion that the sentiments of those who are inclined to think favorably of mankind are more advantageous to virtue than the contrary principles, which give us a mean opinion of our nature. When a man is prepossessed with a high notion of his rank and character in the creation, he will naturally endeavor to act up to it, and will scorn to do a base or vicious action, which might sink him below that figure which he makes in his own imagination. Accordingly we find that all our polite and fashionable moralists insist upon this topic, and endeavor to represent vice as unworthy of man, as well as odious in itself.

We find few disputes that are not founded on some ambiguity in the expression; and I am persuaded that the present dispute, concerning the dignity or meanness of human nature, is not more exempt from it than any other. It may, therefore, be worth while to consider what is real and what is only verbal in this controversy.

That there is a natural difference between merit and demerit, virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, no reasonable man will deny; yet it is evident that in affixing the term, which denotes either our approbation or blame, we are commonly more influenced by comparison than by any fixed unalterable standard in the nature of things. In like manner, quantity and extension and bulk are by every one acknowledged to be real things; but when we call any animal great or little, we always form a secret comparison between that animal and others of the same species; and it is that comparison which regulates our judgment concerning its greatness. A dog and a horse may be of the very same size, while the one is admired for the greatness of its bulk and the other for the smallness. When I am present, therefore, at any dispute, I always consider with myself whether it be a question of comparison or not that is the subject of the controversy; and if it be, whether the disputants compare the same objects together, or talk of things that are widely different.

In forming our notions of human nature, we are apt to make a comparison between men and animals, the only creatures endowed with thought that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is favorable to mankind. On the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds, either of place or time; who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin, at least, the history of the human race; casts his eye forward to see the influence of his action upon posterity, and

the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence; a creature, who traces causes and effects to a great length and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries; corrects his mistakes; and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without foresight; blindly conducted by instinct, and attaining, in a short time, its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a wide difference is there between these creatures! And how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison to the latter.

There are two means commonly employed to destroy this conclusion: 1. By making an unfair representation of the case, and insisting only upon the weaknesses of human nature. And, 2. By forming a new and secret comparison between man and beings of the most perfect wisdom. Among the other excellencies of man, this is one, that he can form an idea of perfection much beyond what he has experience of in himself; and is not limited in his conception of wisdom and virtue. He can easily exalt his notions, and conceive a degree of knowledge, which, when compared to his own, will make the latter appear very contemptible, and will cause the difference between that and the sagacity of animals, in a manner, to disappear and vanish. Now this being a point, in which all the world is agreed, that human understanding falls infinitely short of perfect wisdom, it is proper we should know when this comparison takes place, that we may not dispute where there is no real difference in our sentiments. Man falls much more short of perfect wisdom, and even of his own ideas of perfect wisdom, than animals do of man; yet the latter difference is so considerable, that nothing but a comparison with the former can make it appear of little moment.

It is also usual to compare one man with another; and finding very few whom we can call wise or virtuous, we are apt to entertain a contemptible notion of our species in general. That we may be sensible of the fallacy of this way of reasoning, we may observe that the honorable appellations of wise and virtuous are not annexed to any particular degree of those qualities of wisdom and virtue, but arise altogether from the comparison we make between one man and another. When we find a man, who arrives at such a pitch of wisdom as is very uncommon, we pronounce him a wise man: so that to say there are few wise men in the world is really to say nothing, since it is only by their scarcity that they merit that appellation. Were the lowest of our species as wise as Tully, or Lord Bacon, we should still have reason to say that there are few wise men. For in that case we should exalt our notions of wisdom, and should not pay a singular honor to any one, who was not singularly distinguished by his talents. In like manner, I have heard it observed by thoughtless people, that there are few women possessed of beauty in comparison of those who want it, not considering that we bestow the epithet of "beautiful" only on such as possess a degree of beauty that is common to them with few. The same degree of beauty in a woman is called deformity, which is treated as real beauty in one of our sex.

As it is usual, in forming a notion of our species, to compare it with the other species above or below it, or to compare the individuals of the species among themselves, so we often compare together the different motives or actuating principles of human nature, in order to regulate our judgment concerning it. And, indeed, this is the only kind of comparison which is worth our attention, or decides anything in the present question. Were our selfish and vicious principles so much predominant above our social and virtuous, as is asserted by some philosophers, we ought undoubtedly to entertain a contemptible notion of human nature.

There is much of a dispute of words in all this controversy. When a man denies the sincerity of all public spirit or affection to a country and community, I am at a loss what to think of him. Perhaps he never felt this passion in so clear and distinct a manner as to remove all his doubts concerning its force and reality. But when he proceeds afterwards to reject all private friendship, if no interest or self-love intermix itself, I am then confident that he abuses terms, and confounds the ideas of things; since it is impossible for any one

to be so selfish, or rather so stupid, as to make no difference between one man and another, and give no preference to qualities which engage his approbation and esteem. Is he also, say I, as insensible to anger as he pretends to be to friendship? And does injury and wrong no more affect him than kindness or benefits? Impossible. He does not know himself. He has forgotten the movements of his heart; or, rather, he makes use of a different language from the rest of his countrymen, and calls not things by their proper names. "What say you of natural affection?" I subjoin. "Is that also a species of self-love?" "Yes; all is self-love. Your children are loved only because they are yours. Your friend for a like reason. And your country engages you only so far as it has a connection with yourself. Were the idea of self removed, nothing would affect you. You would be altogether inactive and insensible. Or if you ever give yourself any movement, it would only be from vanity, and a desire of fame and reputation to this same self." "I am willing," reply I, "to receive your interpretation of human actions, provided you admit the facts. That species of self-love, which displays itself in kindness to others, you must allow to have great influence over human actions, and even greater, on many occasions, than that which remains in its original shape and form. For how few are there, who, having a family, children, and relations, do not spend more on the maintenance and education of these than on their own pleasures? This, indeed, you justly observe, may proceed from their self-love, since the prosperity of their family and friends is one, or the chief, of their pleasures, as well as their chief honor. Be you also one of these selfish men, and you are sure of every one's good opinion and goodwill; or, not to shock your ears with these expressions, the self-love of every one, and mine among the rest, will then incline us to serve you and speak well of you."

In my opinion, there are two things which have led astray those philosophers that have insisted so much on the selfishness of man. 1. They found that every act of virtue or friendship was attended with a secret pleasure; whence they concluded that friendship and virtue could not be disinterested. But the fallacy of this is obvious. The virtuous sentiment or passion produces the pleasure, and does not arise from it. I feel a pleasure in doing good to my friend, because I love him; but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure.

2. It has always been found that the virtuous are far from being indifferent to praise; and therefore they have been represented as a set of vainglorious men, who had nothing in view but the applause of others. But this also is a fallacy. It is very unjust in the world, when they find any tincture of vanity in a laudable action to depreciate it upon that account, or ascribe it entirely to that motive. The case is not the same with vanity as with other passions. Where avarice or revenge enters into any seemingly virtuous action, it is difficult for us to determine how far it enters, and it is natural to suppose it the sole actuating principle. But vanity is so closely allied to virtue, and to love the fame of laudable actions approaches so near the love of laudable actions for their own sake, that these passions are more capable of mixture than any other kinds of affection; and it is almost impossible to have the latter without some degree of the former. Accordingly, we find that this passion for glory is always warped and varied according to the particular taste or disposition of the mind on which it falls. Nero had the same vanity in driving a chariot that Trajan had in governing the empire with justice and ability. To love the glory of virtuous deeds is a sure proof of the love of virtue.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–1784)

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET

Οσσαν ἐπ' Οὐλύμτῳ μέμασαν θέμεν αὐτὰρ ἐπ' Ὄσσῃ
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἵν' οὐρανὸς ἀμβατὸς εἴη.
—*Homer.*

The gods they challenge, and affect the skies:
Heaved on Olympus, tottering Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood.
—*Pope.*

To the Rambler

Sir:—

Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what

they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation, and has never hardened his front in public life, or accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven, by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradictions the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silkworm's thread; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the public the theory of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must engage them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, as is scarcely to be found in any single intellect; or perhaps others foresaw the tumults which would be raised against them, and confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the professors of literature generally reside in the highest stories has been immemorially observed. The wisdom of the Ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation; why else were the Muses stationed on Olympus, or Parnassus, by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of Tempe, or erected their altars among the flexures of Meander? Why was Jove himself nursed upon a mountain or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of Ida? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the early ages endeavored to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of Pythagoras, ἀνεμῶν πνεόντων τὴν ἠχὼ προσκύνει: "when the wind blows, worship its echo." This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly obliterated in the age of Augustus, for Tibullus evidently congratulates himself upon his garret, not without some allusion to the Pythagorean precept:—

Quem juvat immites ventos audire cubantem—
Aut, gelidas hybernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing showers!

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of Lucretius, an early writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learning, and of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him:—

Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.

———'Tis sweet thy laboring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
And all the magazines of learning fortified:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.
—*Dryden.*

The institution has, indeed, continued to our own time; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established:—

Causa latet: res est notissima.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
—*Addison.*

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without much satisfaction to the judi-

cious inquirer. Some have imagined that the garret is generally chosen by the wits as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aërial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferatians. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge, and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusement; and some, yet more visionary, tell us that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniences may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated invariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of a universal practice, there must still be presumed a universal cause, which, however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered by a long series of observations that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapors, and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth accelerates the fancy and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dullness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favorable to his intellects, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may perhaps reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gayety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer than that he who towers to the fifth story is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground floor. The nations between the tropics are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful, because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and, therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our languor by taking a few turns round the centre in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air motion and effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory,

and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigor of understanding till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue blockheads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let not any man be considered as unimprovable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Aretæus was rational in no other place but in his own shop.

I think a frequent removal to various distances from the centre, so necessary to a just estimate of intellectual abilities, and consequently of so great use in education, that if I hoped that the public could be persuaded to so expensive an experiment, I would propose that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which Bacon describes in Solomon's house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments or constitutions. Perhaps some that fume away in meditations upon time and space in the tower might compose tables of interest at a certain depth; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might at the height of half a mile ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes that we may find the heart of Virgil's climate in some lines of his "Georgics": so when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly sally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock loft.

HYPERTATUS.

OMAR, THE SON OF HASSAN

Omar, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive caliphs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the caliph the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit and loved his docility. Tell me, said Caled, thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which you have gained power and preserved it are to you no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of your conduct, and teach me the plan upon which your wisdom has built your fortune.

Young man, said Omar, it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head: — Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining: ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images which I shall be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself. I will, however, not deviate too far from the beaten track of life, but will try what can be found in

female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase and fancy invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my last days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge; and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of traveling; for why should I go abroad while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the caliph. I was heard with attention, I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relations of travelers, and resolved some time to ask my dismission that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

In my fiftieth year I began to suspect that the time of traveling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of gazing upon girls. I had now nothing left but retirement, and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial fecility, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad.

THE LIFE OF ADDISON

* * * He [Addison] was in Ireland when Steele, without any communication of his design, began the publication of *The Tatler;* but he was not long concealed; by inserting a remark on Virgil which Addison had given him he discovered himself. It is, indeed, not easy for any man to write upon literature or common life so as not to make himself known to those with whom he familiarly converses, and who are acquainted with his track of study, his favorite topic, his peculiar notions, and his habitual phrases.

If Steele desired to write in secret, he was not lucky; a single month detected him. His first *Tatler* was published April 22 (1709); and Addison's contribution appeared May 26. Tickell observes that *The Tatler* began and was concluded without his concurrence. This is doubtless literally true; but the work did not suffer much by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation; for he continued his assistance to December 23, and the paper stopped on January 2, 1710-11. He did not distinguish his pieces by any signature; and I know not whether his name was not kept secret till the papers were collected into volumes.

To *The Tatler,* in about two months, succeeded *The Spectator:* a series of essays of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. Such an undertaking showed the writers not to distrust their own copiousness of materials or facility of composition, and their performance justified their confidence. They found, however, in their progress many auxiliaries. To attempt a single paper was no terri-

fying labor; many pieces were offered, and many were received.

Addison had enough of the zeal of party; but Steele had at that time almost nothing else. *The Spectator,* in one of the first papers, showed the political tenets of its authors; but a resolution was soon taken of courting general approbation by general topics, and subjects on which faction had produced no diversity of sentiments; such as literature, morality, and familiar life. To this practice they adhered with few deviations. The ardor of Steele once broke out in praise of Marlborough; and when Dr. Fleetwood prefixed to some sermons a preface overflowing with whiggish opinions, that it might be read by the Queen, it was reprinted in *The Spectator.*

To teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities, which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation, was first attempted by Casa in his book of *Manners,* and Catiglione in his *Courtier;* two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because they have effected that reformation which their authors intended, and their precepts now are no longer wanted. Their usefulness to the age in which they were written is sufficiently attested by the translations which almost all the nations of Europe were in haste to obtain.

This species of instruction was continued, and perhaps advanced, by the French; among whom La Bruyère's *Manners of the Age* (though, as Boileau remarked, it is written without connection) certainly deserves great praise for liveliness of description and justness of observation.

Before *The Tatler* and *Spectator,* if the writers for the theater are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to show when to speak, or to be silent; how to refuse, or how to comply. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics; but an *arbiter elegantiarum,* a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which tease the passer, though they do not wound him. For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read, not as study, but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise likewise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience. This mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the civil war, when it was much the interest of either party to raise and fix the prejudices of the people. At that time appeared *Mercurius Aulicus, Mercurius Rusticus, and Mercurius Civicus.* It is said that when any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend. The tumult of those unhappy days left scarcely any man leisure to treasure up occasional compositions; and so much were they neglected that a complete collection is nowhere to be found.

These Mercuries were succeeded by L'Estrange's *Observator;* and that by Lesley's *Rehearsal,* and perhaps by others; but hitherto nothing had been conveyed to the people, in this commodious manner, but controversy relating to the church or state; of which they taught many to talk, whom they could not teach to judge.

It has been suggested that the Royal Society was instituted soon after the Restoration to divert the attention of the people from public discontent. *The Tatler* and *Spectator* had the same tendency; they were published at a time when two parties — loud, restless, and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct termination of its views — were agitating the nation; to minds heated with political contest they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections; and it is said by Addison, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency — an effect which they can never wholly lose while they continue to be among the first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegances of knowledge.

The Tatler and *Spectator* adjusted, like Casa, the unsettled practice of daily in-

tercourse by propriety and politeness; and, like La Bruyère, exhibited the characters and manners of the age. The personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal; they were then known, and conspicuous in various stations. Of *The Tatler* that is told by Steele in his last paper; and of *The Spectator* by Budgell in the preface to *Theophrastus,* a book which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it. Of those portraits which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished, and sometimes aggravated, the originals are now partly known, and partly forgotten. But to say that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a small part of their due praise; they superadded literature and criticism, and sometimes towered far above their predecessors; and taught, with great justness of argument and dignity of language, the most important duties and sublime truths. All these topics were happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, and illuminated with different changes of style and felicities of invention.

It is recorded by Budgell, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in *The Spectator,* the favorite of Addison was Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminated idea, which he would not suffer to be violated; and therefore when Steele had shown him innocently picking up a girl in the temple, and taking her to a tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indigation that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come.

The reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el,* made Addison declare, with undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir Roger; being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that any other hand would do him wrong.

It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up his original delineation. He describes his knight as having his imagination somewhat warped; but of this perversion he has made very little use. The irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates. The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapors of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design.

To Sir Roger, who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the moneyed interest, and a whig. Of this contrariety of opinions, it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from the club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he 'would not build an hospital for idle people'; but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds, not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen — for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness.

Of essays thus elegant, thus instructive, and thus commodiously distributed, it is natural to suppose the approbation general, and the sale numerous. I once heard it observed that the sale may be calculated by the product of the tax, related in the last number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and there fore stated at one-and-twenty pounds, or three pounds ten shillings a day: this, at a halfpenny a paper, will give sixteen hundred and eighty for the daily number. This sale is not great; yet this, if Swift be credited, was likely to grow less; for he declares that *The Spectator,* whom he ridicules for his endless mention of the *fair sex,* had before his recess wearied his readers.

The next year (1713), in which *Cato* come upon the stage, was the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation. Upon the death of Cato he had, as is said, planned a tragedy in the time of his travels, and had for several years the

four first acts finished, which were shown to such as were likely to spread their admiration. They were seen by Pope and by Cibber, who relates that Steele, when he took back the copy, told him, in the despicable cant of literary modesty, that, whatever spirit his friend had shown in the composition, he doubted whether he would have courage sufficient to expose it to the censure of a British audience. The time, however, was now come when those who affected to think liberty in danger affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it; and Addison was importuned, in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain, to show his courage and his zeal by finishing his design.

To resume his work he seemed perversely and unaccountably unwilling; and by a request, which perhaps he wished to be denied, desired Mr. Hughes to add a fifth act. Hughes supposed him serious; and, undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination; but he had in the meantime gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards completed, but with brevity irregularly disproportionate to the foregoing parts, like a task performed with reluctance and hurried to its conclusion.

It may yet be doubted whether *Cato* was made public by any change of the author's purpose; for Dennis charged him with raising prejudices in his own favor by false positions of preparatory criticism, and with 'poisoning the town' by contradicting in *The Spectator* the established rule of poetical justice, because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant. The fact is certain; the motives we must guess.

Addison was, I believe, sufficiently disposed to bar all avenues against all danger. When Pope brought him the prologue, which is properly accommodated to the play, there were these words, 'Britains, arise! be worth like this approved'; meaning nothing more than — Britons, erect and exalt yourselves to the approbation of public virtue. Addison was frighted, lest he should be thought a promoter of insurrection, and the line was liquidated to 'Britons, attend.'

Now 'heavily in clouds came on the day, the great, the important day,' when Addison was to stand the hazard of the theater. That there might, however, be left as little hazard as was possible, on the first night Steele, as himself relates, undertook to pack an audience. 'This,' says Pope, 'had been tried for the first time in favor of *The Distressed Mother;* and was now, with more efficacy, practised for *Cato.*' The danger was soon over. The whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the tories; and the tories echoed every clap, to show that the satire was unfelt. The story of Bolingbroke is well known; he called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. 'The whigs,' says Pope, 'design a second present, when they can accompany it with as good a sentence.'

The play, supported thus by the emulation of factious praise, was acted night after night for a longer time than, I believe, the public had allowed to any drama before; and the author, as Mrs. Porter long afterwards related, wandered through the whole exhibition behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude. When it was printed, notice was given that the Queen would be pleased if it was dedicated to her; 'but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged,' says Tickell, 'by his duty on the one hand, and his honor on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication.'

Human happiness has always its abatements; the brightest sunshine of success is not without a cloud. No sooner was *Cato* offered to the reader than it was attacked by the acute malignity of Dennis with all the violence of angry criticism. Dennis, though equally zealous, and probably by his temper more furious than Addison, for what they called liberty, and though a flatterer of the Whig Ministry, could not sit quiet at a successful play; but was eager to tell friends and enemies that they had misplaced their admirations. The world was too stubborn for instruction; with the fate of the censurer of Corneille's *Cid,* his animadversions showed his anger without effect, and *Cato* continued to be praised.

Pope had now an opportunity of courting the friendship of Addison by vilify-

ing his old enemy, and could give resentment its full play without appearing to revenge himself. He therefore published *A Narrative of the Madness of John Dennis:* a performance which left the objections to the play in their full force, and therefore discovered more desire of vexing the critic than of defending the poet.

Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and, resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis by Steele that he was sorry for the insult; and that, whenever he should think fit to answer his remarks, he would do it in a manner to which nothing could be objected.

The greatest weakness of the play is in the scenes of love, which are said by Pope to have been added to the original plan upon a subsequent review, in compliance with the popular practice of the stage. Such an authority it is hard to reject; yet the love is so intimately mingled with the whole action that it cannot easily be thought extrinsic and adventitious; for if it were taken away, what would be left? Or how were the four acts filled in the first draft? At the publication the wits seemed proud to pay their attendance with encomiastic verses. The best are from an unknown hand, which will perhaps lose somewhat of their praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys.

Cato had yet other honors. It was censured as a party-play by a scholar of Oxford; and defended in a favorable examination by Dr. Sewel. It was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the Jesuits of St. Omer's into Latin, and played by their pupils. Of this version a copy was sent to Mr. Addison: it is to be wished that it could be found, for the sake of comparing their version of the soliloquy with that of Bland.

A tragedy was written on the same subject by Des Champs, a French poet, which was translated with a criticism on the English play. But the translator and the critic are now forgotten.

Dennis lived on unanswered, and therefore little read. Addison knew the policy of literature too well to make his enemy important by drawing the attention of the public upon a criticism which, though sometimes intemperate, was often irrefragable.

While *Cato* was upon the stage, another daily paper, called *The Guardian,* was published by Steele. To this Addison gave great assistance, whether occasionally or by previous engagement is not known. The character of Guardian was too narrow and too serious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and the decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculations, and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had the Guardian of the Lizards to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with Strada's prolusions? Of this paper nothing is necessary to be said but that it found many contributors, and that it was a continuation of *The Spectator,* with the same elegance and the same variety, till some unlucky sparkle from a tory paper set Steele's politics on fire, and wit at once blazed into faction. He was soon too hot for neutral topics, and quitted *The Guardian* to write *The Englishman.*

The papers of Addison are marked in *The Spectator* by one of the letters in the name of Clio, and in *The Guardian* by a hand; whether it was, as Tickell pretends to think, that he was unwilling to usurp the praise of others, or as Steele, with far greater likelihood, insinuates, that he could not without discontent impart to others any of his own. I have heard that his avidity did not satisfy itself with the air of renown, but that with great eagerness he laid hold on his proportion of the profits.

Many of these papers were written with powers truly comic, with nice discrimination of characters, and accurate observation of natural or accidental deviations from propriety; but it was not supposed that he had tried a comedy on the stage, till Steele after his death declared him the author of *The Drummer.* This, however, Steele did not know to be true by any direct testimony, for when Addison put the play into his hands, he only told him it was the work of a 'gentleman in the company,' and when it was received, as is confessed, with cold disapprobation, he was probably less willing to claim it. Tickell omitted it in his collection; but the testimony of Steele, and the total silence of any other claimant, has determined the public to assign it to

Addison, and it is now printed with his other poetry. Steele carried *The Drummer* to the play-house, and afterwards to the press, and sold the copy for fifty guineas.

To the opinion of Steele may be added the proof supplied by the play itself, of which the characters are such as Addison would have delineated, and the tendency such as Addison would have promoted. That it should have been ill received would raise wonder, did we not daily see the capricious distribution of theatrical praise.

He was not all this time an indifferent spectator of public affairs. He wrote, as different exigencies required (in 1707). *The present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation;* which, however judicious, being written on temporary topics, and exhibiting no peculiar powers, laid hold on no attention, and has naturally sunk by its own weight into neglect. This cannot be said of the few papers entitled *The Whig Examiner,* in which is employed all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire. Of this paper, which just appeared and expired, Swift remarks, with exultation, that 'it is now down among the dead men.' He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed. Every reader of every party, since personal malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for more of the *Whig Examiners;* for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear. His *Trial of Count Tariff,* written to expose the treaty of commerce with France, lived no longer than the question that produced it.

Not long afterwards an attempt was made to revive *The Spectator,* at a time indeed by no means favorable to literature, when the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion; and either the turbulence of the times, or the satiety of the readers, put a stop to the publication after an experiment of eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into an eighth volume, perhaps more valuable than any of those that went before it. Addison produced more than a fourth part; and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. The time that had passed during the suspension of *The Spectator,* though it had not lessened his power of humor, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness: the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former series.

The Spectator, from its re-commencement, was published only three times a week; and no discriminative marks were added to the papers. To Addison, Tickell has ascribed twenty-three. *The Spectator* had many contributors; and Steele, whose negligence kept him always in a hurry, when it was his turn to furnish a paper, called loudly for the letters, of which Addison, whose materials were more, made little use — having recourse to sketches and hints, the product of his former studies, which he now reviewed and completed: among these are named by Tickell the Essays on Wit, those on the Pleasures of the Imagination, and the Criticism on Milton.

When the House of Hanover took possession of the throne, it was reasonable to expect that the zeal of Addison would be suitably rewarded. Before the arrival of King George, he was made secretary to the Regency, and was required by his office to send notice to Hanover that the Queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expression, that the lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, a clerk in the House, and ordered him to despatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary in the common style of business, and valued himself upon having done what was too hard for Addison. He was better qualified for *The Freeholder,* a paper which he published twice a week, from December 23, 1715, to the middle of the next year. This was undertaken in defense of the established Government, sometimes with argument, and sometimes with mirth. In argument he had many equals; but his humor was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be delighted with the Tory Foxhunter. There are, however, some strokes less elegant and less decent; such as the *Pretender's Journal,* in which one topic of ridicule is

his poverty. This mode of abuse had been employed by Milton against King Charles II.

Jacoboei
Centum exulantis viscera marsuppi regis.

And Oldmixon delights to tell of some alderman of London that he had more money than the exiled princes; but that which might be expected from Milton's savageness, or Oldmixon's meanness, was not suitable to the delicacy of Addison.

Steele thought the humor of *The Freeholder* too nice and gentle for such noisy times, and is reported to have said that the ministry made use of a lute, when they should have called for a trumpet.

This year (1716) he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behavior not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. He is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son. 'He formed,' said Tonson, 'the design of getting that lady from the time when he was first recommended into the family.' In what part of his life he obtained the recommendation, or how long, and in what manner he lived in the family, I know not. His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son. Rowe's ballad of *The Despairing Shepherd* is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair; and it is certain that Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.

The year after (1717) he rose to his highest elevation, being made secretary of state. For this employment he might be justly supposed qualified by long practice of business, and by his regular ascent through other offices; but expectation is often disappointed; it is universally confessed that he was unequal to the duties of his place. In the House of Commons he could not speak, and therefore was useless to the defense of the government. 'In the office,' says Pope, 'he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions.' What he gained in rank he lost in credit; and finding by experience his own inability, was forced to solicit his dismission, with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. His friends palliated this relinquishment, of which both friends and enemies knew the true reason, with an account of declining health, and the necessity of recess and quiet. He now returned to his vocation, and began to plan literary occupations for his future life. He purposed a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a story of which, as Tickell remarks, the basis is narrow, and to which I know not how love could have been appended. There would, however, have been no want either of virtue in the sentiments, or elegance in the language. He engaged in a nobler work, a *Defense of the Christian Religion,* of which part was published after his death; and he designed to have made a new poetical version of the Psalms.

These pious compositions Pope imputed to a selfish motive, upon the credit, as he owns, of Tonson; who, having quarreled with Addison, and not loving him, said that when he laid down the secretary's office he intended to take orders and obtain a bishopric; 'for,' said he, 'I always thought him a priest in his heart.'

That Pope should have thought this conjecture of Tonson worth remembrance, is a proof — but indeed, so far as I have found, the only proof — that he retained some malignity from their ancient rivalry. Tonson pretended but to guess it; no other mortal ever suspected it; and Pope might have reflected that a man who had been secretary of state in the ministry of Sunderland knew a nearer way to a bishopric than by defending religion or translating the Psalms.

It is related that he had once a design to make an *English Dictionary,* and that he considered Dr. Tillotson as the writer of highest authority. There was formerly sent to me by Mr. Locker, clerk of the Leathersellers' Company, who was eminent for curiosity and literature, a collection of examples selected from Til-

lotson's works, as Locker said, by Addison. It came too late to be of use, so I inspected it but slightly, and remember it indistinctly. I thought the passages too short. Addison, however, did not conclude his life in peaceful studies, but relapsed, when he was near his end, to a political dispute.

It so happened that (1718-19) a controversy was agitated with great vehemence between those friends of long continuance, Addison and Steele. It may be asked, in the language of Homer, what power or what cause could set them at variance. The subject of their dispute was of great importance. The Earl of Sunderland proposed an act called The Peerage Bill; by which the number of peers should be fixed, and the king restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should be extinct. To this the lords would naturally agree; and the king, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and, as is now well known, almost indifferent to the possessions of the crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The bill, therefore, was eagerly opposed, and, among others by Sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published.

The lords might think their dignity diminished by improper advancements, and particularly by the introduction of twelve new peers at once, to produce a majority of tories in the last reign: an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right with which some time afterwards, by the instigation of whiggism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven. But, whatever might be the disposition of the lords, the people had no wish to increase their power. The tendency of the bill, as Steele observed in a letter to the Earl of Oxford, was to introduce an aristocracy; for a majority in the House of Lords, so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible.

To prevent this subversion of the ancient establishment, Steele, whose pen readily seconded his political passions, endeavored to alarm the nation by a pamphlet called *The Plebeian.* To this an answer was published by Addison, under the title of *The Old Whig,* in which it is not discovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the commons. Steele replied by a second *Plebeian;* and, whether by ignorance or by courtesy, confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Nothing hitherto was committed against the laws of friendship or proprieties of decency; but controvertists cannot long retain their kindness for each other. *The Old Whig* answered *The Plebeian,* and could not forbear some contempt of 'little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets.' Dicky, however, did not lose his settled veneration for his friend, but contented himself with quoting some lines of *Cato,* which were at once detection and reproof. The bill was laid aside during that session, and Addison died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected by two hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and seventy-seven.

Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was *bellum plusquam civile,* as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates? But among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship. Of this dispute I have little knowledge but from the *Biographia Britannica. The Old Whig* is not inserted in Addison's works; nor is it mentioned by Tickell in his *Life;* why it was omitted, the biographers doubtless give the true reason: the fact was too recent, and those who had been heated in the contention were not yet cool.

The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records; but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and when it might be told, it is no longer known. The delicate features of the mind, the nice discriminations of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated; and it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolic, and folly, how-

ever they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that, by wanton merriment and unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother, or a friend. As the process of these narratives is now bringing me among my contemporaries, I begin to feel myself 'walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished,' and coming to the time of which it will be proper rather to say 'nothing that is false, than all that is true.'

The end of this useful life was now approaching. Addison had for some time been oppressed by shortness of breath, which was now aggravated by a dropsy; and, finding his danger pressing, he prepared to die conformably to his own precepts and professions. During this lingering decay, he sent, as Pope relates, a message by the Earl of Warwick to Mr. Gay, desiring to see him. Gay, who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons, and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview had been solicited was then discovered. Addison told him that he had injured him; but that, if he recovered, he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain, nor did Gay ever know; but supposed that some preferment designed for him had, by Addison's intervention, been withheld.

Lord Warwick was a young man, of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavored to reclaim him, but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried; when he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called, and when he desired with great tenderness to hear his last injunctions, told him, 'I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die.' What effect this awful scene had on the earl, I know not; he likewise died himself in a short time.

In Tickell's excellent Elegy on his friend are these lines:—

> He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die—

in which he alludes, as he told Dr. Young, to this moving interview.

Having given directions to Mr. Tickell for the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend Mr. Craggs, he died June 17, 1719, at Holland House, leaving no child but a daughter.

Of his virtue it is a sufficient testimony that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime. He was not one of those who are praised only after death; for his merit was so generally acknowledged that Swift having observed that his election passed without a contest, adds that if he had proposed himself for king he would hardly have been refused. His zeal for his party did not extinguish his kindness for the merit of his opponents; when he was secretary in Ireland, he refused to intermit his acquaintance with Swift. Of his habits or external manners, nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity, which his friends called modesty by too mild a name. Steele mentions with great tenderness 'that remarkable bashfulness which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit'; and tells us that his abilities were covered only by modesty, 'which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.' Chesterfield affirms that 'Addison was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw.' And Addison, speaking of his own deficience in conversation used to say of himself that, with respect to intellectual wealth, 'he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket.' That he wanted current coin for ready payment, and by that want was often obstructed and distressed; that he was oppressed by an improper and ungraceful timidity, every testimony concurs to prove; but Chesterfield's representation is doubtless hyperbolical. That man cannot be supposed very unexpert in the arts of conversation and practice of life who, without fortune or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity became secretary of state, and who died at forty-seven, after having not only stood long in the highest rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the most important offices of state.

The time in which he lived had reason to lament his obstinacy of silence; 'for he was,' says Steele, 'above all men in that talent called humor, and enjoyed it in such perfection that I have often re-

flected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humor more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.' This is the fondness of a friend; let us hear what is told us by a rival. 'Addison's conversation,' says Pope, 'had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence.' This modesty was by no means inconsistent with a very high opinion of his own merit. He demanded to be the first name in modern wit; and, with Steele to echo him, used to depreciate Dryden, whom Pope and Congreve defended against them. There is no reason to doubt that he suffered too much pain from the prevalence of Pope's poetical reputation; nor is it without strong reason suspected that by some disingenuous acts he endeavored to obstruct it; Pope was not the only man whom he insidiously injured, though the only man of whom he could be afraid. His own powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence. Of very extensive learning he has indeed given no proofs. He seems to have had small acquaintance with the sciences, and to have read little except Latin and French; but of the Latin poets his *Dialogues on Medals* show that he had perused the works with great diligence and skill. The abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious sentiments; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation. What he knew he could easily communicate. 'This,' says Steele, 'was particular in this writer — that when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated.'

Pope, who can be less suspected of favoring his memory, declares that he wrote very fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; that many of his *Spectators* were written very fast, and sent immediately to the press; and that it seemed to be for his advantage not to have time for much revisal. 'He would alter,' says Pope, 'anything to please his friends before publication, but would not re-touch his pieces afterwards; and I believe not one word in *Cato* to which I made an objection was suffered to stand.'

The last line of *Cato* is Pope's, having been originally written —

And oh! 'twas this that ended Cato's life.

Pope might have made more objections to the six concluding lines. In the first couplet the words 'from hence' are improper; and the second line is taken from Dryden's Virgil. Of the next couplet, the first verse, being included in the second, is therefore useless; and in the third Discord is made to produce Strife.

Of the course of Addison's familiar day, before his marriage, Pope has given a detail. He had in the house with him Budgell, and perhaps Philips. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. He studied all morning; then dined at a tavern; and went afterwards to Button's.

Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell Street, about two doors from Covent Garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumussion which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succors from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?

Among those friends it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may easily be supposed such as Pope represents them. The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that he was a parson in a tye-wig, can detract little from his character; he was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville.

From any minute knowledge of his familiar manners the intervention of sixty years has now debarred us. Steele once promised Congreve and the public a complete description of his character; but the promises of authors are like the vows of lovers. Steele thought no more on his design, or thought on it with anxiety that at last disgusted him, and left his friend in the hands of Tickell.

One slight lineament of his character Swift has preserved. It was his practice, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by acquiescence, and sink him yet deeper in absurdity. This artifice of mischief was admired by Stella; and Swift seems to approve her admiration. His works will supply some information. It appears from his varoius pictures of the world, that, with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways with very diligent observation, and marked wih great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger; quick in discerning whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it. 'There are,' says Steele, 'in his writings many oblique strokes upon some of the wittiest men of the age.' His delight was more to excite merriment than detestation; and he detects follies rather than crimes. If any judgment be made from his books of his moral character, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than that of Addison, will show that to write, and to live, are very different. Many who praise virtue, do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies. Of those with whom interest or opinion united him he had not only the esteem, but the kindness; and of others whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character 'above all Greek, above all Roman fame.' No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having 'turned many to righteousness.'

* * *

As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humor, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never 'outsteps the modesty of nature,' nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures never divert by distortion nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the author of his

being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor.

It was apparently his principal endeavor to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774)

A CHINESE VIEW OF LONDON

(From Lien Chi Altangi, to the care of Fipsihi, resident in Moscow, to be forwarded by the Russian caravan to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin in China)

Think not, O thou guide of my youth! that absence can impair my respect, or interposing trackless deserts blot your reverend figure from my memory. The further I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.

Could I find aught worth transmitting from so remote a region as this to which I have wandered, I should gladly send it; but, instead of this, you must be contented with a renewal of my former professions, and an imperfect account of a people with whom I am as yet but superficially acquainted. The remarks of a man who has been but three days in the country can only be those obvious circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination. I consider myself here as a newly-created being introduced into a new world; every object strikes with wonder and surprise. The imagination, still unsated, seems the only active principle of the mind. The most trifling occurrences give pleasure till the gloss of novelty is worn away. When I have ceased to wonder, I may possibly grow wise; I may then call the reasoning principle to my aid, and compare those objects with each other, which were before examined without reflection.

Behold me then in London, gazing at the strangers, and they at me: it seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure; and had I been never from home, it is possible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs; but by long traveling I am taught to laugh at folly alone, and to find nothing truly ridiculous but villainy and vice.

When I had just quitted my native country, and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from nature. I smiled at the blue lips and red foreheads of the Tonguese; and could hardly contain when I saw the Daures dress their heads with horns. The Ostiacs powdered with red earth; and the Calmuck beauties, tricked out in all the finery of sheepskin, appeared highly ridiculous: but I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them but in me; that I falsely condemned others for absurdity because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality.

I find no pleasure therefore in taxing the English with departing from nature in

their external appearance, which is all I yet know of their character: it is possible they only endeavor to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity that I not only pardon but approve it. A desire to be more excellent than others is what actually makes us so; and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, tooth-stainers, eyebrow-pluckers would all want bread should their neighbors want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a fine gentleman or a fine lady here, dressed up to the fashion, seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber. You have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion whose strength lay in his hair. One would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there. To appear wise nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbors and clap it like a bush on his own; the distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Those whom I have been now describing affect the gravity of the lion; those I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown, and then with a composition of meal and hog's lard plasters the whole in such a manner as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaster; but, to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast, a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance, appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to that place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin; thus betailed and bepowdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success more from the powder on the outside of his head than the sentiments within.

Yet when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is to whom he is supposed to pay his addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder, and tails, and hog's lard, as he. To speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horribly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them; they no way resemble the beauties of China: the Europeans have quite a different idea of beauty from us. When I reflect on the small-footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long? I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nanfew. How very broad their faces! how very short their noses! how very little their eyes! how very thin their lips! how very black their teeth! the snow on the tops of Bao is not fairer than their cheeks; and their eyebrows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful; Dutch and Chinese beauties, indeed, have some resemblance, but English women are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness, are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve some for walking!

Yet uncivil as Nature has been, they seem resolved to outdo her in unkindness; they use white powder, blue powder, and black powder, for their hair, and a red powder for the face on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colors, as among the Tartars of Koreki, frequently sticking on, with spittle, little black patches on every part of it, except on the tip of the nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You'll have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots, when I have finished the map of an English face patched up to the fashion, which shall shortly be sent to increase your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprises more than all the

rest is what I have just now been credibly informed by one of this country. "Most ladies here," says he, "have two faces; one face to sleep in, and another to show in company. The first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home; the other put on to please strangers abroad. The family face is often indifferent enough, but the outdoor one looks something better; this is always made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and toadeater sit in council, and settle the complexion of the day."

I can't ascertain the truth of this remark; however, it is actually certain that they wear more clothes within doors than without, and I have seen a lady, who seemed to shudder at a breeze in her own apartment, appear half naked in the streets. Farewell.

NIGHT IN THE CITY

The clock just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watchdog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten. An hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence; had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some: the sorrowful traveler wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

"Here," he cries, "stood their citadels, now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction."

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! The world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, perse-

cuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility, or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

THE MAN IN BLACK

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black whom I have often mentioned is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed an humourist in a nation of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences: let me assure you, sir, they are imposters, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us, that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive, that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should not hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering imposters; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggarmen. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how

much ease he could at any time detect an imposter.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe, with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me, that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who, in the deepest distress, still aimed at good humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

EDMUND BURKE (1729–1797)

MARIE ANTOINETTE

I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady [Marie Antoinette], the other object of the triumph, has borne that day (one is interested that beings made for sufferings should suffer well) and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign distinguished for her piety and her courage; that like her she has lofty sentiments; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace, and that if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in — glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful

love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AMERICAN ESSAYISTS

The progress of the essay in America from its crude beginnings in the hands of theologians, through the more worldly channels of practical wisdom and political agitation, to its literary treatment in the hands of Irving's forerunners is marked by the successive contributions of Cotton Mather, Benjamin Franklin, John Dickinson, Thomas Paine, Alexander Hamilton, and Joseph Dennie.

Cotton Mather, the son of Increase Mather, president of Harvard College, was educated at Harvard. Entering the ministry, he became in 1684 associate pastor (with his father) of the "Old North Church" at Boston and began his career as the intellectual dictator of New England. A prodigy of learning, a tireless preacher and worker, the author of some 400 works, Mather is popularly known as the vain and bigoted persecutor of witches and the pedantic author of an ecclesiastical history of New England, *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702). But he was also a scholar, a Fellow of the Royal Society, carrying on a large correspondence with foreigners; and he did much positive good, including his commendable work in combatting intemperance and social evils — a good which is best revealed in his *Essays to do Good* (1710). He was the most celebrated American before Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin, one of a large family of children of a soap-boiler, was born in Boston; after an unpleasant apprenticeship (beginning at 13) to his brother, a printer, for whose *New England Courant* he did his first writing, went through various vicissitudes in New York, London, and Philadelphia, in the last place founding a successful business as a printer about 1726; for the next 30 years lived a life of varied activity in Philadelphia, starting his *Poor Richard's Almanac* in 1732, establishing the Philadelphia Public Library (1742), the American Philosophical Society (1744), and the University of Pennsylvania (1744), demonstrating the identity of lightning with electricity (1752), and serving as deputy Postmaster-General for the Colonies; in 1757 was sent to the British court as agent for Pennsylvania, thus beginning his long and useful career as statesman and diplomat, marked by his membership in the Continental Congress, his ambassadorship to France (1776-85), his presidency of Pennsylvania (1785-8), and his participation in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, following which he retired. Though not primarily a man of letters, Franklin nevertheless contributed to American literature, in the midst of his valuable services as statesman, philosopher, and scientist, a unique book of practical wisdom in the *Almanac* (1732-48), a considerable number of significant essays in the *Busybody Papers* (1728-9) and his "Bagatelles" (1818), and an imperishable *Autobiography*.

John Dickinson was born in Maryland, studied law in England, and began his practice in Pennsylvania. He became interested in politics and represented Pennsylvania in the Stamp Act Congress (1765). Standing for firmness with England, yet for conciliation, he was known as "The penman of the Revolution," particularly for his letters, published in various newspapers, entitled *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies* (1768). When conciliation was no longer possible, he employed his pen to win the struggle and joined the army of the patriots.

Thomas Paine, the son of a small farmer, was born in England; after trying various occupations, went to America in 1774, agitating for American independence and publishing *Common Sense* (1776); served in the American army and published *The Crisis* all through the war; returning to England in 1787, there published his *Rights of Man* (1790-92), whose tone, in spite of its enormous popularity, forced him to flee to France; espoused the cause of the Revolutionists, sitting in the National Convention but opposing the execution of Louis XVI; imprisoned in 1794, was saved by the fall of Robespierre; published his last important work, the *Age of Reason* (1794-6), an attack on both Christianity and atheism; disgusted with French politics, returned to America, where, after becoming entangled in various controversies and finding himself largely ostracized, he died in New York.

Alexander Hamilton was born in the West Indies and was educated at Columbia College; became interested in the rights of the Colonies and joined the patriot army, rising at the age of 20 to the rank of aide-de-camp to Washington, whose inseparable companion and counsellor

he was all through the war; after the war, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and became in 1782 a member of Congress from New York; quickly assumed a position of leadership, fighting for the adoption of the Constitution in the "Federalist" essays which he (with Madison and Jay) contributed to a New York newspaper (1787-8); did notable work as the first Secretary of the Treasury (1789-94); served as commander-in-chief of the Army on the death of Washington; returned to legal practice with increased success and reputation; in 1804 was killed at Hoboken, N. J., in a duel with Aaron Burr, who had challenged him following a quarrel between them. He died perhaps the greatest constructive statesman whom America has produced.

Joseph Dennie was born at Boston, educated at Harvard, and began to study law in the office of Mr. West of Charleston, N. H., where his reading of the liturgy and lay sermons at the Episcopal Church started his career as the "Lay Preacher," signalized by the publication of *The Lay Preacher; or Short Sermons for Idle Readers* (1796); from 1793, when he began contributing his witty "Farrago" essays to the *New Hampshire Journal* in Walpole, N. H., was intimately associated (as editor or contributor) with numerous journalistic enterprises, including especially *The Portfolio* (from 1800 to 1812), in which many of his best essays appeared. While not a great writer, Dennie was an important forerunner of Irving, and John Quincy Adams, in his epitaph on Dennie's monument in Philadelphia, paid him a just tribute in saying, "He devoted his Life to the Literature of his Country."

COTTON MATHER (1663–1728)

THE EXCELLENCE OF WELL-DOING

It may be presumed that my readers will readily admit, that it is an excellent thing to be full of devices to bring about such noble designs [for doing good]. For any man to deride or despise my proposal, "That we resolve and study to do as much good in the world as we can," would be the mark of so black a character, that I am almost unwilling to suppose its existence. Let no man pretend to the name of a Christian, who does not approve the proposal of a perpetual endeavour to do good in the world. What pretension can such a man have to be a follower of the Good One? The primitive Christians gladly accepted and improved the name, when the Pagans, by a mistake, styled them *Chrestians;* because it signified, *useful ones.* The Christians, who have no ambition to be such, shall be condemned by the Pagans; among whom it was a title of the highest honour to be termed, "a Benefactor": To have done good, was accounted honourable. The philosopher being asked, Why every one desired to gaze on a fair object, answered, that it was the question of a blind man. If any man ask, Why it is so necessary to do good? I must say, it sounds not like the question of a good man. The "spiritual taste" of every good man will give him an unspeakable relish for it. Yea, unworthy to be deemed a man, is he, who is not for doing good among men. An enemy to the proposal, "that mankind may be the better for us," deserves to be reckoned little better than a common enemy of mankind. How cogently do I bespeak a good reception of what is now designed! I produce not only religion, but even humanity itself, as full of a "fiery indignation against the adversaries" of the design. Excuse me, Sirs; I declare, that if I could have my choice, I would never eat or drink, or walk, with such a one, as long as I live; or look on him as any other than one by whom humanity itself is debased and blemished. A very wicked writer has yet found himself compelled, by the force of reason, to publish this confession: "To love the public; to study the universal good; and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as it is in our power, is surely the highest goodness, and constitutes that temper, which we call divine." And he proceeds —"Is doing good for the sake of glory so *divine?*" (alas! too much *human!*) "or, is it not more divine to do good, even where it may be thought inglorious; even to the ungrateful, and to those who are wholly insensible of the good they receive?" A man must be far gone in wickedness, who will open his mouth against such maxims and actions! A better pen has remarked it; yea, the man must be much a stranger to history, who has not made the remark: "To speak truth, and to do good, were, in the esteem even of the heathen world, most God-like qualities." God forbid, that there should be any abatement of esteem for those qualities in the Christian world!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–1790)

NECESSARY HINTS TO THOSE THAT WOULD BE RICH

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

For six pounds a year you may have the use of one hundred pounds, provided you are a man of known prudence and honesty.

He that spends a groat a day idly spends idly above six pounds a year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds.

He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes the privilege of using one hundred pounds each day.

He that idly loses five shillings worth of time loses five shillings, and might as prudently throw five shillings into the sea.

He that loses five shillings, not only loses that sum, but all the advantages that might be made by turning it in dealing; which, by the time that a young man becomes old, will amount to a considerable sum of money.

Again, he that sells upon credit asks a price for what he sells equivalent to the principal and interest of his money for the time he is to be kept out of it; therefore, he that buys upon credit pays interest for what he buys; and he that pays ready money might let that money out to use; so that he that possesses anything he has bought pays interest for the use of it.

Yet, in buying goods, it is best to pay ready money, because he that sells upon credit expects to lose five per cent. by bad debts; therefore he charges, on all he sells upon credit, an advance that shall make up that deficiency.

Those who pay for what they buy upon credit pay their share of this advance.

He that pays ready money escapes, or may escape, that charge.

"A penny saved is two pence clear;
A pin a day's a groat a year."

THE WHISTLE

To Madame Brillon

I received my dear friend's two letters, one for Wednesday and one for Saturday. This is again Wednesday. I do not deserve one for to-day, because I have not answered the former. But, indolent as I am, and averse to writing, the fear of having no more of your pleasing epistles, if I do not contribute to the correspondence, obliges me to take up my pen; and as Mr. B. has kindly sent me word that he sets out to-morrow to see you, instead of spending this Wednesday evening, as I have done its namesakes, in your delightful company, I sit down to spend it in thinking of you, in writing to you, and in reading over and over again your letters.

I am charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that, in the meantime, we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion we might all draw more good from it than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet with are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *"Don't give too much for the whistle"*; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his

virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, "This man gave too much for his whistle."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; "He pays, indeed," says I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; "Poor man," says I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations; "Mistaken man," says I, "you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison; "Alas," says I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband; "What a pity it is," says I, "that she has paid so much for a whistle."

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the *whistle.*

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours very sincerely and with unalterable affection.

THE EPHEMERA: AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE

To Madame Brillon, of Passy

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin,* the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four

hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honeydew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will, in a course of minutes, become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever-amiable *Brillante.*

JOHN DICKINSON (1732–1808)

CAUTION IN A CRISIS

Beloved Countrymen,

I rejoice to find, that my two former letters to you, have been generally received with so much favour by such of you whose sentiments I have had an opportunity of knowing. Could you look into my heart, you would instantly perceive an ardent affection for your persons, a zealous attachment to your interests, a lively resentment of every insult and injury offered to your honour or happiness, and an inflexible resolution to assert your rights, to the utmost of my weak power, to be the only motives that have engaged me to address you. I am no further concerned in anything affecting America, than any one of you; and when liberty leaves it, I can quit it much more conveniently than most of you: but while Divine Providence, that gave me existence in a land of freedom, permits my head to think, my lips to speak, and my hand to move, I shall so highly and gratefully value the blessing received, as to take care that my silence and inactivity shall not give my implied assent to any act degrading my brethren and myself from the birthright wherein heaven itself *"hath made us free."*

Sorry I am to learn, that there are some few persons, shake their heads with solemn motion, and pretend to wonder what can be the meaning of these letters. "Great Britain, they say, is too powerful to contend with; she is determined to oppress us; it is in vain to speak of right on one side, when there is power on the other; when we are strong enough to resist, we shall attempt it; but now we are not strong enough, and therefore we had better be quiet; it signifies nothing to convince us that our rights are invaded, when we cannot defend them; and if we should get into riots and tumults about the late act, it will only bring down heavier displeasure upon us."

What can such men design? What do their grave observations amount to, but this — "that these colonies, totally regardless of their liberties, should commit them, with humble resignation, to *chance, time,* and the tender mercies of *ministers.*"

Are these men ignorant, that usurpations, which might have been successfully opposed at first, acquire strength by continuance, and thus become irresistible? Do they condemn the conduct of these colonies, concerning the *Stamp-Act?* Or have they forgot its successful issue? Ought the colonies at that time, instead of acting as they did, to have trusted for relief to the fortuitous events of futurity? If it is needless "to speak of rights" now, it was as needless then. If the behaviour of the colonies was prudent and glorious then, and successful too, it will be equally prudent and glorious to act in the same manner now, if our rights are equally invaded, and may be as successful. Therefore it becomes necessary to enquire, whether "our rights *are* invaded" To

talk of "defending" them, as if they could be no otherwise "defended" than by arms, is as much out of the way, as if a man having a choice of several roads to reach his journey's end, should prefer the worst, for no other reason, than because it is the worst.

As to "riots and tumults," the gentlemen who are so apprehensive of them, are much mistaken, if they think, that grievances cannot be redressed without such assistance.

I will now tell the gentlemen what is "the meaning of these letters." The meaning of them is, to convince the people of these colonies, that they are at this moment exposed to the most imminent dangers; and to persuade them immediately, vigorously, and unanimously, to exert themselves, in the most firm, but most peaceable manner, for obtaining relief.

The cause of liberty is a cause of too much dignity, to be sullied by turbulence and tumult. It ought to be maintained in a manner suitable to her nature. Those who engage in it, should breathe a sedate, yet fervent spirit, animating them to actions of prudence, justice, modesty, bravery, humanity, and magnanimity.

To such a wonderful degree were the ancient Spartans, as brave and as free a people as ever existed, inspired by this happy temperature of soul, that rejecting even in their battles the use of trumpets, and other instruments for exciting heat and rage, they marched up to scenes of havock and horror, with the sound of flutes, to the tunes of which their steps kept pace — "exhibiting, as *Plutarch* says, at once a terrible and delightful sight, and proceeding with a deliberate valour, full of hope and good assurance, as if some divinity had insensibly assisted them."

I hope, my dear countrymen, that you will, in every colony, be upon your guard against those who may at any time endeavour to stir you up, under pretense of patriotism, to any measures disrespectful to our Sovereign and our mother country. Hot, rash, disorderly proceedings, injure the reputation of a people as to wisdom, valour and virtue, without procuring them the least benefit. I pray God, that he may be pleased to inspire you and your posterity to the latest ages with that spirit, of which I have an idea, but find a difficulty to express: to express in the best manner I can, I mean a spirit that shall so guide you, that it will be impossible to determine, whether an *American's* character is most distinguishable for his loyalty to his Sovereign, his duty to his mother country, his love of freedom, or his affection for his native soil.

Every government, at some time or other, falls into wrong measures; these may proceed from mistake or passion. — But every such measure does not dissolve the obligation between the governors and the governed; the mistake may be corrected; the passion may pass over.

It is the duty of the governed to endeavour to rectify the mistake and appease the passion. They have not at first any other right, than to represent their grievances, and to pray for redress, unless an emergence is so pressing as not to allow time for receiving an answer to their applications, which rarely happens. If their applications are disregarded, then that kind of opposition becomes justifiable, which can be made without breaking the laws, or disturbing the public peace. This consists in the prevention of the oppressors reaping advantage from their oppressions, and not in their punishment. For experience may teach what reason did not; and harsh methods cannot be proper, till milder ones have failed.

If at length it becomes undoubted, that inveterate resolution is formed, to annihilate the liberties of the governed, the English history affords frequent examples of resistance by force. What particular circumstances will in any future case justify such resistance, can never be ascertained till they happen. Perhaps it may be allowable to say, generally, that it never can be justifiable, until the people are FULLY CONVINCED, that any further submission will be destructive to their happiness.

When the appeal is made to the sword, highly probable it is, that the punishment will exceed the offence; and the calamities attending on war out-weigh those preceding it. These considerations of justice and prudence will always have great influence with good and wise men.

To these reflections on this subject, it remains to be added, and ought forever to be remembered: that resistance in the case of colonies against their mother country is extremely different from the resistance of a people against their prince. A nation may change their king or race of kings, and retaining their ancient form of gov-

ernment, be gainers by changing. Thus Great-Britain, under the illustrious house of Brunswick, a house that seems to flourish for the happiness of mankind, has found a felicity, unknown in the reigns of the Stuarts. But if once we are separated from our mother country, what new form of government shall we accept, or when shall we find another Britain to supply our loss? Torn from the body to which we are united by religion, liberty, laws, affections, relations, language, and commerce, we must bleed at every vein.

In truth, the prosperity of these provinces is founded in their dependence on Great-Britain; and when she returns to "her old good humour, and old good nature," as Lord Clarendon expresses it, I hope they will always esteem it their duty and interest, as it most certainly will be, to promote her welfare by all the means in their power.

We cannot act with too much caution in our disputes. Anger produces anger; and differences that might be accommodated by kind and respectful behaviour, may by imprudence be changed to an incurable rage.

In quarrels between countries, as well as in those between individuals, when they have risen to a certain height, the first cause of dissension is no longer remembered, the minds of the parties being wholly engaged in recollecting and resenting the mutual expressions of their dislike. When feuds have reached that fatal point, all considerations of reason and equity vanish; and a blind fury governs, or rather confounds all things. A people no longer regards their interest, but the gratification of their wrath. The sway of the Cleon's and Clodius's, the designing and detestable flatterers of the prevailing passion, becomes confirmed.

Wise and good men in vain oppose the storm, and may think themselves fortunate, if, endeavouring to preserve their ungrateful fellow citizens, they do not ruin themselves. Their prudence will be called baseness; their moderation, guilt; and if their virtue does not lead them to destruction, as that of many other great and excellent persons has done, they may survive, to receive from their expiring country, the mournful glory of her acknowledgment, that their counsels, if regarded, would have saved her.

The constitutional modes of obtaining relief are those which I would wish to see pursued on the present occasion; that is, by petitioning of our assemblies, or, where they are not permitted to meet, of the people to the powers that can afford us relief.

We have an excellent Prince, in whose good dispositions towards us we may confide. We have a generous, sensible, and humane nation, to whom we may apply. They may be deceived; they may, by artful men, be provoked to anger against us; but I cannot yet believe they will be cruel or unjust; or that their anger will be implacable. Let us behave like dutiful children, who have received unmerited blows from a beloved parent. Let us complain to our parents, but let our complaints speak, at the same time, the language of affliction and veneration. If, however, it shall happen, by an unfortunate course of affairs, that our applications to his Majesty and the parliament for the redress, prove ineffectual, let us then take another step, by withholding from Great-Britain all the advantages she has been used to receive from us. Then let us try, if our ingenuity, industry, and frugality, will not give weight to our remonstrances. Let us all be united with one spirit in one cause. Let us invent; let us work; let us save; let us, at the same time, keep up our claims, and unceasingly repeat our complaints; but above all, let us implore the protection of that infinite good and gracious Being, "by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice."

"Nil desperandum."

Nothing is to be despaired of.

A Farmer.

THOMAS PAINE (1737–1809)

A PLEA FOR SEPARATION FROM GREAT BRITAIN

The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, "'tis time to part." Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America, is a strong and natural proof that the authority of the one over the other was never the design of heaven. The time, likewise, at which the continent was discovered, adds weight to the argument, and the manner in which

it was peopled, increases the force of it. The Reformation was preceded by the discovery of America, as if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety.

The authority of Great Britain over this continent is a form of government which sooner or later must have an end: and a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking backward, under the painful and positive conviction that what he calls "the present constitution" is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy knowing that this government is not sufficiently lasting to insure anything which we may bequeath to posterity; and by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanfully and pitifully. In order to discover the line of our duty rightly, we should take our children in our hand, and fix our station a few years farther into life; that eminence will present a prospect which a few present fears and prejudices conceal from our sight.

Tho I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary offense, yet I am inclined to believe that all those who espouse the doctrine of reconciliation may be included within the following descriptions:

Interested men, who are not to be trusted; weak men, who can not see; prejudiced men, who will not see; and a certain set of moderate men, who think better of the European world than it deserves: and this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the other three.

It is the good fortune of many to live distant from the scene of sorrow; the evil is not sufficiently brought to their doors to make them feel the precariousness with which all American property is possest. But let our imaginations transport us a few moments to Boston; that seat of wretchedness will teach us wisdom, and instruct us forever to renounce a power in whom we can have no trust. The inhabitants of that unfortunate city, who but a few months ago were in ease and affluence, have now no other alternative than to stay and starve, or turn out to beg. Endangered by the fire of their friends if they continue within the city, and plundered by the soldiery if they leave it. In their present situation they are prisoners without the hope of redemption, and in a general attack for their relief they would be exposed to the fury of both armies.

Men of passive tempers look somewhat lightly over the offenses of Great Britain, and, still hoping for the best, are apt to call out, "Come, come, we shall be friends again for all this." But examine the passions and feelings of mankind, bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature, and then tell me whether you can hereafter love, honor, and faithfully serve the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land? If you can not do all these, then are you only deceiving yourselves, and by your delay bringing ruin upon your posterity. Your future connection with Britain, whom you can neither love nor honor, will be forced and unnatural, and being formed only on the plan of present convenience, will in a little time fall into a relapse more wretched than the first. But if you say you can still pass the violations over, then I ask, hath your house been burnt? Hath your property been destroyed before your face? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have you lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then are you not a judge of those who have. But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers, then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or lover, and, whatever may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward and the spirit of a sycophant.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (1757–1804)

ON WAR BETWEEN THE STATES OF THE UNION

Assuming it as an established truth that in case of disunion the several states, or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general confederacy, would be subject to those vicissitudes of peace and war, of friendship and enmity with each other,

which have fallen to the lot of all neighboring nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation.

War between the states, in the first periods of their separate existence, would be accompanied with much greater distresses than it commonly is in those countries where regular military establishments have long obtained. The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have, notwithstanding, been productive of the signal advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three frontier garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength, and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighboring country, almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now, a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede, and finally to frustrate the enterprises of one much more considerable. The history of war, in that quarter of the globe, is no longer a history of nations subdued, and empires overturned; but of towns taken and retaken — of battles that decide nothing — of retreats more beneficial than victories — of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontiers of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous states would, with little difficulty, overrun their less populous neighbors. Conquests would be as easy to be made, as difficult to be retained. War, therefore, would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would make the principal figure in the events which would characterize our military exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought; though, I confess, it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort for repose and security to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being less free.

The institutions chiefly alluded to are standing armies, and the correspondent appendages of military establishment. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution; and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it. This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is, at best, problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the confederacy. Frequent war, and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker states or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbors. They would endeavor to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defense, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which, their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the states or confederacies that made use of them a superiority over their neighbors. Small states, or states of less natural strength, under vigorous governments, and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large states, or states of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the more important

states or confederacies would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see established in every part of this country, the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the Old World. This, at least, would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard.

These are not vague inferences, deduced from speculative defects in a constitution, the whole power of which is lodged in the hands of the people, or their representatives and delegates; they are solid conclusions drawn from the natural and necessary progress of human affairs.

It may perhaps be asked by way of objections, why did not standing armies spring up out of the contentions which so often distracted the ancient republics of Greece? Different answers, equally satisfactory, may be given to this question. The industrious habits of the people of the present day, absorbed in the pursuits of gain, and devoted to the improvements of agriculture and commerce, are incompatible with the condition of a nation of soldiers, which was the true condition of the people of those republics. The means of revenue, which have been so greatly multiplied by the increase of gold and silver, and of the arts of industry, and the science of finance, which is the offspring of modern times, concurring with the habits of nations, have produced an entire revolution in the system of war, and have rendered disciplined armies, distinct from the body of citizens, the inseparable companion of frequent hostility.

There is a wide difference, also, between military establishments in a country which, by its situation, is seldom exposed to invasions, and in one which is often subject to them, and always apprehensive of them. The rulers of the former can have no good pretext, if they are even so inclined, to keep on foot armies so numerous as must of necessity be maintained in the latter. These armies being, in the first case, rarely, if at all, called into activity for interior defense, the people are in danger of being broken to military subordination. The laws are not accustomed to relaxations in favor of military exigencies; the civil state remains in full vigor, neither corrupted nor confounded with the principles or propensities of the other state. The smallness of the army forbids competition with the natural strength of the community, and the citizens, not habituated to look up to the military power for protection, or to submit to its oppressions, neither love nor fear the soldiery: they view them with a spirit of jealous acquiescence in a necessary evil, and stand ready to resist a power which they suppose may be exerted to the prejudice of their rights.

The army, under such circumstances, though it may usefully aid the magistrate to suppress a small faction, or an occasional mob or insurrection, will be utterly incompetent to the purpose of enforcing encroachments against the united efforts of the great body of the people.

But in a country where the perpetual menacings of danger oblige the government to be always prepared to repel it, her armies must be numerous enough for instant defense. The continual necessity for his services enhances the importance of the soldier, and proportionably degrades the condition of the citizen. The military state becomes elevated above the civil. The inhabitants of territories, often the theatre of war, are unavoidably subjected to frequent infringements on their rights, which serve to weaken their sense of those rights; and by degrees, the people are brought to consider the soldiery not only as their protectors, but as their superiors. The transition from this disposition to that of considering them as masters is neither remote nor difficult, but it is very difficult to prevail upon a people under such impressions to make a bold or effectual resistance to usurpations, supported by the military power.

The kingdom of Great Britain falls within the first description. An insular situation and a powerful marine, guarding it in a great measure against the possibility of foreign invasion, supersede the necessity of a numerous army within the kingdom. A sufficient force to make head against a sudden descent till the militia could have time to rally and embody is all that has been deemed requisite. No motive of national policy has demanded, nor would public opinion have tolerated a

larger number of troops upon its domestic establishment. This peculiar felicity of situation has, in a great degree, contributed to preserve the liberty which that country to this day enjoys, in spite of the prevalent venality and corruption. If Britain had been situated on the continent, and had been compelled, as she would have been by that situation, to make her military establishments at home coextensive with those of the other great powers of Europe, she, like them, would, in all probability, at this day be a victim to the absolute power of a single man. It is possible, though not easy, for the people of that island to be enslaved from other causes; but it cannot be by the prowess of an army so inconsiderable as that which has been usually kept up within the kingdom.

If we are wise enough to preserve the union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an insulated situation. Europe is at a great distance from us. Her colonies in our vicinity will be likely to continue too much disproportioned in strength to be able to give us any dangerous annoyance. Extensive military establishments cannot, in this position, be necessary to our security. But if we should be disunited, and the integral parts should either remain separated, or, which is most probable, should be thrown together into two or three confederacies, we should be, in a short course of time, in the predicament of the continental powers of Europe. Our liberties would be a prey to the means of defending ourselves against the ambition and jealousy of each other.

This is an idea not superficial nor futile, but solid and weighty. It deserves the most serious and mature consideration of every prudent and honest man, of whatever party. If such men will make a firm and solemn pause, and meditate dispassionately on its vast importance; if they will contemplate it in all its attitudes, and trace it to all its consequences, they will not hesitate to part with trivial objections to a constitution, the rejection of which would, in all probability, put a final period to the Union. The airy phantoms that now flit before the distempered imaginations of some of its adversaries would then quickly give place to the more substantial prospects of dangers, real, certain, and extremely formidable.

JOSEPH DENNIE (1768–1812)

MEANDER'S JOURNAL

——— *"Full Many a Prank*
He Played, and Tricks Most Fanciful and Strange."

— *Massinger.*

Men of tenacious memory, who retain information a week old, may recollect, in my last number, a portrait of Meander:

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was poet, painter, lover, and buffoon;
Then all for wenching, gambling, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks, that dy'd in thinking."

Agreeably to a promissory note, given in a preceding essay, I now publish, from the diary of this fantastic wight, a selection, which, if judiciously improved, may sober giddy genius, may fix the volatile, and stimulate even loungers.

Meander's Journal

April 8, Monday. — Having lately quaffed plenteous drafts of the stream of dissipation, I determine to bridle my fancy, to practice self-denial, to live soberly, and to study with ardour. That I may, with ease, discharge the various duties of the day, I propose, that "Strutting Chanticleer," and myself, should unroost at the same hour. With this resolve, I couple a determination, to study law with plodding diligence, and to make my profession, and a course of history, my capital objects.

Memorandum. Belles lettres must be considered a subaltern pursuit. If I rise at the dawn, and study jurisprudence till noon, I shall have the satisfaction to reflect, that I have discharged my *legal* duty for the day. This course, duly persisted in, will probably make me something more than a Tyro, in the language of the law. If I pore over my folios with the diligence I propose, I shall acquire, in Blackstone's phrase, such a legal apprehension, that the obscurities which at present confound me, will vanish, and my journey through the *wilderness* of law will, peradventure, become delectable.

Tuesday. — Overslept myself, did not rise till nine. Dressed, and went out, in-

tending to go to the office; but, as the morning was uncommonly beautiful, I recollected an aphorism of Dr. Cheyne's, that exercise should form part of a student's religion. Accordingly, I rambled through the woods for two hours. The magic of rural scenes diverted Fancy, whom, on my return to the office, I wished to retire, that her elder sister, Judgment, might have an opportunity to hold a conference with the sage Blackstone: but the sportive slut remained, dancing about, and I found my spirits so agitated, that, to calm them, I took up a volume of plays, and read two acts in Centlivre's *Busy Body*.

Afternoon, 2 o'clock. — Took up a folio, and began to read a British statute; meanwhile, I received a billet, importing that a couple of my college cronies were at a neighboring inn, who wished me to make one of a select party. I complied. The sacrifices to Mercury and Bacchus wore away the night, and it was day before I retired to the land of drowsyhead, as Thomson quaintly expresses it.

Wednesday. — Rose at ten; sauntered to the office, and gaped over my book. Low spirits and a dull morning had raised such a fog around my brain, that I could hardly discern a sentiment. Opened a "dissertation on memory," read till my own failed. I then threw away my book, and threw myself on the bed; I can't tell how long I remained there, but, somebody shaking me by the shoulder, I opened my eyes and saw — the maid, who came to inform me that it was eight o'clock *in the evening*, and that coffee was ready.

Thursday. — Went out at seven, with a determination to attend to business; thought I might venture to call at a friend's house; on my entrance saw a brace of beauties, whose smiles were so animating that they detained me, "charmed by witchery of eyes," till noon. I returned to my lodgings, and finding my spirits too sublimated for serious study, I beguiled the remainder of the afternoon, by writing a sonnet to Laura.

Evening. — Lounged to my book-shelf, with an intent to open Blackstone, but made a mistake, and took down a volume of Hume's History of England. Attention became quite engrossed by his narrative of the reign of Henry I. A versatile, brilliant genius, who blended in one bright assemblage ambition, prudence, eloquence and enterprize; who received and merited, what I think the most glorious of all titles, that of Beauclere, or the polite scholar. The formidable folios, which stood before me, seemed frowningly to ask why I did not link to my ambition, that prudence which formed part of Henry's fame? The remorseful blush of a moment tinged my cheek, and I boldly grasped a *reporter;* but, straightway recollecting that I had recently supped, and that, after a full meal, application was pernicious to health, I adjourned the cause, Prudence versus Meander, till morning.

Friday. — Rose at the dawn, which is the first time I have complied with my resolution, of unroosting with the cock. "Projecting many things, but accomplishing none," is the motto to my coat of arms. Began my studies, noting with nice care the curious distinction in law, between general and special *Tail;* at length, I grew weary of my task, and thought, with Shakespeare's Horatio, that 't were considering too curiously, to consider thus. Began to chat with my companions; we are, when indolent, ever advocates for relaxation; but, whether an attorney's office is the place where idling should be tolerated, is a question which I do not wish to determine in the negative. Finished my morning studies with "Hafen Slawkenbergius's tenth decade."

Afternoon. — Did *nothing* very busily till four. Seized with a lethargic yawn, which lasted till seven, when a dish of coffee restored animation, and on the entrance of a friend, fell into general conversation; made a transition to the scenes of our boyish days, and till midnight, employed memory conjuring up to view the shades of our departed joys.

Saturday. — Slept but little, last night. My imagination was so busy in castle-building, that she would not repose. Dreamed that Lord Coke threw his "Institute" at me. Rose at nine, looked abroad; and the atmosphere being dusky, and my spirits absent on furlough, felt unqualified for reading. For several days there has been a succession of gloomy skies. The best writers affirm such weather is unfriendly to mental labour. The poet says,

> "While these dull fogs invade the head,
> Memory minds not what is read."

Took up a magazine, which I carefully skimmed, but obtained no cream. Cracked,

in the Dean of St. Patrick's phrase, a rotten nut, which cost me a tooth, and repaid me with nothing but a worm. Breakfasted; reflected on the occurrences of the week. In the drama of my life, Procrastination and Indolence are the principal actors. My resolutions flag, and my studies languish. I must strive to check the irregular sallies of fancy. I never shall be useful to others, till I have a better command of myself. Surely one, abiding in the bowers of ease, may improve, if industry be not wanting. Alfred could read and write eight hours every day, though he fought fifty-six pitched battles, and rescued a kingdom; and Chatterton, the ill-fated boyish bard, composed, though cramped by penury, poems of more invention than many a work which has been kept nine years, and published at a period of the ripest maturity. When I fly from business, let ambition, therefore, *think on, and practice these things.* I determine, *next week,* to effect an entire revolution in my conduct, to form a new plan of study, and to adhere to it with pertinacity. As this week is on the eve of expiration, it would be superfluous to sit down to serious business. I therefore amused myself, by dipping into Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination"; read till five, visited a friend, and conversed with him, till midnight; conversation turned on *propriety of conduct,* for which I was a strenuous advocate.

Here, the journal of Meander was abruptly closed. I was curious to learn, in what manner he employed his week of reformation. On the ensuing Monday, he grew weary of his books; instead of mounting Pegasus, he actually strode a hack-horse, of mere mortal mould, and, in quest of diversion, commenced a journey. He was accompanied, not by the muses, but by a party of jocund travellers; and, prior to my friend's departure, the last words he was heard to say, or rather *roar,* were the burden of a well known anacreontic, *"Dull thinking will make a man crazy."*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH ESSAY

BRITISH ESSAYISTS OF THE ROMANTIC PERIOD

The Romantic Movement in England placed the stamp of its influence on some of the most notable exemplars of the essay form in English. The chief of these, as representative of the various types of the essay handled, were Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Thomas De Quincey, and Walter Savage Landor.

Charles Lamb, the son of John Lamb, a barrister's clerk, was born in London, where he lived and died; was educated at Christ's Hospital School (1782-89), where he was a schoolmate of Coleridge; was a clerk in the South Sea House (1789-92); then secured a similar position in the Accountant's Office of the East India Company, which he held till 1825, when he retired. Lamb's life was one long tragedy, featured by the killing of his mother by the intermittently insane Mary Lamb, his sister (whom he calls "Cousin Bridget"), and the consequent life-long burden of caring for her (who outlived him thirteen years), added to his forced renunciation of a happy married life of his own. Lamb tried the drama, poetry, criticism, and the novel before he came into his own as an essayist with the publication of *The Essays of Elia* (1823), first published in *The London Magazine,* beginning in 1820, followed by *Last Essays of Elia* in 1833.

William Hazlitt, the son of a Unitarian minister, was born at Maidstone; lived with the Hazlitt family in Ireland (1780-83) and in America (1783-88); entered a Unitarian college in the suburbs of London in 1793 to study for the ministry; becoming interested in philosophy and politics, found the turning-point in his career in his meeting with Coleridge and Wordsworth in 1798; went to France in 1802 to study painting, beginning his short career as portrait painter in 1803; returning to England, married in 1808 and settled in the village of Winterslow in Wiltshire; from 1805, when he published his first essay, was active in various fields, as parliamentary reporter and dramatic critic for the London *Morning Chronicle* from 1812 on, as miscellaneous contributor to various periodicals, and as a lecturer on The English Poets, The English Comic Writers, and the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth (1818-20); from 1820 till his death, devoted himself primarily to writing for the periodicals and to the composition of his life of Napoleon Buonaparte (pub. 1828-30), in whom the Radical Hazlitt maintained his faith to the end. Though honest and sincere in his convictions, Hazlitt was notoriously difficult to get along with, breaking not only with his two wives but with most of his friends. His most important work as an essayist had appeared before his death in numerous periodicals, chiefly in the *London Magazine* and the *New Monthly Magazine* between 1820 and 1830. Many of these essays were reprinted in the collections entitled *The Round Table, Table Talk,* and *The Plain Speaker.* The bulk of the rest were edited and published after his death by his son as *Winterslow* and *Essays and Sketches* in 1839.

James Henry Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate and educated at Christ's Hospital School; after publishing in 1801 a collection of poems called *Juvenilia,* began in 1805 his long and varied career as a journalist, having a main hand in six or eight periodicals from that time till his death, the most important of which were the Radical *Examiner* (1808-21), for an article in which he suffered with his customary cheerfulness two years' imprisonment for libel, and *The Reflector* (1810-11), the first real attempt at the establishment of a genuine literary magazine in the nineteenth century. Hunt published several volumes of verse and miscellaneous prose during his life, in addition to the great number of his essays. He enjoyed the friendship of Byron, Moore, Lamb, and many others who were attracted by his sunny disposition and his genial humor. He did much to popularize the love of books, and though never profound contributed materially toward the pleasure of others through the light-heartedness and love of beauty which he put into his essays.

The life of William Wordsworth was outwardly one of the most uneventful in the annals of English literature. Born at Cockermouth, in the north of England, he spent a boyhood of mingled joy and sorrow, gayly adventuring among the hills and mourning (with his sister Dorothy) the solitude which the early deaths of his mother and father had brought him. After going to school in Lancashire, he went to Cambridge in 1787, graduating in 1791 and spending the time of his "long vacation" of 1790 in a walking tour on the Continent, visiting France in the hey-day of her hopes and narrowly escaping danger by being forced

to return to England for lack of funds. He lived rather aimlessly, till his meeting with Coleridge in 1795 confirmed his devotion to poetry. Settling with his sister at Racedown, Dorsetshire, and shortly after removing to Alfoxden in the Quantock Hills (to be near Coleridge, who was living at Nether Stowey), he joined with Coleridge in the planning and publication of the famous *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), to the second edition of which (1800) he contributed his epoch-making Preface. After a year's absence in Germany with Coleridge and Dorothy in 1799-1800, Wordsworth settled with Dorothy at Grasmere in the Lake District, married in 1802, and removed in 1813 (on his appointment as Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland) to Rydal Mount, his home for the rest of his life. He was pensioned in 1842 and made Poet Laureate in 1843. Besides the *Lyrical Ballads,* his most important publications were his *Poems* (1807, 1815ff.), *The Excursion* (1814), and *The Prelude* (1850).

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, son of the vicar and schoolmaster of Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, was the youngest of thirteen children. He was educated at Christ's Hospital School (1782-90), where he had Lamb for a schoolmate, and at Cambridge (1791-94), where his studies were interrupted by his going off to London and enlisting in the Dragoons. Though his friends obtained his release, he left the University without taking his degree. After the failure of his and Southey's scheme of founding a "pantisocracy" on the banks of the Susquehanna in America, owing partly to their marriage of two sisters in 1795, Coleridge settled at Clevedon and Nether Stowey, formed at the latter place his friendship with Wordsworth, wrote "The Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and the first part of "Christabel," and joined Wordsworth in the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). After a brief trial at the ministry and his trip to Germany with Wordsworth, followed by some reporting work in London, he settled at Greta Hall, near Keswick, where he wrote the second part of "Christabel." Having become an opium addict in 1796, his health now gave way and he journeyed to Malta in 1804. Returning to England in 1806, he went in 1809 to live with Wordsworth at Grasmere and afterwards with various friends, until he found in 1819 a final resting-place with James Gillman, a surgeon, at Highgate, where, though maintaining a valiant fight against opium and becoming the center of an admiring group of disciples, he did little further writing. He had engaged unsuccessfully in journalism in 1809, delivered notable courses of lectures on Shakespeare and other poets between 1808 and 1816, and had published, in addition to the poems already mentioned, his notable *Biographia Literaria* (1817), as well as numerous other prose works and a small body of other poems.

Thomas De Quincey, son of a merchant, was born at Manchester. A highly imaginative and over-sensitive child who suffered from ill-treatment at the hands of an elder brother, he was educated at various schools, from one of which he ran away and rambled in Wales on a small allowance from his mother. In 1802 he went to London, where he led the strange Bohemian life recorded in his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.* In 1803 he was sent to Oxford, but he made frequent visits to London, where he made his acquaintance with opium. Meeting Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth in 1807, he settled in 1809 in Grasmere. Here he pursued his studies and became enslaved to opium, till in 1813 he was taking from eight to twelve thousand drops daily, so it is said. About this time he went to Edinburgh, where he married the daughter of a farmer in 1816 and spent the latter part of his life. He began his true literary career in 1821 with the publication of his *Confessions* in the *London Magazine,* thereafter producing long series of articles for the periodicals, including *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts* (1827), *Suspiria de Profundis* (1845), *The Spanish Military Nun* (1847), and *The English Mail Coach* (1849). The collected edition of his works occupied him from 1853 till his death in 1859.

Walter Savage Landor, the son of a physician, was born at Warwick and educated at Rugby and Oxford, where he became known as "the mad Jacobin." His violent temper and extreme prejudices made his whole life henceforth a series of quarrels and disastrous escapades. He went to Spain in 1808 to serve in the war against Napoleon, lived for a time on his estate in Monmouthshire, went to France in 1814 after quarreling with the local authorities, lived at Como in Italy from 1815 to 1818 till an insulting poem of his forced his departure, and then resided chiefly in Pisa and Florence till his final quarrel with his wife in 1835 sent him back to England. Here he lived till 1858, when he had to leave to avoid an action for libel, and he lived thereafter in Italy, chiefly in Florence on the bounty of Browning. Though also a writer of verse and drama, Landor will perhaps be best remembered for his classic prose, chiefly his *Imaginary Conversations* (1824ff.) and his *Pericles and Aspasia* (1836).

CHARLES LAMB (1775–1834)

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO

In Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school, such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf — our *crug* — moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant — (we had three banyan to four meat days in the week) — was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth — our scanty mutton crags on Fridays — and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion) — he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can — for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes: — How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us

appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying — while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings — the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them! — How faint and languid, finally we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless — shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower — to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose,* in the coldest winter nights — and this not once, but night after night — in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder. — The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and under the cruellest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one H——, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered — at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts, — some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward,* as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat — happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel — but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables — waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio, and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek, well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

"To feed our mind with idle portraiture."

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags,* or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some super-

stition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted,* are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *goul,* and held in equal detestation. —— suffered under the imputation.

"—— 'Twas said,
He ate strange flesh."

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me) — and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed-side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism with open door, and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——, an honest couple come to decay, — whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! — The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of ——, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to ——, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory. — I had left school then, but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away.* This was the punishment for the first offence. — As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket — a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted — with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water — who *might not speak to him;* — or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude: — and here he was shut up by himself *by nights,* out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.* This

* One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed

was the penalty for the second offence. — Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fe,* arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire — all trace of his late "watchet weeds" carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (*L.'s favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforward to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia;* not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito,* to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than *in* them. The Upper and Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master: but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will — holding it "like a dancer." It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often stayed away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us — he had his private room to retire to, the short time he stayed, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," that passed current among us — Peter Wilkins — the Adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle — the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy — and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operation; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles;* or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English," and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time — mixing the useful with the agreeable — as would have made the souls

with.—This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul), methinks, I could willingly spit upon his statue.

of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman,* the *scholar,* and the *Christian;* but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry. His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing holiday."

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes,* and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.* — He would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex* — or at the *tristis severitas in vultu,* or *inspicere in patinas,* of Terence — thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle. — He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy,* or *passionate wig.* No comet expounded surer. — J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?" — Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah" (his favourite adjuration), "I have a great mind to whip you," — then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair — and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell — "*and I* WILL *too.*" — In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was

* In this and everything B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction.—B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation.*

known to fall ineffectual from his hand — when droll squinting W—— having been caught putting the inside of the master's deck to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forewarned.* This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the *oral* or *declaratory* struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the Country Spectator doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C. — when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed — "Poor J. B.! — may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred. — First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T——e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors! — You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutators lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitia,* or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate! — Co-Grecian with S. was Th——, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th—— was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks.— Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta) a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the Country Spectator) of a Treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe.— M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming. — Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the Aboriginal Britons, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian.— Then followed poor S——, ill-fated M——! of these the Muse is silent.

> Finding some of Edward's race
> Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge — Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! — How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar —— while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-eoched to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!* Many were the "wit-combats" (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G——, "which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile,

and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the *Nireus formosus* of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "*bl*——," for a gentler greeting— "*bless thy handsome face!*"

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia — the junior Le G —— and F ——; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect — ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning — exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca: — Le G —— sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F —— dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr ——, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T ——, mildest of Missionaries — and both my good friends still — close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed

with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord," — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript,

do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.——

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in

ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis,* I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum.*

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those hobbydehoys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty — with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ,* the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *præludium,* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or broiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling,* as it is well called — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat — but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence — the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food —— the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna — or, rather, fat and lean, (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! — Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars —

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal — wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation — from these sins he is happily snatched away —

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade
> Death came with timely care —

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure — and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause — too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her — like lovers' kisses, she biteth — she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish — but she stoppeth at the palate — she meddleth not with the appetite — and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest to take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn,

barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate — It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake — and what should I say to her the next time I saw her — how naughty I was to part with her pretty present — and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last — and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto —

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

DREAM-CHILDREN; A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene — so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country — of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood

upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she — and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out — sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at — or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,— I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her

grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him over half the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many a mile when I could not walk for pain; — and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not to have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name" — and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side — but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

OLD CHINA

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then — why should I now have? — to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective — a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends — whom distance cannot diminish — figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still — for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, — which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and

the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver — two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another — for likeness is identity on tea-cups — is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead — a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on — if far or near can be predicated of their world — see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here — a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive — so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson, (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort — when a passing sentiment seemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state" — so she was pleased to ramble on, — "in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) — we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it."

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare — and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late — and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures — and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome — and when you presented it to me — and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it) — and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit — your old corbeau — for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen — or sixteen shillings was it? — a great affair we thought it then — which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now."

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch'; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money — and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture — was there no pleasure in being a poor man. Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?"

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday — holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich — and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad — and how you would pry about at noon-tide for

some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store — only paying for the ale that you must call for — and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth — and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton had described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing — and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us — but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, — when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way — and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense — which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome."

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood — when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery — where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me — and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me — and the pleasure was the better for a little shame — and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially — that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going — that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage — because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then — and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough, — but there was still a law of civility to woman recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages — and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards. Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then — but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty."

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common — in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear — to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now — that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat — when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now — what I mean by the word — we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty."

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet, — and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings — many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much — or that we had not spent so much — or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year — and still we found our slender capital decreasing — but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future — and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as

you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton,* as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year — no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of a poor — hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power — those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straighten — with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer — and shall be wise to do so — than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return — could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day — could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them — could the good old one-shilling gallery days return — they are dreams, my cousin, now — but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa — be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble or poor gallery scramblers — could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours — and the delicious, *Thank God, we are safe,* which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us — I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Crœsus had, or the great Jew R——is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonaish chit of a lady in that very blue summer house."

MACKERY END IN HERTFORDSHIRE

Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits — yet so, as 'with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occassional bickerings — as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story — well, ill, or indifferently told — so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction — and almost in real life — have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humors and opinions — heads with some diverting twist in them — the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She 'holds Nature more clever.' I can pardon her blindness to

the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favorite of mine, of the last century but one — the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, — but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers — leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this — that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport — which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire: a farm-house, — delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End — kindred or strange folk — we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking

the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet,

> But thou, that didst appear so fair
> To fond imagination,
> Dost rival in the light of day
> Her delicate creation!

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again — some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections — and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown) — with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house — and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all — more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our christian names. So christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget, and her — it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace — or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally — we, and our friend that was with us. — I had almost forgotten him — but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far-distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing. — With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also — how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own — and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there, — old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth, — when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge — as I have been her care in foolish manhood since — in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

POPULAR FALLACIES

I

THAT ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST

Not a man, woman, or child in ten miles around Guildhall who really believes this saying. The inventer of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism; a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things. If nothing else could be said for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the superflux there is usually something left for the next day. Morally interpreted, it belongs to a class of proverbs, which have a tendency to make us undervalue *money*. Of this cast are those notable observations, that money is not health; riches cannot purchase every thing; the metaphor which makes gold to be mere muck, with the morality which traces fine clothing to the sheep's back, and denounces pearl as the unhandsome excretion of an oyster. Hence, too, the phrase which imputes dirt to acres — a sophistry so barefaced, that even the literal sense of it is true only in a wet season. This, and abundance of similar sage saws assuming to inculcate *content*, we verily believe to have been the invention of some cunning borrower, who had designs upon the purse of his wealthier neighbour, which he could only hope to carry by force of these verbal jugglings. Translate any one of these sayings out of the artful metonyme which envelopes it, and the trick is apparent. Goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials, books, pictures, the opportunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not muck — however we may be pleased to scandalise with that appellation the faithful metal that provides them for us.

II

THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK

At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman — that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises — we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour, at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. We think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest, requires another half-hour's good consideration. Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer time especially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they saw, only for getting up. But, having been tempted, once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis called), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveller. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually in strange qualms before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale; we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape, and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to

drag into day-light a struggling and half-vanishing night-mare; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so careless, as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up? we have neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPERANNUATED. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already, how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

ON THE TRAGEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE

* * * It may seem a paradox, but I cannot help being of opinion that the plays of Shakspeare are less calculated for performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguished excellence is a reason that they should be so; there is so much in them which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye and tone and gesture have nothing to do.

The glory of the scenic art is to personate passion and the turns of passion; and the more coarse and palpable the passion is, the more hold upon the eyes and ears of the spectators the performer obviously possesses. For this reason, scolding scenes, scenes where two persons talk themselves into a fit of fury, and then in a surprising manner talk themselves out of it again, have always been the most popular upon our stage. And the reason is plain, because the spectators are here most palpably appealed to, — they are the proper judges in this war of words; they are the legitimate ring that should be formed round such 'intellectual prize-fighters.' Talking is the direct object of the imitation here. But in the best dramas, and in Shakspeare above all, how obvious it is that the form of speaking, whether it be in soliloquy or dialogue, is only a medium, and often a highly artificial one, for putting the reader or spectator into possession of that knowledge of the inner structure and workings of mind in a character, which he could otherwise never have arrived at *in that form of composition* by any gift short of intuition. We do here as we do with novels written in the *epistolary form*. How many improprieties, perfect solecisms, in letter-writing do we put up with in 'Clarissa' and other books for the sake of the delight which that form upon the whole gives us!

But the practice of stage representation reduces everything to a controversy of

elocution. Every character, from the boisterous blasphemings of Bajazet to the shrinking timidity of womanhood, must play the orator. The love-dialogues of 'Romeo and Juliet,' those silver-sweet sounds of lovers' tongues by night; the more intimate and sacred sweetness of nuptial colloquy between an Othello or a Posthumus with their married wives; all those delicacies which are so delightful in the reading, as when we read of those youthful dalliances in Paradise, —

> As beseemed
> Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,
> Alone,—

by the inherent fault of stage representation, how are these things sullied and turned from their very nature by being exposed to a large assembly; when such speeches as Imogen addresses to her lord come drawling out of the mouth of a hired actress, whose courtship, though nominally addressed to the personated Posthumus, is manifestly aimed at the spectators, who are to judge of her endearments and her returns of love.

The character of Hamlet is perhaps that by which, since the days of Betterton, a succession of popular performers have had the greatest ambition to distinguish themselves. The length of the part may be one of their reasons. But for the character itself, we find it in a play, and therefore we judge it a fit subject of dramatic representation. The play itself abounds in maxims and reflections beyond any other, and therefore we consider it as a proper vehicle for conveying moral instruction. But Hamlet himself, — what does he suffer meanwhile by being dragged forth as a public schoolmaster to give lectures to the crowd! Why, nine parts in ten of what Hamlet does are transactions between himself and his moral sense; they are the effusions of his solitary musings, which he retires to holes and corners and the most sequestered parts of the palace to pour forth, — or rather, they are the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting, reduced to *words* for the sake of the reader, who must else remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light-and-noise-abhorring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor who comes and mouths them out before an audience, making four hundred people his confidants at once? I say not that it is the fault of the actor so to do; he must pronounce them *ore rotundo*, he must accompany them with his eye, he must insinuate them into his auditory by some trick of eye, tone, or gesture, or he fails. *He must be thinking all the while of his appearance, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it.* And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet!

It is true that there is no other mode of conveying a vast quantity of thought and feeling to a great portion of the audience, who otherwise would never learn it for themselves by reading, and the intellectual acquisition gained this way may, for aught I know, be inestimable; but I am not arguing that 'Hamlet' should not be acted, but how much 'Hamlet' is made another thing by being acted. I have heard much of the wonders which Garrick performed in this part; but as I never saw him, I must have leave to doubt whether the representation of such a character came within the province of his art. Those who tell me of him, speak of his eye, of the magic of his eye, and of his commanding voice, — physical properties vastly desirable in an actor, and without which he can never insinuate meaning into an auditory. But what have they to do with Hamlet? What have they to do with intellect? In fact, the things aimed at in theatrical representation are to arrest the spectator's eye upon the form and the gesture, and so to gain a more favourable hearing to what is spoken. It is not what the character is, but how he looks; not what he says, but how he speaks it. I see no reason to think that if the play of 'Hamlet' were written over again by some such writer as Banks or Lillo, retaining the process of the story, but totally omitting all the poetry of it, all the divine features of Shakspeare, his stupendous intellect, and only taking care to give us enough of passionate dialogue, which Banks or Lillo were never at a loss to furnish, — I see not how the effect could be much different upon an audience, nor how the actor has it in his power to represent Shakspeare to us differently from his representation of Banks or Lillo. Hamlet would still be a youthful accom-

plished prince, and must be gracefully personated; he might be puzzled in his mind, wavering in his conduct, seemingly cruel to Ophelia; he might see a ghost, and start at it, and address it kindly when he found it to be his father, — all this in the poorest and most homely language of the servilest creeper after nature that ever consulted the palate of an audience, without troubling Shakspeare for the matter; and I see not but there would be room for all the power which an actor has to display itself. All the passions and changes of passion might remain, for those are much less difficult to write or act than is thought, — it is a trick easy to be attained, it is but rising or falling a note or two in the voice, a whisper, with a significant foreboding look to announce its approach; and so contagious the counterfeit appearance of any emotion is, that let the words be what they will, the look and tone shall carry it off and make it pass for deep skill in the passions.

* * *

Among the distinguishing features of that wonderful character, one of the most interesting (yet painful) is that soreness of mind which makes him treat the intrusions of Polonius with harshness, and that asperity which he puts on in his interviews with Ophelia. These tokens of an unhinged mind (if they be not mixed in the latter case with a profound artifice of love, to alienate Ophelia by affected discourtesies, so to prepare her mind for the breaking off of that loving intercourse, which can no longer find a place amidst business so serious as that which he has to do) are parts of his character, which, to reconcile with our admiration of Hamlet, the most patient consideration of his situation is no more than necessary; they are what we *forgive afterwards,* and explain by the whole of his character, but *at the time* they are harsh and unpleasant. Yet such is the actor's necessity of giving strong blows to the audience that I have never seen a player in this character who did not exaggerate and strain to the utmost these ambiguous features, — these temporary deformities in the character. They make him express a vulgar scorn at Polonius which utterly degrades his gentility, and which no explanation can render palatable; they make him show contempt and curl up the nose at Ophelia's father, — contempt in its very grossest and most hateful form; but they get applause by it: it is natural, people say, — that is, the words are scornful, and the actor expresses scorn, and that they can judge of; but why so much scorn, and of that sort, they never think of asking.

So to Ophelia. All the Hamlets that I have ever seen, rant and rave at her as if she had committed some great crime, and the audience are highly pleased, because the words of the part are satirical, and they are enforced by the strongest expression of satirical indignation of which the face and voice are capable. But then, whether Hamlet is likely to have put on such brutal appearances to a lady whom he loved so dearly, is never thought on. The truth is, that in all such deep affections as had subsisted between Hamlet and Ophelia, there is a stock of *supererogatory love* (if I may venture to use the expression), which in any great grief of heart, especially where that which preys upon the mind cannot be communicated, confers a kind of indulgence upon the grieved party to express itself, even to its heart's dearest object, in the language of a temporary alienation; but it is not alienation, it is a distraction purely, and so it always makes itself to be felt by that object: it is not anger, but grief assuming the appearance of anger, — love awkwardly counterfeiting hate, as sweet countenances when they try to frown. But such sternness and fierce disgust as Hamlet is made to show, is no counterfeit, but the real face of absolute aversion, of irreconcilable alienation. It may be said he puts on the madman; but then he should only so far put on this counterfeit lunacy as his own real distraction will give him leave; that is, incompletely, imperfectly, not in that confirmed, practised way, like a master of his art, or, as Dame Quickly would say, 'like one of those harlotry players.'

* * *

I am almost disposed to deny to Garrick the merits of being an admirer of Shakspeare. A true lover of his excellences he certainly was not; for would any true lover of them have admitted into his matchless scenes such ribald trash as Tate and Cibber and the rest of them, that

With their darkness durst affront his light,

have foisted into the acting of Shakspeare? I believe it impossible that he could have had a proper reverence for Shakspeare and have condescended to go through that interpolated scene in 'Richard the Third' in which Richard tries to break his wife's heart by telling her he loves another woman, and says, 'If she survives this she is immortal.' Yet I doubt not he delivered this vulgar stuff with as much anxiety of emphasis as any of the genuine parts; and for acting, it is as well calculated as any. But we have seen the part of Richard lately produce great fame to an actor by his manner of playing it, and it lets us into the secret of acting, and of popular judgments of Shakspeare derived from acting. Not one of the spectators who have witnessed Mr. C.'s exertions in that part but has come away with a proper conviction that Richard is a very wicked man, and kills little children in their beds with something like the pleasure which the giants and ogres in children's books are represented to have taken in that practice; moreover, that he is very close and shrewd and devilish cunning, for you could see that by his eye.

But is in fact this the impression we have in reading the Richard of Shakspeare? Do we feel anything like disgust, as we do at that butcher-like representation of him that passes for him on the stage? A horror at his crimes blends with the effect which we feel; but how is it qualified, how is it carried off, by the rich intellect which he displays, his resources, his wit, his buoyant spirits, his vast knowledge and insight into characters, the poetry of his part! — not an atom of all which is made perceivable in Mr. C.'s way of acting it. Nothing but his crimes, his actions, is visible, — they are prominent and staring; the murderer stands out, — but where is the lofty genius, the man of vast capacity, the profound, the witty, accomplished Richard?

The truth is, the characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation rather than of interest or curiosity as to their actions that while we are reading any of his great criminal characters, — Macbeth, Richard, even Iago, — we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity which prompts them to overleap those moral fences. Barnwell is a wretched murderer; there is a certain fitness between his neck and the rope; he is the legitimate heir to the gallows; nobody who thinks at all can think of any alleviating circumstances in his case to make him a fit object of mercy. Or to take an instance from the higher tragedy, what else but a mere assassin in Glenalvon? Do we think of anything but of the crime which he commits and the rack which he deserves? That is all which we really think about him. Whereas in corresponding characters in Shakspeare, so little do the actions comparatively affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind in all its perverted greatness, solely seems real, and is exclusively attended to, the crime is comparatively nothing. But when we see these things represented, the acts which they do are comparatively everything, their impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of night and horror which Macbeth is made to utter, that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan, — when we no longer read it in a book, when we have given up that vantage-ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man in his bodily shape before our eyes actually preparing to commit a murder, if the acting be true and impressive, as I have witnessed it in Mr. K.'s performance of that part, the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close pressing semblance of reality, give a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence: it rather seems to belong to history, to something past and inevitable, if it has anything to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone, is that which is present to our minds in the reading.

So to see Lear acted, — to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him, — that is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But

the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery, by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear; they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano, — they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on, even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear, — we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms. In the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty, irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves,* when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children he reminds them that 'they themselves are old'? What gestures shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show; it is too hard and stony, — it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending! — as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, and flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation, why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station; as if at his years, and with his experience, anything was left but to die!

"Lear" is essentially impossible to be represented on a stage. But how many dramatic personages are there in Shakspeare which, though more tractable and feasible (if I may so speak) than Lear, yet from some circumstance, some adjunct to their character, are improper to be shown to our bodily eye. "Othello," for instance. Nothing can be more soothing, more flattering to the nobler parts of our natures, than to read of a young Venetian lady of highest extraction, through the force of love and from a sense of merit in him whom she loved, laying aside every consideration of kindred and country and colour, and wedding with a *coal-black Moor* (for such he is represented, in the imperfect state of knowledge respecting foreign countries in those days compared with our own, or in compliance with popular notions; though the Moors are now well enough known to be by many shades less unworthy of white woman's fancy), — it is the perfect triumph of virtue over accidents, of the imagination over the senses. She sees Othello's colour in his mind. But upon the stage, when the imagination is no longer the ruling faculty, but we are left to our poor, unassisted senses, I appeal to every one that has seen 'Othello' played, whether he did not, on the contrary, sink Othello's mind in his colour; whether he did not find something extremely revolting in the courtship and wedded caresses of Othello and Desdemona; and whether the actual sight of the thing did not overweigh all that beautiful compromise which we make in reading. And the reason it should do so is obvious, because there is just so much reality presented to our senses as to give a perception of disagreement, with not enough of belief in the internal motives — all that which is unseen — to overpower and reconcile the first and obvious prejudices.* What we see upon a stage is body and bodily action; what we are conscious of in reading is almost exclusively the mind and its movements; and this, I think, may sufficiently account for

* The error of supposing that because Othello's colour does not offend us in the reading, it should also not offend us in the seeing, is just such a fallacy as supposing that an Adam and Eve in a picture shall affect us just as they do in the poem. But in the poem we for a while have paradisaical senses given us, which vanish when we see a man and his wife without clothes in the picture. The painters

the very different sort of delight with which the same play so often affects us in the reading and the seeing.

Much has been said, and deservedly, in reprobation of the vile mixture which Dryden has thrown into the "Tempest"; doubtless without some such vicious alloy, the impure ears of that age would never have sat out to hear so much innocence of love as is contained in the sweet courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda. But is the "Tempest" of Shakspeare at all a subject for stage representation? It is one thing to read of an enchanter, and to believe the wondrous tale while we are reading it; but to have a conjuror brought before us in his conjuring gown, with his spirits about him, which none but himself and some hundred of favoured spectators before the curtain are supposed to see, involves such a quantity of the *hateful incredible* that all our reverence for the author cannot hinder us from perceiving such gross attempts upon the sense to be in the highest degree childish and inefficient. Spirits and fairies cannot be represented, they cannot even be painted; they can only be believed. But the elaborate and anxious provision of scenery, which the luxury of the age demands, in these cases works a quite contrary effect to what is intended. That which in comedy, or plays of familiar life, adds so much to the life of the imitation, in plays which appeal to the higher faculties positively destroys the illusion which it is introduced to aid. A parlour or a drawing-room, a library opening into a garden, a garden with an alcove in it, a street, or the piazza of Covent Garden, does well enough in a scene; we are content to give as much credit to it as it demands; or rather, we think little about it, it is little more than reading at the top of a page, "Scene, a garden;" we do not imagine ourselves there, but we readily admit the imitation of familiar objects. But to think, by the help of painted trees and caverns which we know to be painted, to transport our minds to Prospero and his island and his lonely cell,* or by the aid of a fiddle dexterously thrown in, in an interval of speaking, to make us believe that we hear those supernatural noises of which the isle was full, — the Orrery Lecturer at the Haymarket might as well hope, by his musical glasses cleverly stationed out of sight behind his apparatus, to make us believe that we do indeed hear the crystal spheres ring out that chime which, if it were to inwrap our fancy long, Milton thinks,

> Time would run back and fetch the age of gold,
> And speckled vanity
> Would sicken soon and die,
> And leprous Sin would melt from earthly mould,—
> Yea, Hell itself would pass away,
> And leave its dolorous mansions to the peering day.

The Garden of Eden, with our first parents in it, is not more impossible to be shown on a stage than the Enchanted Isle, with its no less interesting and innocent first settlers.

The subject of scenery is closely connected with that of the dresses, which are so anxiously attended to on our stage. I remember, the last time I saw Macbeth played, the discrepancy I felt at the changes of garment which he varied, — the shiftings and re-shiftings, like a Romish priest at mass. The luxury of stage-improvements and the importunity of the public eye require this. The coronation robe of the Scottish monarch was fairly a counterpart to that which our king wears when he goes to the parliament-house, — just so full and cumbersome, and set out with ermine and pearls. And if things must be represented, I see not what to find fault with in this. But in reading, what robe are we conscious of? Some dim images of royalty, a crown and sceptre, may float before our eyes, but who shall describe the fashion of it? Do we see in our mind's eye what Webb or any other robe-maker could pattern? This is the inevitable consequence of imitating everything, to make all things natural. Whereas the reading of a tragedy is a fine abstraction. It presents to the fancy just so much of external appearances as

themselves feel this, as is apparent by the awkward shifts they have recourse to, to make them look not quite naked, — by a sort of prophetic anachronism antedating the invention of fig-leaves. So in the reading of the play, we see with Desdemona's eyes; in the seeing of it, we are forced to look with our own.

* It will be said these things are done in pictures. But pictures and scenes are very different things. Painting is a word of itself; but in scene-painting there is the attempt to deceive, and there is the discordancy, never to be got over, between painted scenes and real people.

to make us feel that we are among flesh and blood, while by far the greater and better part of our imagination is employed upon the thoughts and internal machinery of the character. But in acting, scenery, dress, the most contemptible things, call upon us to judge of their naturalness.

* * *

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830)

ON GOING A JOURNEY

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

"The fields his study, nature was his book."

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

"——a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

"May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,"

that I absent myself from the town for awhile, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner — and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff of the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way,"

says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said: but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you — these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue." My old friend C——, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had"; and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following.

"—— Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbine, caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How thy pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest." ——

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot: — I must have time to collect myself. —

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. L—— is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is,

what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take ones' ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heart-felt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

"The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,"

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper — eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen — *Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world: but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges — "lord of one's-self, uncumber'd with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion — to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties — to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening — and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour!* One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world: an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns — sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas — at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's, (I think it was) where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat between me and the twilight — at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read Paul and Virginia, which I picked up at an inn at Bridge-

water, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's Camilla. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the New Eloise, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birth-day, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems. But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly any thing that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight, also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nut-shell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast; — the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China to us? An inch of paste-board on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piece-meal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument

that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten! — To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place;" nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *eclat* — shewed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

> "With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd" —

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges — was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Ciceroni that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to common-place beauties in matchless pictures.—As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, become a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen: there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any simple contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. — Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people! — There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else: but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connexions. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense instructive; but it appears to be cut out of

our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

"Out of my country and myself I go."

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recal them: but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could any where borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

ON FAMILIAR STYLE

It is not easy to write a familiar style. Many people mistake a familiar for a vulgar style, and suppose that to write without affectation is to write at random. On the contrary, there is nothing that requires more precision, and, if I may so say, purity of expression, than the style I am speaking of. It utterly rejects not only all unmeaning pomp, but all low, cant phrases, and loose, unconnected, *slipshod* allusions. It is not to take the first word that offers, but the best word in common use; it is not to throw words together in any combinations we please, but to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom of the language. To write a genuine familiar or truly English style, is to write as anyone would speak in common conversation, who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes. Or to give another illustration, to write naturally is the same thing in regard to common conversation, as to read naturally is in regard to common speech. It does not follow that it is an easy thing to give the true accent and inflection to the words you utter, because you do not attempt to rise above the level of ordinary life and colloquial speaking. You do not assume indeed the solemnity of the pulpit, or the tone of stage-declamation: neither are you at liberty to gabble on at a venture, without emphasis or discretion, or to resort to vulgar dialect or clownish pronunciation. You must steer a middle course. You are tied down to a given and appropriate articulation, which is determined by the habitual associations between sense and sound, and which you can only hit by entering into the author's meaning, as you must find the proper words and style to express yourself by fixing your thoughts on the subject you have to write about. Anyone may mouth out a passage with a theatrical cadence, or get upon stilts to tell his thoughts: but to write or speak with propriety and simplicity is a more difficult task. Thus it is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express: it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it. Out of eight or ten words equally common, equally intelligible, with nearly equal pretensions, it is a matter of some nicety and discrimination to pick out the very one, the preferableness of which is scarcely perceptible, but decisive. The reason why I object to Dr. Johnson's style is, that there is no discrimination, no selection, no variety in it. He uses none but "tall, opaque words," taken from the "first row of the rubric:" — words with the greatest number of syllables, or Latin phrases with merely English terminations. If a fine style depended on this sort of arbitrary pretension, it would be fair to judge of an author's elegance by the measurement of his words, and the substitution of foreign circumlocutions (with no precise associations) for the mother-tongue.* How simple it is to be dignified without ease, to be pompous without meaning! Surely, it is but a mechanical rule for avoiding what is low to be always pedantic and affected. It is clear you cannot use a vulgar English word, if you never use a common English word at all. A fine tact is shown in adhering to those which are perfectly common, and yet never falling into any expressions which are debased by disgusting circumstances, or which owe their signification and point to technical or professional allusions. A truly natural or familiar style can never be quaint or vulgar, for this reason, that it is of universal force and applicability, and that quaintness and vulgarity arise out of the immediate connection of certain

* I have heard of such a thing as an author, who makes it a rule never to admit a monosyllable into his vapid verse. Yet the charm and sweetness of Marlow's lines depended often on their being made up almost entirely of monosyllables.

words with coarse and disagreeable, or with confined ideas. The last form what we understand by *cant* or *slang* phrases. — To give an example of what is not very clear in the general statement. I should say that the phrase *To cut with a knife,* or *To cut a piece of wood,* is perfectly free from vulgarity, because it is perfectly common: but to *cut an acquaintance* is not quite unexceptionable because it is not perfectly common or intelligible, and has hardly yet escaped out of the limits of slang phraseology. I should hardly therefore use the word in this sense without putting it in italics as a license of expression, to be received *cum grano salis.* All provincial or bye-phrases come under the same mark of reprobation — all such as the writer transfers to the page from his fireside or a particular *coterie,* or that he invents for his own sole use and convenience. I conceive that words are like money, not the worse for being common, but that it is the stamp of custom alone that gives them circulation or value. I am fastidious in this respect, and would almost as soon coin the currency of the realm as counterfeit the King's English. I never invented or gave a new and unauthorised meaning to any word but one single one (the term *impersonal* applied to feelings) and that was in an abstruse metaphysical discussion to express a very difficult distinction. I have been (I know) loudly accused of revelling in vulgarisms and broken English. I cannot speak to that point: but so far I plead guilty to the determined use of acknowledged idioms and common elliptical expressions. I am not sure that the critics in question know the one from the other, that is, can distinguish any medium between formal pedantry and the most barbarous solecism. As an author, I endeavour to employ plain words and popular modes of construction, as were I a chapman and dealer, I should common weights and measures.

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application. A word may be a fine-sounding word, of an unusual length, and very imposing from its learning and novelty, and yet in the connection in which it is introduced, may be quite pointless and irrelevant. It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the expression to the idea that clenches a writer's meaning: — as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch; or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timbers, and more so than the mere showy, unsubstantial ornaments. I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. A person who does not deliberately dispose of all his thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and flimsy disguises, may strike out twenty varieties of familiar everyday language, each coming somewhat nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon that particular and only one, which may be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind. This would seem to show that Mr. Cobbett is hardly right in saying that the first word that occurs is always the best. It may be a very good one; and yet a better may present itself on reflection or from time to time. It should be suggested naturally, however, and spontaneously, from a fresh and lively conception of the subject. We seldom succeed by trying at improvement, or by merely substituting one word for another that we are not satisfied with, as we cannot recollect the name of a place or person by merely plaguing ourselves about it. We wander farther from the point by persisting in a wrong scent; but it starts up accidentally in the memory when we least expected it, by touching some link in the chain of previous association.

There are those who hoard up and make a cautious display of nothing but rich and rare phraseology; — ancient medals, obscure coins, and Spanish pieces of eight. They are very curious to inspect; but I myself would neither offer nor take them in the course of exchange. A sprinkling of archaisms is not amiss; but a tissue of obsolete expressions is more fit *for keep than wear.* I do not say I would not use any phrase that had been brought into fashion before the middle or the end of the last century; but I should be shy of using any that had not been employed by any approved author during the whole of that time. Words, like clothes, get old-fashioned, or mean and ridiculous, when they have been for some time laid aside. Mr. Lamb is the only imitator of old English style I can read with pleasure; and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit

of his authors, that the idea of imitation is almost done away. There is an inward unction, a marrowy vein both in the thought and feeling, an intuition, deep and lively, of his subject, that carries off any quaintness or awkwardness arising from an antiquated style and dress. The matter is completely his own, though the manner is assumed. Perhaps his ideas are altogether so marked and individual, as to require their point and pungency to be neutralised by the affectation of a singular but traditional form of conveyance. Tricked out in the prevailing costume, they would probably seem more startling and out of the way. The old English authors, Burton, Fuller, Coryate, Sir Thomas Browne, are a kind of mediators between us and the more eccentric and whimsical modern, reconciling us to his peculiarities. I do not however know how far this is the case or not, till he condescends to write like one of us. I must confess that what I like best of his papers under the signature of "Elia" (still I do not presume, amidst such excellence, to decide what is most excellent) is the account of "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," which is also the most free from obsolete allusions and turns of expression —

> A well of native English undefiled.

To those acquainted with his admired prototypes, these Essays of the ingenious and highly gifted author have the same sort of charm and relish, that Erasmus's Colloquies or a fine piece of modern Latin have to the classical scholar. Certainly, I do not know any borrowed pencil that has more power or felicity of execution than t' e one of which I have here been speaking.

It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas, as it is to spread a pallet of showy colours, or to smear in a flaunting transparency. "What do you read?" — "Words, words, words." — "What is the matter?" — "*Nothing,*" it might be answered. The florid style is the reverse of the familiar. The last is employed as an unvarnished medium to convey ideas; the first is resorted to as a spangled veil to conceal the want of them. When there is nothing to be set down but words, it costs little to have them fine. Look through the dictionary, and cull out a *florilegium,* rival the *tulippomania. Rouge* high enough, and never mind the natural complexion. The vulgar, who are not in the secret, will admire the look of preternatural health and vigour; and the fashionable, who regard only appearances, will be delighted with the imposition. Keep to your sounding generalities, your tinkling phrases, and all will be well. Swell out an unmeaning truism to a perfect tympany of style. A thought, a distinction is the rock on which all this brittle cargo of verbiage splits at once. Such writers have merely *verbal* imaginations, that retain nothing but words. Or their puny thoughts have dragon-wings, all green and gold. They soar far above the vulgar failing of the *Sermo humi obrepens* — their most ordinary speech is never short of an hyperbole, splendid, imposing, vague, incomprehensible, magniloquent, a cento of sounding common-places. If some of us, whose "ambition is more lowly," pry a little too narrowly into nooks and corners to pick up a number of "unconsidered trifles," they never once direct their eyes or lift their hands to seize on any but the most gorgeous, tarnished, thread-bare patchwork set of phrases, the left-off finery of poetic extravagance, transmitted down through successive generations of barren pretenders. If they criticise actors and actresses, a huddled phantasmagoria of feathers, spangles, floods of light, and oceans of sound float before their morbid sense, which they paint in the style of Ancient Pistol. Not a glimpse can you get of the merits or defects of the performers: they are hidden in a profusion of barbarous epithets and wilful rhodomontade. Our hypercritics are not thinking of these little fantoccini beings —

> That strut and fret their hour upon the stage —

but of tall phantoms of words, abstractions, *genera* and *species,* sweeping clauses, periods that unite the Poles, forced alliterations, astounding antitheses —

> And on their pens *Fustian* sits plumed.

If they describe kings and queens, it is an Eastern pageant. The Coronation at either House is nothing to it. We get at four repeated images — a curtain, a throne, a sceptre, and a foot-stool. These are with them the wardrobe of a lofty imagination;

and they turn their servile strains to servile uses. Do we read a description of pictures? It is not a reflection of tones and hues which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on," but piles of precious stones, rubies, pearls, emeralds, Golconda's mines, and all the blazonry of art. Such persons are in fact besotted with words, and their brains are turned with the glittering, but empty and sterile phantoms of things. Personifications, capital letters, seas of sunbeams, visions of glory, shining inscriptions, the figures of a transparency, Britannia with her shield, or Hope leaning on an anchor, make up their stock-in-trade. They may be considered as *hieroglyphical* writers. Images stand out in their minds isolated and important merely in themselves, without any groundwork of feeling — there is no context in their imaginations. Words affect them in the same way, by the mere sound, that is, by their possible, not by their actual application to the subject in hand. They are fascinated by first appearances, and have no sense of consequences. Nothing more is meant by them than meets the ear: they understand or feel nothing more than meets their eye. The web and texture of the universe, and of the heart of man, is a mystery to them: they have no faculty that strikes a chord in unison with it. They cannot get beyond the daubings of fancy, the varnish of sentiment. Objects are not linked to feelings, words to things, but images revolve in splendid mockery, words represent themselves in their strange rhapsodies. The categories of such a mind are pride and ignorance — pride in outside show, to which they sacrifice everything, and ignorance of the true worth and hidden structure both of words and things. With a sovereign contempt for what is familiar and natural, they are the slaves of vulgar affectation — of a routine of high-flown phrases. Scorning to imitate realities, they are unable to invent anything, to strike out one original idea. They are not copyists of nature, it is true: but they are the poorest of all plagiarists, the plagiarists of words. All is far-fetched, dear-bought, artificial, oriental in subject and allusion: all is mechanical, conventional, vapid, formal, pedantic in style and execution. They startle and confound the understanding of the reader, by the remoteness and obscurity of their illustrations: they soothe the ear by the monotony of the same everlasting round of circuitous metaphors. They are the *mock-school* in poetry and prose. They flounder about between fustian in expression, and bathos in sentiment. They tantalise the fancy, but never reach the head nor touch the heart. Their Temple of Fame is like a shadowy structure raised by Dullness to Vanity, or like Cowper's description of the Empress of Russia's palace of ice, as "worthless as in show 't was glittering" —

It smiled, and it was cold!

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH POETS

My father was a Dissenting Minister at W——m in Shropshire; and in the year 1798 (the figures that compose the date are to me like the "dreaded name of Demogorgon") Mr. Coleridge came to Shrewsbury, to succeed Mr. Rowe in the spiritual charge of a Unitarian Congregation there. He did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach; and Mr. Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation, to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description but a round-faced man in a short black coat (like a shooting-jacket) which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who seemed to be talking at a great rate to his fellow passengers. Mr. Rowe had scarce returned to give an account of his disappointment, when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject, by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he stayed; nor has he since, that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in delightful suspense for three weeks that he remained there, "fluttering the *proud Salopians,* like an eagle in a dove-cote"; and the Welsh mountains that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion, agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the days of

High-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

As we pased along between W——m and Shrewsbury, and I eyed their blue tops seen through the wintry branches, or the

red rustling leaves of the sturdy oak-trees by the road-side, a sound was in my ears as of a Syren's song; I was stunned, startled with it, as from deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery or quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul, like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road. I was at that time dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the way-side, crushed, bleeding, lifeless; but now, bursting the deadly bands that

> bound them,
> With Styx nine times round them,

my ideas float on winged words, and as they expand their plumes, catch the golden light of other years. My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge. But this is not to my purpose.

My father lived ten miles from Shrewsbury, and was in the habit of exchanging visits with Mr. Rowe, and with Mr. Jenkins of Whitchurch (nine miles farther on), according to the custom of Dissenting Ministers in each other's neighbourhood. A line of communications is thus established, by which the flame of civil and religious liberty is kept alive, and nourishes its smouldering fire unquenchable, like the fires in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, placed at different stations, that waited for ten long years to announce with their blazing pyramids the destruction of Troy. Coleridge had agreed to come over and see my father, according to the courtesy of the country, as Mr. Rowe's probable successor; but in the meantime I had gone to hear him preach the Sunday after his arrival. A poet and a philosopher getting up into a Unitarian pulpit to preach the Gospel, was a romance in these degenerate days, a sort of revival of the primitive spirit of Christianity, which was not to be resisted.

It was in January, 1798, that I rose one morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud, and went to hear this celebrated person preach. Never. the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, comfortless one, in the winter of the year 1798. *Il y a des impressions que ni le tems ni les circonstances peuvent effacer. Dusse-je vivre des siècles entiers, le doux tems de ma jeunesse ne peut renaître pour moi, ni s'effacer jamais dans ma mémoire.* When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, "And he went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE." As he gave out this text, his voice "rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes," and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, "of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey." The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war; upon church and state — not their alliance but their separation — on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had "inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore." He made a poetical and pastoral excursion — and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy, driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, "as though he should never be old," and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood:

> Such were the notes our once-lov'd poet sung.

And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together. Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of Religion. This was even

beyond my hopes. I returned home well satisfied. The sun that was still labouring pale and wan through the sky, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem of the *good cause;* and the cold dank drops of dew, that hung half melted on the beard of the thistle, had something genial and refreshing in them; for there was a spirit of hope and youth in all nature, that turned everything into good. The face of nature had not then the brand of Jus Divinum on it:

> Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was called down into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. "For those two hours," he afterwards was pleased to say, "he was conversing with W. H.'s forehead!" His appearance was different from what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright —

> As are the children of yon azure sheen.

His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them, like a sea with darkened lustre. "A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread," a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing — like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face as from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficint capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So, at least, I comment on it after the event. Coleridge, in his person, was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, or like Lord Hamlet, "somewhat fat and pursy." His hair (now, alas! grey) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is peculiar to enthusiasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward; and is traditionally inseparable (though of a different colour) from the pictures of Christ. It ought to belong, as a character, to all who preach *Christ crucified,* and Coleridge was at that time one of those!

* * * * *

The country about Nether Stowey is beautiful, green and hilly, and near the seashore. I saw it but the other day, after an interval of twenty years, from a hill near Taunton. How was the map of my life spread out before me, as the map of the country lay at my feet! In the afternoon, Coleridge took me over to All-Foxden, a romantic old family mansion of the St. Aubins, where Wordsworth lived. It was then in the possession of a friend of the poet's, who gave him the free use of it. Somehow, that period (the time just after the French Revolution) was not a time when *nothing was given for nothing.* The mind opened and a softness might be perceived coming over the heart of individuals, beneath "the scales that fence" our self-interest. Wordsworth himself was from home, but his sister kept house, and set before us a frugal repast; and we had free access to her brother's poems, the "Lyrical Ballads," which were still in manuscript, or in the form of *Sybilline Leaves.* I dipped into a few of these with great satisfaction, and with the faith of a novice. I slept that night in an old room with blue hangings, and covered with the round-faced family portraits of the age of George I. and II., and from the wooded declivity of the adjoining park that overlooked my window, at the dawn of day, could

> —— hear the loud stag speak.

In the outset of life (and particularly at this time I felt it so) our imagination has a body to it. We are in a state between sleeping and waking, and have in-

distinct but glorious glimpses of strange shapes, and there is always something to come better than what we see. As in our dreams the fullness of the blood gives warmth and reality to the coinage of the brain, so in youth our ideas are clothed, and fed, and pampered with our good spirits; we breathe thick with thoughtless happiness, the weight of future years presses on the strong pulses of the heart, and we repose with undisturbed faith in truth and good. As we advance, we exhaust our fund of enjoyment and of hope. We are no longer wrapped in *lamb's-wool,* lulled in Elysium. As we taste the pleasures of life, their spirit evaporates, the sense palls; and nothing is left but the phantoms, the lifeless shadows of what *has been!*

That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we strolled out into the park, and seating ourselves on the trunk of an old ash-tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud with a sonorous and musical voice, the ballad of "Betty Foy." I was not critically or sceptically inclined. I saw touches of truth and nature, and took the rest for granted. But in the "Thorn," the "Mad Mother," and the "Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman," I felt that deeper power and pathos which have been since acknowledged,

> In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,

as the characteristics of this author; and the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of Spring:

> While yet the trembling year is unconfirmed.

Coleridge and myself walked back to Stowey that evening, and his voice sounded high

> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,

as we passed through echoing grove, by fairy stream or waterfall, gleaming in the summer moonlight! He lamented that Wordsworth was not prone enough to believe in the traditional superstitions of the place, and that there was a something corporeal, a *matter-of-fact-ness,* a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry, in consequence. His genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprung out of the ground like a flower, or unfolded itself from a green spray, on which the goldfinch sang. He said, however (if I remember right), that this objection must be confined to his descriptive pieces, that his philosophic poetry had a grand and comprehensive spirit in it, so that his soul seemed to inhabit the universe like a palace, and to discover truth by intuition, rather than by deduction. The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the *costume* of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own "Peter Bell." There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantrey's bust wants the marking traits; but he was teased into making it regular and heavy: Haydon's head of him, introduced into the "Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear, gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr,* like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said, triumphantly, that "his marriage with experience had not been so unproductive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life." He had been to see the "Castle Spectre" by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol, and described it very well. He said "it fitted the taste of the audience like a glove." This *ad captandum* merit was however by no means a recommendation of it, according

to the severe principles of the new school, which reject rather than court popular effect. Wordsworth, looking out of the low, latticed window, said, "How beautifully the sun sets on that yellow bank!" I thought within myself, "With what eyes these poets see nature!" and ever after, when I saw the sun-set stream upon the objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or thanked Mr. Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to All-Foxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of "Peter Bell" in the open air; and the comment made upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics! Whatever might be thought of the poem, "his face was as a book where men might read strange matters," and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones. There is a *chaunt* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer, and disarms the judgment. Perhaps they have deceived themselves by making habitual use of this ambiguous accompaniment. Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. The one might be termed more *dramatic,* the other more *lyrical.* Coleridge has told me that he himself liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse-wood; whereas Wordsworth always wrote (if he could) walking up and down a straight gravel walk, or in some spot where the continuity of his verse met with no collateral interruption. Returning that same evening, I got into a metaphysical argument with Wordsworth, while Coleridge was explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister, in which we neither of us succeeded in making ourselves perfectly clear and intelligible. Thus I passed three weeks at Nether Stowey and in the neighbourhood, generally devoting the afternoons to a delightful chat in an arbour made of bark by the poet's friend Tom Poole, sitting under two fine elm-trees, and listening to the bees humming round us, while we quaffed our *flip.* It was agreed, among other things, that we should make a jaunt down the Bristol Channel, as far as Linton. We set off together on foot, Coleridge, John Chester, and I. This Chester was a native of Nether Stowey, one of those who were attracted to Coleridge's discourse as flies are to honey, or bees in swarming-time to the sound of a brass pan. He "followed in the chase like a dog who hunts, not like one that made up the cry." He had on a brown cloth coat, boots, and corduroy breeches, was low in stature, bow-legged, had a drag in his walk like a drover, which he assisted by a hazel switch, and kept on a sort of trot by the side of Coleridge, like a running footman by a state coach, that he might not lose a syllable or sound that fell from Coleridge's lips. He told me his private opinion, that Coleridge was a wonderful man. He scarcely opened his lips, much less offered an opinion the whole way: yet of the three, had I to choose during that journey, I would be John Chester. He afterwards followed Coleridge into Germany, where the Kantean philosophers were puzzled how to bring him under any of their categories. When he sat down at table with his idol, John's felicity was complete; Sir Walter Scott's, or Mr. Blackwood's, when they sat down at the same table with the King, was not more so. We passed Dunster on our right, a small town between the brow of a hill and the sea. I remember eyeing it wistfully as it lay below us: contrasted with the woody scene around, it looked as clear, as pure, as *embrowned* and ideal as any landscape I have seen since, of Gaspar Poussin's or Domenichino's. We had a long day's march — (our feet kept time to the echoes of Coleridge's tongue) — through Minehead and by the Blue Anchor, and on to Linton, which we did not reach till near midnight, and where we had some difficulty in making a lodgment. We, however, knocked the people of the house up at last, and we were repaid for our apprehensions and fatigue by some excellent rashers of fried bacon and eggs. The view in coming along had been splendid. We walked for miles and miles on dark brown heaths overlooking the Channel, with the Welsh hills beyond, and at times descended into little sheltered valleys close by the sea-side, with a smuggler's face scowling by us, and then had to ascend conical hills with a path winding up through a coppice to a barren top, like a monk's shaven crown, from one of which I pointed out to Coleridge's notice the bare masts of a vessel on the very edge of the horizon, and

within the red-orbed disk of the setting sun, like his own spectre-ship in the "Ancient Mariner." At Linton the character of the sea-coast becomes more marked and rugged. There is a place called the *Valley of Rocks* (I suspect this was only the poetical name for it), bedded among precipices overhanging the sea, with rocky caverns beneath, into which the waves dash, and where the sea-gull for ever wheels its screaming flight. On the tops of these are huge stones thrown transverse, as if an earthquake had tossed them there, and behind these is a fretwork of perpendicular rocks, something like the *Giant's Causeway.* A thunder-storm came on while we were at the inn, and Coleridge was running out bare-headed to enjoy the commotion of the elements in the *Valley of Rocks,* but as if in spite, the clouds only muttered a few angry sounds, and let fall a few refreshing drops. Coleridge told me that he and Wordsworth were to have made this place the scene of a prose-tale, which was to have been in the manner of, but far superior to, the "Death of Abel." but they had relinquished the design. In the morning of the second day, we breakfasted luxuriously in an old-fashioned parlour on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, in the very sight of the bee-hives from which it had been taken, and a garden full of thyme and wild flowers that had produced it. On this occasion Coleridge spoke of Virgil's "Georgics," but not well. I do not think he had much feeling for the classical or elegant. It was in this room that we found a little worn-out copy of the "Seasons," lying in a window-seat, on which Coleridge exclaimed, "*That* is true fame!" He said Thomson was a great poet, rather than a good one; his style was as meretricious as his thoughts were natural. He spoke of Cowper as the best modern poet. He said the "Lyrical Ballads" were an experiment about to be tried by him and Wordsworth, to see how far the public taste would endure poetry written in a more natural and simple style than had hitherto been attempted; totally discarding the artifices of poetical diction, and making use only of such words as had probably been common in the most ordinary language since the days of Henry II. Some comparison was introduced between Shakespeare and Milton. He said "he hardly knew which to prefer. Shakespeare appeared to him a mere stripling in the art; he was as tall and as strong, with infinitely more activity than Milton, but he never appeared to have come to man's estate; or if he had, he would not have been a man, but a monster." He spoke with contempt of Gray, and with intolerance of Pope. He did not like the versification of the latter. He observed that "the ears of these couplet-writers might be charged with having short memories, that could not retain the harmony of whole passages." He thought little of Junius as a writer; he had a dislike of Dr. Johnson; and a much higher opinion of Burke as an orator and politician, than of Fox or Pitt. He, however, thought him very inferior in richness of style and imagery to some of our elder prose-writers, particularly Jeremy Taylor. He liked Richardson, but not Fielding; nor could I get him to enter into the merits of "Caleb Williams."* In short, he was profound and discriminating with respect to those authors whom he liked, and where he gave his judgment fair play; capricious, perverse, and prejudiced in his antipathies and distastes. We loitered on the "ribbed sea-sands," in such talk as this a whole morning, and, I recollect, met with a curious seaweed, of which John Chester told us the country name! A fisherman gave Coleridge an account of a boy that had been drowned the day before, and that they had tried to save him at the risk of their own lives. He said "he did not know how it was that they ventured, but, Sir, we have a *nature* towards one another." This expression, Coleridge remarked to me, was a fine illustration of that theory of disinterestedness which I (in common with Butler) had adopted. I broached to him an argument of mine to prove that *likeness* was not mere association of ideas. I said that the mark in the sand put one in mind of a man's foot, not because it was part of a former impression of a man's foot (for it was quite new), but because it was like the shape of a man's foot. He assented to the justness of this distinction (which I have explained at length elswhere, for

* He had no idea of pictures, of Claude or Raphael, and at this time I had as little as he. He sometimes gives a striking account at present of the Cartoons at Pisa, by Buffamalco and others; of one in particular, where Death is seen in the air brandishing his scythe, and the great and mighty of the earth shudder at his approach, while the beggars and the wretched kneel to him as their deliverer. He would, of course, understand so broad and fine a moral as this at any time.

the benefit of the curious), and John Chester listened; not from any interest in the subject, but because he was astonished that I should be able to suggest anything to Coleridge that he did not already know. We returned on the third morning, and Coleridge remarked the silent cottage-smoke curling up the valleys where, a few evenings before, we had seen the lights gleaming through the dark.

In a day or two after we arrived at Stowey, we set out, I on my return home, and he for Germany. It was a Sunday morning, and he was to preach that day for Dr. Toulmin of Taunton. I asked him if he had prepared anything for the occasion? He said he had not even thought of the text, but should as soon as we parted. I did not go to hear him — this was a fault — but we met in the evening at Bridgewater. The next day we had a long day's walk to Bristol, and sat down, I recollect, by a well-side on the road, to cool ourselves and satisfy our thirst, when Coleridge repeated to me some descriptive lines from his tragedy of "Remorse"; which I must say became his mouth and that occasion better than they, some years after, did Mr. Elliston's and the Drury-lane boards —

Oh memory! shield me from the world's poor strife,
And give those scenes thine everlasting life.

I saw no more of him for a year or two, during which period he had been wandering in the Hartz Forest, in Germany; and his return was cometary, meteorous, unlike his setting out. It was not till some time after that I knew his friends Lamb and Southey. The last always appears to me (as I first saw him) with a commonplace book under his arm, and the first with a *bon-mot* in his mouth. It was at Godwin's that I met him with Holcroft and Coleridge, where they were disputing fiercely which was the best — *Man as he was, or man as he is to be.* "Give me," says Lamb, "man as he is *not* to be." This saying was the beginning of a friendship between us, which I believe still continues.— Enough of this for the present.

But there is matter for another rhyme,
And I to this may add a second tale.

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

An Italian author — Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit — has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but on the the other hand, it is clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower. she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being, — a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh — it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their will is never pulled aside by the enticing arms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, etc., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been

warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold, — from fire to ice. They are "haled" out of their "beds," says Milton, by "harpy-footed furies," — fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster, as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. "It is very cold this morning, is it not?" — "Very cold, Sir." — "Very cold indeed, isn't it?" — "Very cold indeed, Sir." — "More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, Sir . . . I think it *is*." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise, however — get me some warm water." — Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?" — "Yes, Sir." — "Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?" — "No, Sir; it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh — the shirt — you must air my clean shirt; — linen gets very damp this weather." — "Yes, Sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt — very well. My stockings — I think the stockings had better be aired too." — "Very well, Sir." — Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar) — I now cannot help thinking a good deal — who can? — upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer) — so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.) — No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against the degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture — at Michael Angelo's — at Titian's — at Shakespeare's — at Fletcher's — at Spenser's — at Chaucer's — at Alfred's — at Plato's — I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.— Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.— Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan.— Think of Wortley Montagu, the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudice of his time.— Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.— Lastly, think of the razor itself — how totally opposed to every sensation of bed — how cold, how edgy, how hard! — how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

> Sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his Seasons —

> Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three and four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, "What shall I think of myself,

if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious lier in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

We only know of one confounding, not to say confounded argument, fit to overturn the huge luxury, the "enormous bliss"—of the vice in question. A lier in bed may be allowed to profess a disinterested indifference for his health or longevity; but while he is showing the reasonableness of consulting his own or one person's comfort, he must admit the proportionate claim of more than one; and the best way to deal with him is this, especially for a lady; for we earnestly recommend the use of that sex on such occasions, if not somewhat *over*-persuasive; since extremes have an awkward knack of meeting. First then, admit all the ingeniousness of what he says, telling him that the bar has been deprived of an excellent lawyer. Then look at him in the most good-natured manner in the world, with a mixture of assent and appeal in your countenance, and tell him that you are waiting breakfast for him; that you never like to breakfast without him; that you really want it too; that the servants want theirs; that you shall not know how to get the house into order, unless he rises; and that you are sure he would do things twenty times worse, even than getting out of his warm bed, to put them all into good humour and a state of comfort. Then, after having said this, throw in the comparatively indifferent matter, to *him*, about his health; but tell him that it is no indifferent matter to you; that the sight of his illness makes more people suffer than one; but that if, nevertheless, he really does feel so very sleepy and so very much refreshed by —— Yet stay; we hardly know whether the frailty of a —— Yes, yes; say that too, especially if you say it with sincerity; for if the weakness of human nature on the one hand and the *vis inertiæ* on the other, should lead him to take advantage of it once or twice, good-humour and sincerity form an irresistible junction at last; and are still better and warmer things than pillows and blankets.

Other little helps of appeal may be thrown in, as occasion requires. You may tell a lover, for instance, that lying in bed makes people corpulent; a father, that you wish him to complete the fine manly example he sets his children; a lady, that she will injure her bloom or her shape, which M. or W. admires so much; and a student or artist, that he is always so glad to have done a good day's work, in his best manner.

Reader. And pray, Mr. Indicator, how do *you* behave yourself in this respect?

Indic. Oh, Madam, perfectly, of course; like all advisers.

Reader. Nay, I allow that your mode of argument does not look quite so suspicious as the old way of sermonising and severity, but I have my doubts, especially from that laugh of yours. If I should look in to-morrow morning—

Indic. Ah. Madam, the look in of a face like yours does anything with me. It shall fetch me up at nine, if you please —*six*, I meant to say.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

Our Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious:—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hairdresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting

the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning —

"When beauteous Mira walks the plain."

He intends this for a common-place book, which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose, cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakespeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator, the History of England, the Works of Lady M. W. Montagu, Pope and Churchill; Middleton's Geography; the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, etc., and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile, and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as —

"Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,"

or

"Come, gentle god of soft repose,"

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning —

"At Upton on the hill,
There lived a happy pair."

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room: but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North" or "my lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off

the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, Sir; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh boxful in Tavistock-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege also of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband for instance has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, Sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, Sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows young again in his little grandchildren; especially the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes the best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, Sir; mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you, that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper)—"*She*'ll talk."

A 'NOW'

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as

she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp, uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence. Now grasshoppers 'fry,' as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots, and shoes, and trees by the roadside, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for 'tittle-bats.' Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedgerow elms, and having the noise of a brook 'rumbling in pebble-stones,' is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in doorways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water doorways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounger, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockeys, walking in greatcoats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in office do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old-clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned,

walk along in a state of dilapidation, and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850)

PREFACE TO THE 'LYRICAL BALLADS'

The first volume of these poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a poet may rationally endeavor to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure; and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

Several of my friends are anxious for the success of these poems from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realized, a class of poetry would be produced well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to add a systematic defense of the theory upon which the poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, because I knew that on this occasion the reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display my opinions, and fully to enforce my arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined without pointing out, in what manner language and the human mind act and react on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defense; yet I am sensible, that there would be some impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the public, without a few words of introduction, poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakspere and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an author, in the present day, makes to his reader; but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the reader will not censure me, for attempting to state what I have proposed to my-

self to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose; that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonorable accusations which can be brought against an author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavoring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect, and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonorable to the writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion is erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man, who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and me-

chanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. But it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these poems from the popular poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly intelligible by referring my reader to the poems entitled *Poor Susan* and the *Childless Father,* particularly to the last stanza of the latter poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting, that I point my reader's attention to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavor to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakspere and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.— When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and did I not further add to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these poems, I shall request the reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their style, in order, among other reasons, that I may not be censured for not having performed what I never attempted. The reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I hope, are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above prose. I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but I have endeavored utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which writers in meter seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep my reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a different claim of my own. There will also be found in these pieces little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my lan-

guage near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than, by informing him that I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject; consequently there is, I hope in these poems little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of meter, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these pieces. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the meter, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt prose and metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire:
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in italics; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rime, and in the use of the single word 'fruitless' for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of prose may yet be well adapted to poetry; and it was previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between poetry and painting, and, accordingly, we call them sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing in degree; poetry* sheds no

* I here use the word 'poetry' (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word 'prose,' and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism

tears 'such as angels weep' but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rime and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, whereever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if meter be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent reader should the poet interweave any foreign splendor of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the poems now presented to the reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labor is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded, that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask what is meant by the word 'poet'? What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind, a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added, a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks

by this contradistinction of poetry and prose, instead of the more philosophical one of poetry and matter of fact, or science. The only strict antithesis to prose is meter; nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis; because lines and passages of meter so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.

and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him must often, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a poet, it is obvious, that while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavors occasionally to surpass his original in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or frontiniac or sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the biographer and historian and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the poet and the image of things; between this, and the biographer and historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been

built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The man of science, the chemist and mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labor and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakspere hath said of man, 'that he looks before and after.' He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge — it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of men and science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man. — It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavor to excite admiration of himself by

arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorize the conclusion, that there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are colored by a diction of the poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual poet or belonging simply to poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in meter, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring my reader to the description which I have before given of a poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what I have there said is, that the poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The poet thinks and feels in the spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But poets do not write for poets alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from this supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to meter; for, as it may be proper to remind the reader, the distinction of meter is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the reader is utterly at the mercy of the poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion, whereas, in the other, the meter obeys certain laws, to which the poet and reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned, for attempting to superadd to such description the charm, which, by the consent of all

nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by poetry depends upon the meter, and that it is injudicious to write in meter, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which meter is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying meter with certain appropriate colors of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of meter in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in coexistence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods, and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of meter to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt, but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rime, than in prose. The meter of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion, and I hope, if the following poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the re-perusal of the distressful parts of Clarissa Harlowe, or the Gamester. While Shakspere's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure — an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement. — On the other hand, (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen,) if the poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the poet's choice of his meter has been grossly injudicious,) in the feelings of pleasure which the reader has been accustomed to connect with meter in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of meter, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defense of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well

known to those who have made any of the arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelngs. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of meter, and to show that meter is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated, till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so employed, the poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his reader, those passions, if his reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rime or meter of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of meter, differing from it so widely — all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which is always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the reader. All that it is *necessary* to say upon this subject, may be effected by affirming what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavored to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and sup-

port; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen.

> I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand.

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Babes in the Wood."

> These pretty babes with hand in hand
> Went wandering up and down;
> But never more they saw the Man
> Approaching from the Town.

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "The Strand," and "The Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the meter, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or, This is not poetry; but, This wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I must make one request of my reader, which is, that in judging these poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, 'I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people, it will appear mean or ludicrous!' This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the reader then abide independently by his own feelings, and if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so ef-

fectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavored to recommend: for the reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of poetry, and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honorable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them; we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that, in order entirely to enjoy the poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have been removed, and the reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected; but it has not been so much my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming, that, if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the poems, the reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view; he will determine how far it has been attained; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining; and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the public.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
(1772–1834)

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

* * * It seems to me that his [Shakespeare's] plays are distinguished from those of all other dramatic poets by the following characteristics: —

1. Expectation in preference to surprise. It is like the true reading of the passage, "God said, Let there be light; and there was *light*," — not, "there *was* light." As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation.

2. Signal adherence to the great law of nature, that all opposites tend to attract and temper each other. Passion in Shakespeare generally displays libertinism, but involves morality; and if there are exceptions to this, they are — independently of their intrinsic value — all of them indicative of individual character, and, like the farewell admonitions of a parent, have an end beyond the parental relation. Thus the Countess's beautiful precepts to Bertram, by elevating her character, raise that of Helena her favorite, and soften down the point in her which Shakespeare does not mean us not to see, but to see and to forgive, and at length to justify. And so it is in Polonius, who is the personified memory of wisdom no longer actually possessed. This admirable character is always misrepresented on the stage. Shakespeare never intended to exhibit him as a buffoon; for although it was natural that Hamlet — a young man of fire and genius, detesting formality, and disliking Polonius on political grounds, as imagining that he had assisted his uncle in his usurpation — should express himself satirically, yet this must not be taken as exactly the poet's conception of him. In Polonius a certain induration of character had arisen from long habits of business; but take his advice to Laertes, and Ophelia's

reverence for his memory, and we shall see that he was meant to be represented as a statesman somewhat past his faculties, — his recollections of life all full of wisdom, and showing a knowledge of human nature, whilst what immediately takes place before him, and escapes from him, is indicative of weakness. But as in Homer all the deities are in armor, even Venus, so in Shakespeare all the characters are strong. Hence real folly and dulness are made by him the vehicles of wisdom. There is no difficulty for one being a fool to imitate a fool; but to be, remain, and speak like a wise man and a great wit, and yet so as to give a vivid representation of a veritable fool, *hic labor, hoc opus est.* A drunken constable is not uncommon, nor hard to draw; but see and examine what goes to make up a Dogberry.

3. Keeping at all times in the high road of life. Shakespeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice; he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day. Shakespeare's fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness; in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may — nay, must — feel. Let the morality of Shakespeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own or the succeeding age, or of those of the present day, who boast their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favor of Shakespeare; even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings. If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites nor flatters passion, in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carries on warfare against virtue by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness, through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate. In Shakespeare vice never walks as in twilight; nothing is purposely out of place; he inverts not the order of nature and propriety, — does not make every magistrate a drunkard or glutton, nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate; he has no benevolent butchers, or sentimental ratcatchers.

4. Independence of the dramatic interest on the plot. The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice, — the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the *Much Ado about Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action, — take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero, — and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in Shakespeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play, but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

5. Independence of the interest on the story as the groundwork of the plot. Hence Shakespeare never took the trouble of inventing stories. It was enough for him to select, from those that had been already invented or recorded, such as had one or other, or both, of two recommendations, — namely, suitableness to his particular purpose, and their being parts of popular tradition, — names of which we had often heard, and of their fortunes, and as to which all we wanted was, to see the man himself. So it is just the man himself, the Lear, the Shylock, the Richard, that Shakespeare makes us for the first time acquainted with. Omit the first scene in *Lear*, and yet everything will remain; so the first and second scenes in *The Merchant of Venice*. Indeed it is universally true.

6. Interfusion of the lyrical — that which in its very essence is poetic — not only with the dramatic, as in the plays of Metastasio, where at the end of the scene comes the *aria* as the exit speech of the character, but also in and through the dramatic. Songs in Shakespeare are introduced as songs only, just as songs are in real life, beautifully as some of them are characteristic of the person who has sung

or called for them, as Desdemona's "Willow," and Ophelia's wild snatches, and the sweet carolings in *As You Like It.* But the whole of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is one continued specimen of the dramatized lyrical. And observe how exquisitely the dramatic of Hotspur —

Marry, and I'm glad on 't with all my heart;
I 'd rather be a kitten and cry mew, etc.—

melts away into the lyric of Mortimer: —

I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour 'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in, etc.
(*I Henry IV*, Act III, Scene i.)

7. The characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader; they are not told to him. And it is well worth remarking that Shakespeare's characters, like those in real life, are very commonly misunderstood, and almost always understood by different persons in different ways. The causes are the same in either case. If you take only what the friends of the character say, you may be deceived, and still more so if that which his enemies say; nay, even the character himself sees himself through the medium of his character, and not exactly as he is. Take all together, not omitting a shrewd hint from the clown or the fool, and perhaps your impression will be right; and you may know whether you have in fact discovered the poet's own idea, by all the speeches receiving light from it, and attesting its reality by reflecting it.

Lastly, in Shakespeare the heterogeneous is united, as it is in nature. You must not suppose a pressure or passion always acting on or in the character; passion in Shakespeare is that by which the individual is distinguished from others, not that which makes a different kind of him. Shakespeare followed the main march of the human affections. He entered into no analysis of the passions or faiths of men, but assured himself that such and such passions and faiths were grounded in our common nature, and not in the mere accidents of ignorance or disease. This is an important consideration, and constitutes our Shakespeare the morning star, the guide and the pioneer, of true philosophy.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785–1859)

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN MACBETH

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth: it was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account: the effect was — that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity: yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. ——

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind and the most to be distrusted: and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophic purposes. Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science — as for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? — For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is — that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line: a line, that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling

down together. Accordingly he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails of course to produce the effect demanded. Here then is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes as it were: for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (which is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life. But to return from this digression, — my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect direct or reflected: in fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did: and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. — At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied with any thing that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his: and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong: for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. — Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of a knocking at the door soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakspeare had invented: and all good judges and the most eminent dilettanti acknowledged the felicity of Shakspeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here then was a fresh proof that I had been right in relying on my own feeling in opposition to my understanding; and again I set myself to study the problem: at length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason — that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures; this instinct therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer: our sympathy must be with *him;* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them, — not a sympathy * of pity or approbation:) in the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion, — jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred, — which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look. In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakspeare has introduced two murderers: and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her, — yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffend-

* It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word in a situation where it should naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholarlike use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper use, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonyme of the word *pity;* and hence, instead of saying, "sympathy with another," many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of "sympathy *for* another."

ing nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i.e.* the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, — was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle, is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near to the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully in the silence and desertion of the streets and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man, — if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated — cut off by an immeasurable gulph from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs — locked up and sequestered in some deep recess: we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested — laid asleep — tranced — racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done — when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish: the pulses of life are beginning to beat again: and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

Oh! mighty poet! — Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, — like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert — but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

N.B. In the above specimen of psychological criticism, I have purposely omitted to notice another use of the knocking at the gate, viz. the opposition and contrast which it produces in the porter's comments to the scenes immediately preceding; because this use is tolerably obvious to all who are accustomed to reflect on what they read.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very

much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness — typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible, which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart — 'Behold what is greater than yourselves!' This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now, the word *edŭco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes* or develops — *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant — not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children — resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, these are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think — that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally* — the sense of Euclid where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world where it means *usually*. Now I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of, who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *Foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcae* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and once even the Muses were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said — "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters — by what name shall we call them?

If I say simply — 'The Sorrows,' there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow — separate cases of sorrow, — whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart; and I

wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow.* I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh, no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound — eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. *They* spoke not as they talked with Levana. *They* whispered not. *They* sang not. Though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven — by changes on earth — by pulses in secret rivers — heraldries painted on darkness — and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols, — *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence; if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline; or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum,* Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, when a voice was heard of lamentation — Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds; oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sate all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to Himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her;* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked with his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of 'Madonna.'

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum,* Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever; for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic; raging in the highest against heaven; and demanding

back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys, of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England, of the baffled penitent reverting his eye for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; — every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; — every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge; — every captive in every dungeon; — all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace — all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest —— Hush! whisper, whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers — for noon of day or noon of night — for ebbing or for flowing tide — may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum* — Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai,* or Sublime Goddesses — these were the *Eumenides,* or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation) — of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this: —

'Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou' — turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum,* she said — 'wicked sister,

that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope — wither the relentings of love — scorch the fountains of tears: curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace — so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen — sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had — to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit.'

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775–1864)

STEELE AND ADDISON

Addison — Dick! I am come to remonstrate with you on the unlucky habits which have been so detrimental to your health and fortune.

Steele — Many thanks, Mr. Addison; but really my fortune is not much improved by your arresting me for the hundred pounds; nor is my health, if spirits are an indication of it, on seeing my furniture sold by auction to raise the money.

Addison — Pooh, pooh, Dick! what furniture had you about the house?

Steele — At least I had the armchair, of which you never before had dispossessed me longer than the evening; and happy should I have been to enjoy your company in it again and again, if you had left it me.

Addison — We will contrive to hire another. I do assure you, my dear Dick, I have really felt for you.

Steele — I only wish, my kind friend, you had not put out your feelers quite so far, nor exactly in this direction; and that my poor wife had received an hour's notice; she might have carried a few trinkets to some neighbor. She wanted her salts; and the bailiff thanked her for the bottle that contained them, telling her the gold head of it was worth pretty nearly half a guinea.

Addison — Lady Steele then wanted her smelling bottle? Dear me! the weather, I apprehend, is about to change. Have you any symptoms of your old gout?

Steele — My health has been long on the decline, you know.

Addison — Too well I know it, my dear friend, and I hinted it as delicately as I could. Nothing on earth beside this consideration should have induced me to pursue a measure in appearance so unfriendly. You must grow more temperate . . . you really must.

Steele — Mr. Addison, you did not speak so gravely and so firmly when we used to meet at Will's. You always drank as much as I did, and often invited and pressed me to continue, when I was weary, sleepy, and sick.

Addison — You thought so because you were drunk. Indeed, at my own house I have sometimes asked you to take another glass, in compliance with the rules of society and hospitality.

Steele — Once, it is true, you did it at your house; the only time I ever had an invitation to dine in it. The Countess was never fond of the wit that smells of wine; her husband could once endure it.

Addison — We could talk more freely, you know, at the tavern. There we have dined together some hundred times.

Steele — Most days, for many years.

Addison — Ah, Dick! Since we first met there, several of our friends are gone off the stage.

Steele — And some are still acting.

Addison — Forbear, my dear friend, to joke and smile at infirmities or vices. Many have departed from us, in consequence, I apprehend, of indulging in the bottle! When passions are excited, when reason is disturbed, when reputation is sullied, when fortune is squandered, and when health is lost by it, a retreat is sounded in vain. Some cannot hear it, others will not profit by it.

Steele — I must do you the justice to declare that I never saw any other effect of hard drinking upon you than to make you more circumspect and silent.

Addison — If ever I urged you, in the warmth of my heart, to transgress the bounds of sobriety, I entreat you as a Christian to forgive me.

Steele — Most willingly, most cordially.

Addison — I feel confident that you will think of me, speak of me, and write of me, as you have ever done, without a diminu-

tion of esteem. We are feeble creatures; we want one another's aid and assistance; a want ordained by Providence, to show us at once our insufficiency and our strength. We must not abandon our friends from slight motives, nor let our passions be our interpreters in their own cause. Consistency is not more requisite to the sound Christian than to the accomplished politician.

Steele — I am inconsistent in my resolutions of improvement . . . no man ever was more so; but my attachments have a nerve in them neither to be deadened by ill treatment nor loosened by indulgence. A man grievously wounded knows by the acuteness of the pain that a spirit of vitality is yet in him. I know that I retain my friendship for you by what you have made me suffer.

Addison — Entirely for your own good, I do protest, if you could see it.

Steele — Alas! all our sufferings are so; the only mischief is that we have no organs for perceiving it.

Addison — You reason well, my worthy sir; and relying on your kindness in my favor (for every man has enemies, and those mostly who serve their friends best), I say, Dick, on these considerations, since you never broke your word with me, and since I am certain you would be sorry it were known that fourscore pounds' worth could be found in the house, I renounce for the present the twenty yet wanting. Do not beat about for an answer; say not one word; farewell.

Steele — Ah! could not that cold heart, often and long as I reposed on it, bring me to my senses! I have, indeed, been drunken; but it is hard to awaken in such heaviness as this of mine is. I shared his poverty with him ; I never aimed to share his prosperity. Well, well; I cannot break old habits. I love my glass; I love Addison. Each will partake in killing me. Why cannot I see him again in the armchair, his right hand upon his heart under the fawn-colored waistcoat, his brow erect and clear as his conscience; his wig even and composed as his temper, with measurely curls and antithetical topknots, like his style; the calmest poet, the most quiet patriot; dear Addison! drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental, foaming over with truth and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only the worse in one ruffle for the wine.

BRITISH NINETEENTH CENTURY CRITICAL ESSAYISTS

From the long line of notable critical essayists of nineteenth century England, stretching from the early Edinburgh Reviewers almost to the end of the century, the work most significant of the varied tendencies revealed was produced by Francis Jeffrey, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Thomas Carlyle, John Henry Newman, John Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold.

Francis Jeffrey was born in Edinburgh, the son of a legal official; was educated at Glasgow and Oxford, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1794; long kept from advancement in Scotland because of his Whig politics, he became Lord Advocate in 1830 and was influential in the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832; was elected to Parliament from Edinburgh in 1832 and in 1834 was raised to the Bench as Lord Jeffrey. Admired for his amiable and upright character, a man of wit and learning, Jeffrey is now remembered for his important share in the *Edinburgh Review,* which he edited from 1802 to 1829, and whose articles from his pen on a wide range of topics had great influence in the field of literary criticism.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the son of a wealthy merchant, was educated at Cambridge, where he won distinction and a fellowship (1824), though leaving without a degree; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1826; took the public by storm with his first essay on Milton contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825; turned to politics and was a member of Parliament (1830-34), where he became a brilliant debater; went to India as member of the Supreme Council of India (1834-38); was again a member of Parliament (1839-47), being Secretary of War (1839-41) and Paymaster-General (1846-7); was raised to the peerage in 1857; spent his last years in comparative retirement. Macaulay had begun his *History of England* (1846-61) in 1839, but he lived to complete only a portion of it, so vast was its scale. Meanwhile he had published his *Lays of Ancient Rome* (1842) and had contributed numerous long and brilliant essays to the *Edinburgh Review,* as well as biographical articles for the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (1853-59). Macaulay was a brilliant but biased writer, the chief merit of whose works is their pictorial clarity.

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, Scotland; was educated at Edinburgh University; after trying divinity, school-teaching, and the law, took up literature, writing for the magazines and encyclopedias and translating, especially Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* (1824); visited London and Paris in 1824-5 and married Jane Welsh in 1826; lived in secluded Craigenputtock from 1828 to 1834 and there wrote *Sartor Resartus* (1833-4); moved to London and settled at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, in 1834, remaining there for the rest of his life; in 1837 published *The French Revolution* and delivered four courses of lectures, notably that on *Heroes and Hero-Worship* (published 1841); published *Past and Present* (1843), *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* (1845), and *Latter Day Pamphlets* (1850); labored on his longest work, the *History of Frederick the Great,* from 1851 to 1865, making two trips to Germany for materials; was made Lord Rector of Edinburgh University (1865) and suffered, in the death of his wife (1866), a blow from which he never fully recovered. Broken with disease, he received many honors and attentions during his later years, but though interment was offered in Westminster Abbey, he was buried with his kindred in Scotland, in accordance with his instructions. Highly individual in thought and style, Carlyle exerted on his time the strongest influence of any English writer.

John Henry Newman, the son of a London banker, was educated at Trinity College, Oxford; after taking orders in the Church and serving as Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford (1828), broke with evangelicalism in 1830; made a voyage to Rome in 1832-3, writing "Lead, Kindly Light" on his return journey to England; joined the Oxford Movement and wrote many of the "Tracts for the Times," including the fateful No. XC; after a period of fasting and prayer, entered the Roman Catholic Church in 1845 and became the center of a heated religious controversy, especially with Charles Kingsley, resulting in the publication of his *Apologia pro Vita Sua* in 1864; as first rector of the new Catholic University at Dublin, delivered a notable series of addresses, published as *The Office and Work of Universities* (1854); was created Cardinal Newman in 1879; spent the last years of his life at his oratory in Birmingham. Newman's prose style is marked by its subtlety and its beauty.

John Ruskin, the son of a wealthy wine merchant, was educated privately and at Oxford, where he took his degree in 1842, after a six months' visit to Italy occasioned by a serious illness; as a result of his interest in the painter Turner, produced several notable works on art, including *Modern Painters* (1843ff.), *Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849), and *Stones of Venice* (1851-53); was made professor at Cambridge (1858) and at Oxford (1869); from 1860 devoted himself chiefly to labor and economic problems, giving away the greater part of his fortune in aid of various social experiments, including the Guild of St. George, and publishing numerous ethical works, such as *The Crown of Wild Olive* (1866); from 1871 lived at Brantwood, in the Lake District, unbalanced mentally for a time, but continuing to write and publishing his autobiography, *Præterita* (Things Gone By) from 1885 to 1900. Though the rightness of his views on art and social ethics has been disputed, the sincerity of his aims and the singular beauty of his style are beyond question.

Matthew Arnold, the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby, was educated at Rugby, Winchester, and Oxford; became a Fellow of Oriel College in 1845, taught at Rugby, served as private secretary to Lord Landsdowne, and was made Inspector of Schools in 1851, serving in this last capacity till his retirement on a pension in 1883; devoted the early years of his life to poetry, publishing three volumes of verse between 1848 and 1853; held the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford (1857-67), where he turned his attention, with his series of lectures, to literary criticism and published, among other volumes, his *Essays in Criticism* (1865); passed to social criticism in *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), and to theology in *Literature and Dogma* (1873); lectured in America in 1884 and 1886; and returned to literary criticism during his later years. Of less appeal though of undoubted excellence as a poet, Arnold won, in his keen and lucid criticism, a preëminent position as a critic of literature, culture, and religion.

FRANCIS JEFFREY (1773–1850)

WORDSWORTH'S "EXCURSION"

This will never do. It bears no doubt the stamp of the author's heart and fancy, and unfortunately not half so visibly as that of his peculiar system. His former poems were intended to recommend that system, and to bespeak favor for it by their individual merit; but this, we suspect, must be recommended by the system, and can only expect to succeed where it has been previously established. It is longer, weaker, and tamer, than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other productions; with less boldness of originality, and less even of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily, in the *Lyrical Ballads,* between silliness and pathos. We have imitations of Cowper and even of Milton here, engrafted on the natural drawl of the Lakers, and all diluted into harmony by that profuse and irrepressible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of this school of poetry, and lubricates and weakens the whole structure of their style.

Though it fairly fills four hundred and twenty good quarto pages, without note, vignette, or any sort of extraneous assistance, it is stated in the title — with something of an imprudent candor — to be but "a portion" of a larger work; and in the preface, where an attempt is rather unsuccessfully made to explain the whole design, it is still more rashly disclosed that it is but "a part of the second part of a *long* and laborious work" — which is to consist of three parts. What Mr. Wordsworth's ideas of length are, we have no means of accurately judging; but we cannot help suspecting that they are liberal, to a degree that will alarm the weakness of most modern readers. As far as we can gather from the preface, the entire poem — or one of them (for we really are not sure whether there is to be one or two) — is of a biographical nature, and is to contain the history of the author's mind, and of the origin and progress of his poetical powers, up to the period when they were sufficiently matured to qualify him for the great work on which he has been so long employed. Now the quarto before us contains an account of one of his youthful rambles in the vales of Cumberland, and occupies precisely the period of three days! so that, by the use of a very powerful calculus, some estimate may be formed of the probable extent of the entire biography.

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The volume before us, if we were to describe it very shortly, we should characterize as a tissue of moral and devotional ravings, in which innumerable changes are rung upon a few very simple and familiar ideas, but with such an accompaniment of long words, long sentences, and unwieldy phrases, and such a hubbub of strained raptures and fantastical sublimities, that it is

often difficult for the most skilful and attentive student to obtain a glimpse of the author's meaning, and altogether impossible for an ordinary reader to conjecture what he is about. Moral and religious enthusiasm, though undoubtedly poetical emotions, are at the same time but dangerous inspirers of poetry ; nothing being so apt to run into interminable dulness or mellifluous extravagance, without giving the unfortunate author the slightest intimation of his danger. His laudable zeal for the efficacy of his preachments he very naturally mistakes for the ardor of poetical inspiration, and, while dealing out the high words and glowing phrases which are so readily supplied by themes of this description, can scarcely avoid believing that he is eminently original and impressive. All sorts of commonplace notions and expressions are sanctified in his eyes by the sublime ends for which they are employed, and the mystical verbiage of the Methodist pulpit is repeated, till the speaker entertains no doubt that he is the elected organ of divine truth and persuasion. But if such be the common hazards of seeking inspiration from those potent fountains, it may easily be conceived what chance Mr. Wordsworth had of escaping their enchantment, with his natural propensities to wordiness, and his unlucky habit of debasing pathos with vulgarity. The fact accordingly is that in this production he is more obscure than a Pindaric poet of the seventeenth century, and more verbose "than even himself of yore"; while the wilfulness with which he persists in choosing his examples of intellectual dignity and tenderness exclusively from the lowest ranks of society will be sufficiently apparent from the circumstance of his having thought fit to make his chief prolocutor in this poetical dialogue, and chief advocate of Providence and Virtue, *an old Scotch peddler,*— retired indeed from business, but still rambling about in his former haunts, and gossiping among his old customers, without his pack on his shoulder. The other persons of the drama are a retired military chaplain, who has grown half an atheist and half a misanthrope, the wife of an unprosperous weaver, a servant girl with her natural child, a parish pauper, and one or two other personages of equal rank and dignity.

The character of the work is decidedly didactic, and more than nine tenths of it are occupied with a species of dialogue, or rather a series of long sermons or harangues which pass between the peddler, the author, the old chaplain, and a worthy vicar who entertains the whole party at dinner on the last day of their excursion. The incidents which occur in the course of it are as few and trifling as can well be imagined, and those which the different speakers narrate in the course of their discourses are introduced rather to illustrate their arguments or opinions than for any interest they are supposed to possess of their own. The doctrine which the work is intended to enforce, we are by no means certain that we have discovered. In so far as we can collect, however, it seems to be neither more nor less than the old familiar one, that a firm belief in the providence of a wise and beneficent Being must be our great stay and support under all afflictions and perplexities upon earth, and that there are indications of his power and goodness in all the aspects of the visible universe, whether living or inanimate, every part of which should therefore be regarded with love and reverence, as exponents of those great attributes. We can testify, at least, that these salutary and important truths are inculcated at far greater length, and with more repetitions, than in any ten volumes of sermons that we ever perused. It is also maintained, with equal conciseness and originality, that there is frequently much good sense, as well as much enjoyment, in the humbler conditions of life, and that, in spite of great vices and abuses, there is a reasonable allowance both of happiness and goodness in society at large. If there be any deeper or more recondite doctrines in Mr. Wordsworth's book, we must confess that they have escaped us ; and, convinced as we are of the truth and soundness of those to which we have alluded, we cannot help thinking that they might have been better enforced with less parade and prolixity. His effusions on what may be called the physiognomy of external nature, or its moral and theological expression, are eminently fantastic, obscure and affected.—

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Nobody can be more disposed to do justice to the great powers of Mr. Wordsworth than we are ; and from the first time that he came before us down to the present moment we have uniformly testified in

their favor, and assigned indeed our high sense of their value as the chief ground of the bitterness with which we resented their perversion. That perversion, however, is now far more visible than their original dignity; and while we collect the fragments, it is impossible not to mourn over the ruins from which we are condemned to pick them. If any one should doubt of the existence of such a perversion, or be disposed to dispute about the instances we have hastily brought forward, we would just beg leave to refer him to the general plan and character of the poem now before us. Why should Mr. Wordsworth have made his hero a superannuated peddler? What but the most wretched affectation, or provoking perversity of taste, could induce any one to place his chosen advocate of wisdom and virtue in so absurd and fantastic a condition? Did Mr. Wordsworth really imagine that his favorite doctrines were likely to gain anything in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higgle about tape or brass sleeve-buttons? Or is it not plain that, independent of the ridicule and disgust which such a personification must excite in many of his readers, its adoption exposes the work throughout to the charge of revolting incongruity and utter disregard of probability or nature? For, after he has thus wilfully debased his moral teacher by a low occupation, is there one word that he puts into his mouth, or one sentiment of which he makes him the organ, that has the most remote reference to that occupation? Is there anything in his learned, abstracted, and logical harangues that savors of the calling that is ascribed to him? Are any of their materials such as a peddler could possibly have dealt in? Are the manners, the diction, the sentiments, in any the very smallest degree accommodated to a person in that condition? or are they not eminently and conspicuously such as could not by possibility belong to it? A man who went about selling flannel and pocket-handkerchiefs in this lofty diction would soon frighten away all his customers, and would infallibly pass either for a madman or for some learned and affected gentleman who, in a frolic, had taken up a character which he was peculiarly ill qualified for supporting.

The absurdity in this case, we think, is palpable and glaring; but it is exactly of the same nature with that which infects the whole substance of the work,— a puerile ambition of singularity engrafted on an unlucky predilection for truisms, and an affected passion for simplicity and humble life, most awkwardly combined with a taste for mystical refinements and all the gorgeousness of obscure phraseology. His taste for simplicity is evinced by sprinkling up and down his interminable declamations a few descriptions of baby-houses, and of old hats with wet brims; and his amiable partiality for humble life, by assuring us that a wordy rhetorician, who talks about Thebes and allegorizes all the heathen mythology, was once a peddler, and making him break in upon his magnificent orations with two or three awkward notices of something that he had seen when selling winter raiment about the country, or of the changes in the state of society which had almost annihilated his former calling.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–1859)

JOHN BUNYAN AND THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

This is an eminently beautiful and splendid edition of a book which well deserves all that the printer and the engraver can do for it. The life of Bunyan is, of course, not a performance which can add much to the literary reputation of such a writer as Mr. Southey; but it is written in excellent English, and, for the most part, in an excellent spirit. Mr. Southey propounds, we need not say, many opinions from which we altogether dissent; and his attempts to excuse the odious persecution to which Bunyan was subjected have sometimes moved our indignation. But we will avoid this topic. We are at present much more inclined to join in paying homage to the genius of a great man than to engage in a controversy concerning church government and toleration.

We must not pass without notice the engravings with which this beautiful volume is decorated. Some of Mr. Heath's wood cuts are admirably designed and executed. Mr. Martin's illustrations do not please us quite so well. His Valley of the Shadow of Death is not that Valley of the Shadow

of Death which Bunyan imagined. At all events, it is not that dark and horrible glen which has from childhood been in our mind's eye. The valley is a cavern; the quagmire is a lake; the straight path runs zigzag; and Christian appears like a speck in the darkness of the immense vault. We miss, too, those hideous forms which make so striking a part of the description of Bunyan, and which Salvator Rosa would have loved to draw.

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The characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But the pleasure which is produced by the "Vision of Mirza," or the "Vision of Theodore," the Genealogy of Wit, or the contest between Rest and Labor, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a canto of "Hudibras." It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride, and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the "Faery Queene." We become sick of Cardinal Virtues and Deadly Sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius — that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulchre; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside; the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with

the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones and ashes of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveler; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit trees. On the left side branches off the path leading to that horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, — giants and hobgoblins, ill-favored ones and shining ones; the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money; the black man in the bright vesture; Mr. Worldly-Wiseman and my Lord Hategood; Mr. Talkative and Mrs. Timorous, — are all actually existing beings to us. We follow the travelers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy; not an Iago, but perfidy; not a Brutus, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays. In this respect the genius of Bunyan bore a great resemblance to that of a man who had very little else in common with him, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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The "Pilgrim's Progress" undoubtedly is not a perfect allegory. The types are often inconsistent with each other; and sometimes the allegorical disguise is altogether thrown off. The river, for example, is emblematic of death, and we are told that every human being must pass through the river. But Faithful does not pass through it. He is martyred, not in shadow, but in reality, at Vanity Fair. Hopeful talks to Christian about Esau's birthright, and about his own convictions of sin, as Bunyan might have talked with one of his own congregation. The damsels at the House Beautiful catechise Christiana's boys, as any good ladies might catechise any boys at a Sunday school. But we do not believe that any man, whatever might be his genius, and whatever his good luck, could long continue a figurative history without falling into many inconsistencies. We are sure that inconsistencies, scarcely less gross than the worst into which Bunyan has fallen, may be found in the shortest and most elaborate allegories of the Spectator and the Rambler. The "Tale of a Tub" and the "History of John Bull" swarm with similar errors, if the name of error can be properly applied to that which is unavoidable. It is not easy to make a simile go on all fours. But we believe that no human ingenuity could produce such a centiped as a long allegory, in which the correspondence between the outward sign and the thing signified should be exactly preserved. Certainly no writer, ancient or modern, has yet achieved the adventure. The best thing, on the whole, that an allegorist can do, is to present to his readers a succession of analogies, each of which may separately be striking and happy, without looking very nicely to see whether they harmonize with each other. This Bunyan has done; and, though a

minute scrutiny may detect inconsistencies in every page of his tale, the general effect which the tale produces on all persons, learned and unlearned, proves that he has done well. The passages which it is most difficult to defend are those in which he altogether drops the allegory, and puts into the mouth of his pilgrims religious ejaculations and disquisitions, better suited to his own pulpit at Bedford or Reading than to the Enchanted Ground of the Interpreter's Garden. Yet even these passages, though we will not undertake to defend them against the objections of critics, we feel that we could ill spare. We feel that the story owes much of its charm to these occasional glimpses of solemn and affecting subjects, which will not be hidden, which force themselves through the veil, and appear before us in their native aspect. The effect is not unlike that which is said to have been produced on the ancient stage, when the eyes of the actor were seen flaming through his mask, and giving life and expression to what would else have been an inanimate and uninteresting disguise.

It is very amusing and very instructive to compare the "Pilgrim's Progress" with the "Grace Abounding." The latter work is, indeed, one of the most remarkable pieces of autobiography in the world. It is a full and open confession of the fancies which passed through the mind of an illiterate man, whose affections were warm, whose nerves were irritable, whose imagination was ungovernable, and who was under the influence of the strongest religious excitement. In whatever age Bunyan had lived, the history of his feelings would, in all probability, have been very curious. But the time in which his lot was cast was the time of a great stirring of the human mind. A tremendous burst of public feeling, produced by the tyranny of the hierarchy, menaced the old ecclesiastical institutions with destruction. To the gloomy regularity of one intolerant church had succeeded the license of innumerable sects, drunk with the sweet and heady must of their new liberty. Fanaticism, engendered by persecution and destined to engender fresh persecution in turn, spread rapidly through society. Even the strongest and most commanding minds were not proof against this strange taint. Any time might have produced George Fox and James Naylor. But to one time alone belong the frantic delusions of such a statesman as Vane, and the hysterical tears of such a soldier as Cromwell.

The history of Bunyan is the history of a most excitable mind in an age of excitement. By most of his biographers he has been treated with gross injustice. They have understood in a popular sense all those strong terms of self-condemnation which he employed in a theological sense. They have, therefore, represented him as an abandoned wretch, reclaimed by means almost miraculous; or, to use their favorite metaphor, "as a brand plucked from the burning." Mr. Ivimey calls him the depraved Bunyan, and the wicked tinker of Elstow. Surely Mr. Ivimey ought to have been too familiar with the bitter accusations which the most pious people are in the habit of bringing against themselves to understand literally all the strong expressions which are to be found in the "Grace Abounding." It is quite clear, as Mr. Southey most justly remarks, that Mr. Bunyan never was a vicious man. He married very early; and he solemnly declares that he was strictly faithful to his wife. He does not appear to have been a drunkard. He owns, indeed, that when a boy, he never spoke without an oath. But a single admonition cured him of this bad habit for life; and the cure must have been wrought early; for at eighteen he was in the Army of the Parliament; and if he had carried the vice of profaneness into that service, he would doubtless have received something more than an admonition from Sergeant Bind-their-kings-in-chains, or Captain Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord. Bell ringing, and playing at hockey on Sundays, seem to have been the worst vices of this depraved tinker. They would have passed for virtues with Archbishop Laud. It is quite clear that from a very early age Bunyan was a man of a strict life and of a tender conscience. "He had been," says Mr. Southey, "a blackguard." Even this we think too hard a censure. Bunyan was not, we admit, so fine a gentleman as Lord Digby; yet he was a blackguard no otherwise than as every tinker that ever lived has been a blackguard. Indeed, Mr. Southey acknowledges this: "Such he might have been expected to be by his birth, breeding, and vocation. Scarcely, indeed, by possibility, could he have been otherwise." A man whose manners and sentiments are

decidedly below those of his class deserves to be called a blackguard. But it is surely unfair to apply so strong a word of reproach to one who is only what the great mass of every community must inevitably be.

Those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language prove, not that he was a worse man than his neighbors, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considerations, that his fervor exceeded his knowledge, and that his imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind. He heard voices from heaven; he saw strange visions of distant hills, pleasant and sunny as his own Delectable Mountains; from those seats he was shut out, and placed in a dark and horrible wilderness, where he wandered through ice and snow, striving to make his way into the happy region of light. At one time he was seized with an inclination to work miracles. At another time he thought himself actually possessed by the devil. He could distinguish the blasphemous whispers. He felt his infernal enemy pulling at his clothes behind him. He spurned with his feet, and struck with his hands, at the destroyer. Sometimes he was tempted to sell his part in the salvation of mankind. Sometimes a violent impulse urged him to start up from his food, to fall on his knees, and break forth into prayer. At length he fancied that he had committed the unpardonable sin. His agony convulsed his robust frame. He was, he says, as if his breastbone would split; and this he took for a sign that he was destined to burst asunder like Judas. The agitation of his nerves made all his movements tremulous; and this trembling, he supposed, was a visible mark of his reprobation, like that which had been set on Cain. At one time, indeed, an encouraging voice seemed to rush in at the window, like the noise of wind, but very pleasant, and commanded, as he says, a great calm in his soul. At another time, a word of comfort "was spoke loud unto him; it showed a great word; it seemed to be writ in great letters." But these intervals of ease were short. His state, during two years and a half, was generally the most horrible that the human mind can imagine. "I walked," says he, with his own peculiar eloquence, "to a neighboring town; and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and, after long musing, I lifted up my head; but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones in the streets and tiles upon the houses did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world! I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Savior. Oh, how happy now was every creature over I! for they stood fast, and kept their station. But I was gone and lost." Scarcely any madhouse could produce an instance of delusion so strong, or of misery so acute.

It was through this Valley of the Shadow of Death, overhung by darkness, peopled with devils, resounding with blasphemy and lamentation, and passing amidst quagmires, snares, and pitfalls, close by the very mouth of hell, that Bunyan journeyed to that bright and fruitful land of Beulah, in which he sojourned during the latter days of his pilgrimage. The only trace which his cruel sufferings and temptations seem to have left behind them, was an affectionate compassion for those who were still in the state in which he had once been. Religion has scarcely ever worn a form so calm and soothing as in his allegory. The feeling which predominates through the whole book is a feeling of tenderness for weak, timid, and harassed minds. The character of Mr. Fearing, of Mr. Feeble-Mind, of Mr. Despondency and his daughter, Miss Muchafraid; the account of poor Littlefaith, who was robbed by the three thieves of his spending money; the description of Christian's terror in the dungeons of Giant Despair, and in his passage through the river, all clearly show how strong a sympathy Bunyan felt, after his own mind had become clear and cheerful, for persons afflicted with religious melancholy.

Mr. Southey, who has no love for the Calvinists, admits that, if Calvinism had never worn a blacker appearance than in Bunyan's works, it would never have become a term of reproach. In fact, those works of Bunyan with which we are acquainted, are by no means more Calvinistic than the homilies of the Church of England. The moderation of his opinions on the subject of predestination, gave offense to some zealous persons. We have seen

an absurd allegory, the heroine of which is named Hephzibah, written by some raving supralapsarian preacher, who was dissatisfied with the mild theology of the "Pilgrim's Progress." In this foolish book, if we recollect rightly, the Interpreter is called the Enlightner, and the House Beautiful is Castle Strength. Mr. Southey tells us that the Catholics had also their "Pilgrim's Progress" without a Giant Pope, in which the Interpreter is the Director, and the House Beautiful, Grace's Hall. It is surely a remarkable proof of the power of Bunyan's genius, that two religious parties, both of which regarded his opinions as heterodox, should have had recourse to him for assistance.

There are, we think, some characters and scenes in the "Pilgrim's Progress," which can be fully comprehended and enjoyed only by persons familiar with the history of the times through which Bunyan lived. The character of Mr. Greatheart, the guide, is an example. His fighting is, of course, allegorical; but the allegory is not strictly preserved. He delivers a sermon on imputed righteousness to his companions; and, soon after, he gives battle to Giant Grim, who had taken upon him to back the lions. He expounds the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to the household and guests of Gaius; and then sallies out to attack Slaygood, who was of the nature of flesh eaters, in his den. These are inconsistencies; but they are inconsistencies which add, we think, to the interest of the narrative. We have not the least doubt that Bunyan had in view some stout old Greatheart of Naseby and Worcester, who prayed with his men before he drilled them; who knew the spiritual state of every dragoon in his troop; and who, with the praises of God in his mouth, and a two-edged sword in his hand, had turned to flight, on many fields of battle, the swearing, drunken bravoes of Rupert and Lunsford.

Every age produces such men as Byends. But the middle of the seventeenth century was eminently prolific of such men. Mr. Southey thinks that the satire was aimed at some particular individual; and this seems by no means improbable. At all events, Bunyan must have known many of those hypocrites who followed religion only when religion walked in silver slippers, when the sun shone, and when the people applauded. Indeed, he might have easily found all the kindred of Byends among the public men of his time. He might have found among the peers, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, and my Lord Fair-speech; in the House of Commons, Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Anything, and Mr. Facing-both-ways; nor would "the parson of the parish, Mr. Two-tongues," have been wanting. The town of Bedford probably contained more than one politician, who, after contriving to raise an estate by seeking the Lord during the reign of the saints, contrived to keep what he had got by persecuting the saints during the reign of the strumpets; and more than one priest who, during repeated changes in the discipline and doctrines of the church, had remained constant to nothing but his benefice.

One of the most remarkable passages in the "Pilgrim's Progress," is that in which the proceedings against Faithful are described. It is impossible to doubt that Bunyan intended to satirize the mode in which state trials were conducted under Charles II. The license given to the witnesses for the prosecution, the shameless partiality and ferocious insolence of the judge, the precipitancy and the blind rancor of the jury, remind us of those odious mummeries which, from the Restoration to the Revolution, were merely forms preliminary to hanging, drawing, and quartering. Lord Hategood performs the office of counsel for the prisoners as well as Scroggs himself could have performed it:—

"*Judge* — Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

"*Faithful* — May I speak a few words in my own defense?

"*Judge* — Sirrah, Sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness to thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say."

No person who knows the state trials can be at a loss for parallel cases. Indeed, write what Bunyan would, the baseness and cruelty of the lawyers of those times "sinned up to it still," and even went beyond it. The imaginary trial of Faithful before a jury composed of personified vices, was just and merciful, when compared with the real trial of Lady Alice Lisle before that tribunal where all the vices sat in the person of Jeffries.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain workingmen, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose, Lord Roscommon's "Essay on Translated Verse," and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's "Essay on Poetry," appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the "Paradise Lost," the other the "Pilgrim's Progress."

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)

SHAKESPEARE

* * * As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the Religion of the Middle Ages, the Religion of our Modern Europe, its Inner Life; so Shakespeare, we may say, embodies for us the Outer Life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humors, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had. As in Homer we may still construe Old Greece; so in Shakespeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in Faith and in Practice, will still be legible. Dante has given us the Faith or soul; Shakespeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakespeare. Just when that chivalric way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, this other sovereign Poet, with his seeing eye, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men: Dante, deep, fierce, as the central fire of the world; Shakespeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice; we English had the honor of producing the other.

Curious enough how, as it were by mere accident, this man came to us. I think always, so great, quiet, complete and self-sufficing is this Shakespeare, had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had perhaps never heard of him as a Poet! The woods and skies, the rustic Life of Man in Stratford, there had been enough for this man! But indeed that strange outbudding of our whole English Existence, which we call the Elizabethean Era, did not it too come as of its own accord? The "Tree Igdrasil" buds and withers by its own laws, —too deep for our scanning. Yet it does bud and wither, and every bough and leaf of it is there, by fixed eternal laws; not a Sir Thomas Lucy but comes at the hour fit for him. Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered: how every thing does cooperate with all; not a leaf rotting on the highway but is an indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems; no thought, word, or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men, and works sooner or later, recognizably or irrecognizably, on all men! It is all a Tree: circulation of sap and influences, mutual communication of every minutest leaf with the lowest talon of a root, with every other greatest and minutest portion of the whole,—the Tree Igdrasil, that has its roots down in the Kingdoms of Hela and Death, and whose boughs overspread the highest Heaven! —

In some sense it may be said that this

glorious Elizabethan Era with its Shakespeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's Song, had produced this Practical Life which Shakespeare was to sing. For Religion then, as it now and always is, was the soul of Practice; the primary vital fact in men's lives. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle-Age Catholicism was abolished, so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakespeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance. He did make his appearance nevertheless. Nature at her own time, with Catholicism or what else might be necessary, sent him forth; taking small thought of Acts of Parliament. King-Henrys, Queen-Elizabeths, go their way; and Nature too goes hers. Acts of Parliament, on the whole, are small, notwithstanding the noise they make. What Act of Parliament, debate at St. Stephen's, on the husting or elsewhere, was it that brought this Shakespeare into being? No dining at Freemasons' Tavern, opening subscription-lists, selling of shares, and infinite other jangling and true or false endeavoring! This Elizabethan Era, and all its nobleness and blessedness, came without proclamation, preparation, of ours. Priceless Shakespeare was the free gift of Nature; given altogether silently; — received altogether silently, as if it had been a thing of little account. And yet, very literally, it is a priceless thing. One should look at that side of matters, too.

Of this Shakespeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one; I think the best judgment not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion that Shakespeare is the chief of all Poets hitherto; the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imagined in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It has been said that in the constructing of Shakespeare's Dramas there is, apart from all other "faculties," as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's "Novum Organum." That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakespeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit, — every way as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things, — we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakespeare in this: he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice; it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly *seeing* eye; a great intellect, in short. How a man, of some wide thing that he has witnessed, will construct a narrative, what kind of picture and delineation he will give of it, — is the best measure you could get of what intellect is in the man. Which circumstance is vital and shall stand prominent; which unessential, fit to be suppressed; where is the true *beginning*, the true sequence and ending? To find out this, you task the whole force of insight that is in the man. He must *understand* the thing; according to the depth of his understanding, will the fitness of his answer be. You will try him so. Does like join itself to like; does the spirit of method stir in that confusion, so that its embroilment becomes order? Can the man say, *Fiat lux*, Let there be light; and out of chaos make a world? Precisely as there is *light* in himself, will he accomplish this.

Or, indeed, we may say again, it is in what I called Portrait-painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that Shakespeare is great. All the greatness of the man comes out decisively here It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakespeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart, and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Creative, we said: poetic creation, what is this too but *seeing* the thing

sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakespeare's *morality,* his valor, candor, tolerance, truthfulness, — his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph over such obstructions, visible there too? Great as the world! No *twisted,* poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly *level* mirror; — that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man. It is truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness; loving, just, the equal brother of all. "Novum Organum," and all the intellect you will find in Bacon, is of a quite secondary order; earthy, material, poor, in comparison with this. Among modern men, one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank. Goethe alone, since the days of Shakespeare, reminds me of it. Of him too you say that he *saw* the object; you may say what he himself says of Shakespeare: "His characters are like watches with dial plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible."

The seeing eye! It is this that discloses the inner harmony of things; what Nature meant, what musical idea Nature has wrapped up in these often rough embodiments. Something she did mean. To the seeing eye that something were discernible. Are they base, miserable things? You can laugh over them, you can weep over them; you can in some way or other genially relate yourself to them; — you can, at lowest, hold your peace about them, turn away your own and others' face from them, till the hour come for practically exterminating and extinguishing them! At bottom, it is the Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough. He will be a Poet if he have: a Poet in word; or failing that, perhaps still better, a Poet in act. Whether he write at all; and if so, whether in prose or in verse, will depend on accidents: who knows on what extremely trivial accidents, — perhaps on his having had a singing-master, on his being taught to sing in his boyhood! But the faculty which enables him to discern the inner heart of things, and the harmony that dwells there (for whatsoever exists has a harmony in the heart of it, or it would not hold together and exist), is not the result of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself; the primary outfit for a Heroic Man in what sort soever. To the Poet, as to every other, we say first of all, *See.* If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and *name* yourself a Poet; there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope. The crabbed old Schoolmaster used to ask, when they brought him a new pupil, "But are ye sure he's *not a dunce?*" Why, really one might ask the same thing, in regard to every man proposed for whatsoever function; and consider it as the one inquiry needful: Are ye sure he's not a dunce? There is, in this world, no other entirely fatal person. * * *

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakespeare may recognize that he too was a *Prophet,* in his way; of an insight analogous to the Prophetic, though he took it up in another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; *un*speakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven: "We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!" That scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang; did not preach, except musically. We called Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakespeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, the "Universal Church" of the Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness or perversion: a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousand-fold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all Nature; which let all men worship as they can! We may say without offense, that there rises a kind of universal Psalm out of this Shakespeare too; not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony! — I cannot call this Shakespeare a "Skeptic," as some do; his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No: neither unpatriotic,

though he says little about his Patriotism; nor skeptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such "indifference" was the fruit of his greatness withal: his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him.

But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakespeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this Earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent Bringer of light? And, at bottom, was it not perhaps far better that this Shakespeare, every way an unconscious man, was *conscious* of no Heavenly message? He did not feel, like Mahomet, because he saw into those internal Splendors, that he specially was the "Prophet of God": and was he not greater than Mahomet in that? Greater; and also, if we compute strictly, as we did in Dante's case, more successful. It was intrinsically an error that notion of Mahomet's, of his supreme Prophethood; and has come down to us inextricably involved in error to this day; dragging along with it such a coil of fables, impurities, intolerances, as makes it a questionable step for me here and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true Speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charlatan, perversity, and simulacrum; no Speaker, but a Babbler! Even in Arabia, as I compute, Mahomet will have exhausted himself and become obsolete, while this Shakespeare, this Dante, may still be young; — while this Shakespeare may still pretend to be a Priest of Mankind, of Arabia as of other places, for unlimited periods to come! * * *

CHARACTERISTICS

The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick: this is the Physician's Aphorism; and applicable in a far wider sense than he gives it. We may say it holds no less in moral, intellectual, political, poetical, than in merely corporeal therapeutics; that wherever, or in what shape soever, powers of the sort which can be named *vital* are at work, herein lies the test of their working right, or working wrong. * * *

Few mortals, it is to be feared, are permanently blessed with that felicity of "having no system": nevertheless, most of us, looking back on young years, may remember seasons of a light, aërial translucency and elasticity, and perfect freedom; the body had not yet become the prison-house of the soul, but was its vehicle and implement, like a creature of the thought, and altogether pliant to its bidding. We knew not that we had limbs, we only lifted, hurled, and leapt; through eye and ear, and all avenues of sense, came clear unimpeded tidings from without, and from within issued clear victorious force; we stood as in the centre of Nature, giving and receiving, in harmony with it all; unlike Virgil's Husbandmen, "too happy *because* we did not know our blessedness." In those days, health and sickness were foreign traditions that did not concern us; our whole being was as yet One, the whole man like an incorporated Will. Such, were Rest, or ever-successful Labor the human lot, might our life continue to be: a pure, perpetual, unregarded music; a beam of perfect white light, rendering all things visible, but itself unseen, even because it was of that perfect whiteness, and no irregular obstruction had yet broken it into colors. The beginning of Inquiry is Disease: all Science, if we consider well, as it must have originated in the feeling of something being wrong, so it is and continues to be but Division, Dismemberment, and partial healing of the wrong. Thus, as was of old written, the Tree of Knowledge springs from a root of evil, and bears fruits of good and evil. Had Adam remained in Paradise, there had been no Anatomy and no Metaphysics.

But, alas, as the Philosopher declares: "Life itself is a disease; a working incited by suffering"; action from passion! The memory of that first state of Freedom and paradisaic Unconsciousness has faded away into an ideal poetic dream. We stand here too conscious of many things: with Knowledge, the symptom of Derangement, we must even do our best to restore a little Order. Life is, in few instances, and at rare intervals, the diapason of a heavenly melody; oftenest the fierce jar of disruptions and convulsions, which, do what we will, there is no dis-

regarding. Nevertheless, such is still the wish of Nature on our behalf; in all vital action, her manifest purpose and effort is, that we should be unconscious of it, and, like the peptic Countryman, never know that we "have a system." For indeed vital action everywhere is emphatically a means, not an end; Life is not given us for the mere sake of Living, but always with an ulterior external Aim: neither is it on the process, on the means, but rather on the result, that Nature, in any of her doings, is wont to intrust us with insight and volition. Boundless as is the domain of man, it is but a small fractional proportion of it that he rules with Consciousness and by Forethought: what he can contrive, nay, what he can altogether know and comprehend, is essentially the mechanical, small; the great is ever, in one sense or other, the vital; it is essentially the mysterious, and only the surface of it can be understood. But Nature, it might seem, strives, like a kind mother, to hide from us even this, that she is a mystery: she will have us rest on her beautiful and awful bosom as if it were our secure home; on the bottomless, boundless Deep, whereon all human things fearfully and wonderfully swim, she will have us walk and build, as if the film which supported us there (which any scratch of a bare bodkin will rend asunder, any sputter of a pistol shot instantaneously burn up) were no film, but a solid rock-foundation. For ever in the neighborhood of an inevitable Death, man can forget that he is born to die; of his Life, which, strictly meditated, contains in it an Immensity and an Eternity, he can conceive lightly, as of a simple implement wherewith to do day-labor and earn wages. So cunningly does Nature, the mother of all highest art, which only apes her from afar, "body forth the Finite from the Infinite"; and guide man safe on his wondrous path, not more by endowing him with vision, than, at the right place, with blindness! Under all her works, chiefly under her noblest work, Life, lies a basis of Darkness, which she benignantly conceals; in Life, too, the roots and inward circulations which stretch down fearfully to the regions of Death and Night, shall not hint of their existence, and only the fair stem with its leaves and flowers, shone on by the fair sun, disclose itself, and joyfully grow. * * *

To understand man we must look beyond the individual man and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows. It is in Society that man first feels what he is; first becomes what he can be. In Society an altogether new set of spiritual activities are evolved in him, and the old immeasurably quickened and strengthened. Society is the genial element wherein his nature first lives and grows; the solitary man were but a small portion of himself, and must continue forever folded in, stunted, and only half alive. "Already," says a deep Thinker, with more meaning than will disclose itself at once, "my opinion, my conviction, gains *infinitely* in strength and sureness the moment a second mind has adopted it." Such, even in its simplest form, is association; so wondrous the communion of soul with soul as directed to the mere act of Knowing! In other higher acts the wonder is still more manifest; as in that portion of our being which we name the Moral: for properly, indeed, all communion is of a moral sort, whereof such intellectual communion (in the act of knowing), is itself an example. But with regard to Morals strictly so called, it is in Society, we might almost say, that Morality begins; here at least it takes an altogether new form, and on every side, as in living growth, expands itself. The Duties of Man to himself, to what is Highest in himself, make but the First Table of the Law: to the First Table is now superadded a Second, with the duties of Man to his Neighbor; whereby also the significance of the first now assumes its true importance. Man has joined himself with man; soul acts and reacts on soul; a mystic, miraculous, unfathomable Union establishes itself; Life, in all its elements, has become intensated, consecrated. The lightning spark of Thought, generated, or say rather heaven-kindled, in the solitary mind, awakens its express likeness in another mind, in a thousand other minds, and all blaze up together in combined fire; reverberated from mind to mind, fed also with fresh fuel in each, it acquires incalculable new Light as Thought, incalculable new Heat as converted into Action. By and by a common store of Thought can accumulate, and be transmitted as an everlasting possession: Literature, whether as preserved in

the memory of Bards, in Runes and Hieroglyphs engraved on stone, or in Books of written or printed paper, comes into existence, and begins to play its wondrous part. Politics are formed; the weak submitting to the strong; with a willing loyalty, giving obedience that he may receive guidance; or say rather, in honor of our nature, the ignorant submitting to the wise; for so it is in all even the rudest communities, man never yields himself wholly to brute Force, but always to moral Greatness; thus the universal title of respect, from the Oriental *Scheik*, from the *Sachem* of the red Indians, down to our English *Sir*, implies only that he whom we mean to honor is our *senior*. Last, as the crown and all-supporting keystone of the fabric, Religion arises. The devout meditation of the isolated man, which flitted through his soul like a transient tone of Love and Awe from unknown lands, acquires certainty, continuance, when it is shared in by his brother-men. "Where two or three are gathered together" in the name of the Highest, then first does the Highest, as it is written, "appear among them to bless them"; then first does an Altar and act of united Worship open a way from Earth to Heaven; whereon, were it but a simple Jacob's-ladder, the heavenly Messengers will travel with glad tidings and unspeakable gifts for men. Such is SOCIETY, the vital articulation of many individuals into a new collective individual: greatly the most important of man's attainments on this earth; that in which, and by virtue of which, all his other attainments and attempts find their arena, and have their value. Considered well, Society is the standing wonder of our existence; a true region of the Supernatural; as it were, a second, all-embracing Life, wherein our first individual Life becomes doubly and trebly alive, and whatever of infinitude was in us bodies itself forth, and becomes visible and active. * * *

On the outward, or, as it were, Physical diseases of Society, it were beside our purpose to insist here. There are diseases which he who runs may read; and sorrow over, with or without hope. Wealth has accumulated itself into masses; and Poverty, also in accumulation enough, lies impassably separated from it; opposed, uncommunicating, like forces in positive and negative poles. The gods of this lower world sit aloft on glittering thrones, less happy than Epicurus's gods, but as indolent, as impotent, while the boundless living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger welters terrific in its dark fury under their feet. How much among us might be likened to a whited sepulchre, — outwardly all Pomp and Strength, but inwardly full of horror and despair and dead men's bones! Iron highways, with their wains fire-winged, are uniting all ends of the firm Land; quays and moles, with their innumerable stately fleets, tame the Ocean into our pliant bearer of burdens; Labor's thousand arms, of sinew and of metal, all-conquering, everywhere, from the tops of the mountain down to the depths of the mine and the caverns of the sea, ply unweariedly for the service of man: Yet man remains unserved. He has subdued this Planet, his habitation and inheritance, yet reaps no profit from the victory. Sad to look upon, in the highest stage of civilization, nine-tenths of mankind must struggle in the lowest battle of savage or even animal man, the battle against Famine. Countries are rich, prosperous in all manner of increase, beyond example: but the Men of those countries are poor, needier than ever of all sustenance outward and inward; of Belief, of Knowledge, of Money, of Food. The rule, *Sic vos non vobis*, never altogether to be got rid of in men's Industry, now presses with such incubus weight, that Industry must shake it off, or utterly be strangled under it; and, alas, can as yet but gasp and rave, and aimlessly struggle, like one in the final deliration. Thus Change, or the inevitable approach of Change, is manifest everywhere. In one Country we have seen lava torrents of fever frenzy envelope all things; Government succeed Government, like the phantasms of a dying brain: in another Country, we can even now see, in maddest alternation, the Peasant governed by such guidance as this: To labor earnestly one month in raising wheat, and the next month labor earnestly in burning it. So that Society, were it not by nature immortal, and its death ever a new-birth, might appear, as it does in the eyes of some, to be sick to dissolution, and even now writhing in its last agony. Sick enough we must admit it to be, with disease enough, a whole nosology of diseases; wherein he perhaps is happiest that is not called to prescribe

as physician; — wherein, however, one small piece of policy, that of summoning the Wisest in the Commonwealth, by the sole method yet known or thought of, to come together and with their whole soul consult for it, might, but for late tedious experiences, have seemed unquestionable enough. * * *

Nevertheless, doubt as we will, man is actually Here; not to ask questions, but to do work: in this time, as in all times, it must be the heaviest evil for him, if his faculty of Action lie dormant, and only that of skeptical Inquiry exert itself. Accordingly, whoever looks abroad upon the world, comparing the Past with the Present, may find that the practical condition of man, in these days, is one of the saddest; burdened with miseries which are in a considerable degree peculiar. In no time was man's life what he calls a happy one; in no time can it be so. A perpetual dream there has been of Paradises, and some luxurious Lubberland, where the brooks should run wine, and the trees bend with ready-baked viands; but it was a dream merely, an impossible dream. Suffering, Contradiction, Error, have their quite perennial, and even indispensable, abode in this Earth. Is not Labor the inheritance of man? And what Labor for the present is joyous and not grievous? Labor, Effort, is the very interruption of that Ease which man foolishly enough fancies to be his Happiness; and yet without Labor there were no Ease, no Rest, so much as conceivable. Thus Evil, what we call Evil, must ever exist while man exists: Evil, in the widest sense we can give it, is precisely the dark, disordered material out of which man's Free-will has to create an edifice of order and Good. Ever must Pain urge us to Labor; and only in free Effort can any blessedness be imagined for us.

But if man has, in all ages, had enough to encounter, there has, in most civilized ages, been an inward force vouchsafed him, whereby the pressure of things outward might be withstood. Obstruction abounded; but Faith also was not wanting. It is by Faith that man removes mountains: while he had Faith, his limbs might be wearied with toiling, his back galled with bearing; but the heart within him was peaceable and resolved. In the thickest gloom there burnt a lamp to guide him. If he struggled and suffered, he felt that it even should be so; knew for what he was suffering and struggling. Faith gave him an inward Willingness; a world of Strength wherewith to front a world of Difficulty. The true wretchedness lies here: that the Difficulty remain and the Strength be lost; that Pain cannot relieve itself in free Effort; that we have the Labor, and want the Willingness. Faith strengthens us, enlightens us, for all endeavors and endurances; with Faith we can do all, and dare all, and life itself has a thousand times been joyfully given away. But the sum of man's misery is even this, that he feel himself crushed under the Juggernaut wheels and know that Juggernaut is no divinity, but a dead mechanical idol.

Now this is specially the misery which has fallen on man in our Era. Belief, Faith has well-nigh vanished from the world. The youth, on awakening in this wondrous Universe, no longer finds a competent theory of its wonders. Time was when, if he asked himself: What is man; what are the duties of man? the answer stood ready written for him. But now the ancient "ground plan of the All" belies itself when brought into contact with reality; Mother Church has, to the most, become a superannuated Stepmother, whose lessons go disregarded; or are spurned at, and scornfully gainsayed. For young Valor and thirst of Action no ideal Chivalry invites to heroism, prescribes what is heroic: the old ideal of Manhood has grown obsolete, and the new is still invisible to us, and we grope after it in darkness, one clutching this phantom, another that; Werterism, Byronism, even Brummelism, each has its day. For contemplation and love of Wisdom no Cloister now opens its religious shades; the Thinker must, in all senses, wander homeless, too often aimless, looking up to a Heaven which is dead for him, round to an Earth which is deaf. Action, in those old days, was easy, was voluntary, for the divine worth of human things lay acknowledged; Speculation was wholesome, for it ranged itself as the handmaid of Action; what could not so range itself died out by its natural death, by neglect. Loyalty still hallowed obedience, and made rule noble; there was still something to be loyal to; the Godlike stood embodied under many a symbol in men's interests and

business; the Finite shadowed forth the Infinite; Eternity looked through Time. The Life of man was encompassed and overcanopied by a glory of Heaven, even as his dwelling place by the azure vault. * * * Remarkable it is, truly, how everywhere the eternal fact begins again to be recognized, that there is a Godlike in human affairs: that God not only made us and beholds us, but is in us and around us; that the Age of Miracles, as it ever was, now is. Such recognition we discern on all hands, and in all countries: in each country after its own fashion. In France, among the younger nobler minds, strangely enough; where, in their loud contention with the Actual and Conscious, the Ideal or Unconscious is, for the time, without exponent; where Religion means not the parent of Polity, as of all that is highest, but Polity itself; and this and the other earnest man has not been wanting, who could whisper audibly: "Go to, I will make a religion." In England still more strangely; as in all things, worthy England will have its way: by the shrieking of hysterical women, casting out of devils, and other "gifts of the Holy Ghost." Well might Jean Paul say, in this his twelfth hour of the Night, "the living dream"; well might he say, "the dead walk." Meanwhile let us rejoice rather that so much has been seen into, were it through never so diffracting media, and never so madly distorted; that in all dialects, though but half-articulately, this high Gospel begins to be preached: "Man is still Man." The genius of Mechanism, as was once before predicted, will not always sit like a choking incubus on our soul; but at length, when by a new magic Word the old spell is broken, become our slave, and as familiar-spirit do all our bidding. "We are near awakening when we dream that we dream."

He that has an eye and a heart can even now say: Why should I falter? Light has come into the world; to such as love Light, so as Light must be loved, with a boundless all-doing, all-enduring love. For the rest, let that vain struggle to read the mystery of the Infinite cease to harass us. It is a mystery which, through all ages, we shall only read here a line of, there another line of. Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is Good, is God? Here on Earth we are as Soldiers fighting in a foreign land; that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like Soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Behind us, behind each one of us, lie Six Thousand years of human effort, human conquest: before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered Continents and Eldorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create: and from the bosom of Eternity shine for us celestial guiding stars.

"My inheritance how wide and fair!
Time is my fair seed-field, of Time I'm heir."

JAMES BOSWELL

Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye; visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the Time he lived in; were far from common then; indeed, in such a degree, were almost unexampled; not recognizable therefore by every one; nay, apt even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a wine-bibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the braggadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the Tailor, by a court-suit, had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakespeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted "CORSICA BOSWELL," round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without doing and saying more than one pretentious ineptitude: all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon. The very look of Boswell seems to have signified so much. In that cocked nose, cocked partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff-up the smell of coming pleasure, and scent it from afar; in those bag-cheeks, hanging like half-

filled wine-skins, still able to contain more; in that coarsely protruded shelf-mouth, that fat dew-lapped chin; in all this, who sees not sensuality, pretension, boisterous imbecility enough; much that could not have been ornamental in the temper of a great man's overfed great man (what the Scotch name *flunky*), though it had been more natural there? The under part of Boswell's face is of a low, almost brutish character.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801–1890)

KNOWLEDGE VIEWED IN RELATION TO LEARNING

* * *

I suppose the *prima-facie* view which the public at large would take of a university, considering it as a place of education, is nothing more or less than a place for acquiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects. Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them; he welcomes them as fast as they come to him; he lives on what is without; he has his eyes ever about him; he has a lively susceptibility of impressions; he imbibes information of every kind; and little does he make his own in a true sense of the word, living rather upon his neighbors all around him. He has opinions, religious, political and literary, and, for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his schoolfellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be. Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises; his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive; he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge. I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy. Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day. It is the seven years of plenty with him: he gathers in by handfuls, like the Egyptians, without counting; and though, as time goes on, there is exercise for his argumentative powers in the elements of mathematics, and for his taste in the poets and orators, still, while at school, or at least, till quite the last years of his time, he acquires, and little more; and when he is leaving for the university, he is mainly the creature of foreign influences and circumstances, and made up of accidents, homogeneous or not, as the case may be. Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praise, encourage and assist this result; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, despatch, persevering application; for these are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it. Acquirements, again, are emphatically producible, and at a moment; they are a something to show, both for master and scholar; an audience, even though ignorant themselves of the subjects of an examination, can comprehend when questions are answered and when they are not. Here again is a reason why mental culture is in the minds of men identified with the acquisition of knowledge.

The same notion possesses the public mind, when it passes on from the thought of a school to that of a university: and with the best of reasons so far as this, that there is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge. It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions on any serious subject; and without such learning the most original mind may be able indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion. There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the matter, and even act upon it. Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous or fertile mind, who relies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject. And his works may sell for a while; he may get a name in his day; but this will be all. His readers are sure to find on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of bread, and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose.

Knowledge then is the indispensable

condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining to it; this cannot be denied, it is ever to be insisted on; I begin with it as a first principle; however, the very truth of it carries men too far, and confirms to them the notion that it is the whole of the matter. A narrow mind is thought to be that which contains little knowledge; and an enlarged mind, that which holds a great deal; and what seems to put the matter beyond dispute is, the fact of the great number of studies which are pursued in a university, by its very profession. Lectures are given on every kind of subject; examinations are held; prizes awarded. There are moral, metaphysical, physical professors; professors of languages, of history, of mathematics, of experimental science. Lists of questions are published, wonderful for their range and depth, variety and difficulty; treatises are written, which carry upon their very face the evidence of extensive reading or multifarious information; what then is wanting for mental culture to a person of large reading and scientific attainments? what is grasp of mind but acquirement? where shall philosophical repose be found, but in the consciousness and enjoyment of large intellectual possessions?

And yet this notion is, I conceive, a mistake, and my present business is to show that it is one, and that the end of a liberal education is not mere knowledge, or knowledge considered in its *matter;* and I shall best attain my object, by actually setting down some cases, which will be generally granted to be instances of the process of enlightenment or enlargement of mind, and others which are not, and thus, by the comparison, you will be able to judge for yourselves, gentlemen, whether knowledge, that is, acquirement, is after all the real principle of the enlargement or whether that principle is not rather something beyond it.

For instance, let a person, whose experience has hitherto been confined to the more calm and unpretending scenery of these islands, whether here or in England, go for the first time into parts where physical nature puts on her wilder and more awful forms, whether at home or abroad, as into mountainous districts; or let one, who has ever lived in a quiet village, go for the first time to a great metropolis,— then I suppose he will have a sensation which perhaps he never had before. He has a feeling not in addition or increase of former feelings, but of something different in its nature. He will perhaps be borne forward, and find for a time that he has lost his bearings. He has made a certain progress, and he has a consciousness of mental enlargement; he does not stand where he did, he has a new center, and a range of thought to which he was before a stranger.

Again, the view of the heavens which the telescope opens upon us, if allowed to fill and possess the mind, may almost whirl it round and make it dizzy. It brings in a flood of ideas, and is rightly called an intellectual enlargement, whatever is meant by the term.

And so again, the sight of beasts of prey and other foreign animals, their strangness, the originality (if I may use the term) of their forms and gestures and habits, and their variety and indedependence of each other, throw us out of ourselves into another creation, and as if under another Creator, if I may so express the temptation which may come on the mind. We seem to have new faculties, or a new exercise for our faculties, by this addition to our knowledge; like a prisoner, who, having been accustomed to wear manacles or fetters, suddenly finds his arms and legs free.

Hence physical science generally, in all its departments, as bringing before us the exuberant riches and resources, yet the orderly course, of the universe, elevates and excites the student, and at first, I may say, almost takes away his breath, while in time it exercises a tranquilizing influence upon him.

Again the study of history is said to enlarge and enlighten the mind, and why? because, as I conceive it, it gives it a power of judging of passing events and of all events, and a conscious superiority over them, which before it did not possess.

And in like manner, what is called seeing the world, entering into active life, going into society, traveling, gaining acquaintance with the various classes of the community, coming into contact with the principles and modes of thought of various parties, interests, and races, their views, aims, habits and manners, their religious creeds and forms of worship,— gaining experience how various yet how

alike men are, how low-minded, how bad, how opposed, yet how confident in their opinions; all this exerts a perceptible influence upon the mind, which it is impossible to mistake, be it good or be it bad, and is popularly called its enlargement.

And then again, the first time the mind comes across the arguments and speculations of unbelievers, and feels what a novel light they cast upon what he has hitherto accounted sacred; and still more, if it gives in to them and embraces them, and throws off as so much prejudice what it has hitherto held, and, as if waking from a dream, begins to realize to its imagination that there is now no such thing as law and the transgression of law, that sin is a phantom, and punishment a bugbear, that it is free to sin, free to enjoy the world and the flesh; and still further, when it does enjoy them, and reflects that it may think and hold just what it will, that "the world is all before it where to choose," and what system to build up as its own private persuasion; when this torrent of wilful thoughts rushes over and inundates it, who will deny that the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or what the mind takes for knowledge, has made it one of the gods, with a sense of expansion and elevation, — an intoxication in reality, still, so far as the subjective state of the mind goes, an illumination? Hence the fanaticism of individuals or nations, who suddenly cast off their Maker. Their eyes are opened; and, like the judgment-stricken king in the tragedy, they see two suns, and a magic universe, out of which they look back upon their former state of faith and innocence with a sort of contempt and indignation, as if they were then but fools, and the dupes of imposture.

On the other hand, religion has its own enlargements, and an enlargement, not of tumult, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were. Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another. But now every event has a meaning; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable, and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral.

Now from these instances, to which many more might be added, it is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense of enlargement, or enlightenment of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters: this cannot be denied; but next, it is equally plain, that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination; but the locomotion, the movement onwards, of that mental center, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates. And therefore a truly great intellect, and recognized to be such by the common opinion of mankind, such as the intellect of Aristotle, or of St. Thomas, or of Newton, or of Goethe (I purposely take instances within and without the Catholic pale, when I would speak of the intellect as such), is one which takes a connected view of old and new, past and present, far and near, and which has an insight into the influence of all these one on another; without which there is no whole and no

center. It possesses the knowledge, not only of things, but also of their mutual and true relations; knowledge, not merely considered as acquirement but as philosophy.

Accordingly, when this analytical, distributive, harmonizing process is away, the mind experiences no enlargement, and is not reckoned as enlightened or comprehensive, whatever it may add to its knowledge. For instance, a great memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations towards each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them; still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-read men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfils the type of liberal education.

In like manner, we sometimes fall in with persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it, but who generalize nothing, and have no observation, in the true sense of the word. They abound in information in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things; and, having lived under the influence of no very clear or settled principles, religious or political, they speak of every one and every thing, only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing, not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but simply talking. No one would say that these persons, well informed as they are, had attained to any great culture of intellect or to philosophy.

The case is the same still more strikingly where the persons in question are beyond dispute men of inferior powers and deficient education. Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive, in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them there. Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other; but the multiplicity of external objects, which they have encountered, forms no symmetrical and consistent picture upon their imagination; they see the tapestry of human life, as it were on the wrong side, and it tells no story. They sleep, and they rise up, and they find themselves, now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's Pillar, or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Every thing stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spectator where he was. Perhaps you are near such a man on a particular occasion, and expect him to be shocked or perplexed at something which occurs; but one thing is much the same to him as another, or, if he is perplexed, it is as not knowing what to say, whether it is right to admire, or to ridicule, or to disapprove, while conscious that some expression of opinion is expected from him; for in fact he has no standard of judgment at all, and no landmarks to guide him to a conclusion. Such is mere acquisition, and, I repeat, no one would dream of calling it philosophy.

Instances, such as these, confirm, by the contrast, the conclusion I have already drawn from those which preceded them. That only is true enlargement of mind which is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole, of referring them severally to their true place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence. Thus is that form of universal knowledge, of which I have on a former occasion spoken, set up in the individual intellect, and constitutes its perfection. Possessed of this real illumination, the mind never views any part of the extended subject-matter of knowledge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection. It makes everything in some sort lead to everything else; it would communicate the image of the whole to every separate portion, till that whole becomes in imagination like a spirit, everywhere pervading and penetrating its

component parts, and giving them one definite meaning. Just as our bodily organs, when mentioned, recall their function in the body, as the word "creation" suggests the Creator, and "subjects" a sovereign, so, in the mind of the philosopher, as we are abstractedly conceiving of him, the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed as one, with correlative functions, and as gradually by successive combinations converging, one and all, to the true center.

To have even a portion of this illuminative reason and true philosophy is the highest state to which nature can aspire, in the way of intellect; it puts the mind above the influences of chance and necessity, above anxiety, suspense, unsettlement, and superstition, which is the lot of the many. Men, whose minds are possessed with some one object, take exaggerated views of its importance, are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things which are utterly foreign to it, and are startled and despond if it happens to fail them. They are ever in alarm or transport. Those on the other hand who have no object or principle whatever to hold by, lose their way every step they take. They are thrown out, and do not know what to think or say, at every fresh juncture; they have no view of persons, or occurrences, or facts, which come suddenly upon them, and they hang upon the opinion of others for want of internal resources. But the intellect, which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another. It is the τετράγωνος of the Peripatetic, and has the *nil admirari* of the Stoic,—

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

There are men who, when in difficulties, originate at the moment vast ideas or dazzling projects; who, under the influence of excitement, are able to cast a light, almost as if from inspiration, on a subject or course of action which comes before them; who have a sudden presence of mind equal to any emergency, rising with the occasion, and an undaunted magnanimous bearing, and an energy and keenness which is but made intense by opposition. This is genius, this is heroism; it is the exhibition of a natural gift, which no culture can teach, at which no institution can aim: here, on the contrary, we are concerned, not with mere nature, but with training and teaching. That perfection of the intellect, which is the result of education, and its *beau ideal*, to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres. * * *

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900)

THE SKY

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man — more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him — than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain cloud

were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew — and instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain * it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he is always with them; but the sky is for all: bright as it is, it is not

"too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food";

it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, — for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometime capricious, sometimes awful — never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations, we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and inspidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in the dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds where the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, nor in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and unsubdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

We habitually think of the rain cloud only as dark and gray; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling, of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings, the rain clouds in the dawn form soft, level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or, when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader clouds above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-color, and purple, and amber, and blue; not shining, but misty-soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss silk; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain.

Aqueous vapor or mist, suspended in the atmosphere, becomes visible exactly as dust does in the air of a room. In the shadows,

* At least, I thought so, when I was four-and-twenty. At five-and-twenty I fancy that it is just possible there may be other creatures in the universe, to be pleased, or,— it may be,— displeased by the weather.

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you not only cannot see the dust itself, because unillumined, but you can see other objects through the dust, without obscurity; the air being thus actually rendered more transparent by a deprivation of light. Where a sunbeam enters, every particle of dust becomes visible, and a palpable interruption to the sight; so that a transverse sunbeam is a real obstacle to the vision — you cannot see things clearly through it. In the same way, wherever vapor is illuminated by transverse rays, there it becomes visible as a whiteness more or less affecting the purity of the blue, and destroying it exactly in proportion to the degree of illumination. But where vapor is in shade, it has very little effect on the sky, perhaps making it a little deeper and grayer than it otherwise would be, but not, itself, unless very dense, distinguishable, or felt as mist.

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation — why is it so heavy, and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks, — why are they so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? Why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear; while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth, like a shroud? Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does not steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet, — and yet, — slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them, and waves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hills — that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest, — how it is stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow, — nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it — poised as a white bird hovers over its nest! Or those war clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire, — how is their barbed strength bridled? What bits are those they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, — out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning; the sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening — what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace; — what hand has reined them back by the way in which they came?

I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. "Knowest thou the balancing of the clouds?" Is the answer ever to be one of pride? The wondrous works of him, which is perfect in knowledge? Is our knowledge ever to be so?

For my own part, I enjoy the mystery, and perhaps the reader may. I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions; to which, perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll, we may find also a syllable or two of answer, illuminated here and there.

* * * *

On some isolated mountain at daybreak,* when the night mists first rise from off the plain, watch their white and lake-like fields, as they float in level bays, and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the

* I forget now what all this is about. It seems to be a recollection of the Rigi, with assumption that the enthusiastic spectator is to stand for a day and night in observation; to suffer the effects of a severe thunder storm, and to get neither breakfast nor dinner. I have seen such a storm on the Rigi, however, and more than one such sunrise; and I much doubt if its present visitors by rail will see more.

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lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts, and passes away, and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantas, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain. Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back, back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, and set in its lustre, to appear again above in the serene heaven like a wild, bright, impossible dream; foundationless, and inaccessible, their very base vanishing in the unsubstantial, and making blue of the deep lake below. Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds, and the motion of the leaves, together; — and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, among the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipice as a hawk pauses over his prey; — and then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watchtowers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valley, swinging from the burdened clouds in black bending fringes, or, pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then as the sun sinks you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again, — while the smoldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red hot-ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood; — and then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter, brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them. And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning — their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar smoke up to heaven, the rose light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them, and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath, as it passes by, until the whole heaven one scarlet canopy is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels: and then when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this his message unto men!

WORK

* * * Wise work is, briefly, work with God. Foolish work is work against God. And work done with God, which he will help, may be briefly described as "Putting in Order," — that is, enforcing God's law of order, spiritual and material, over men and things. The first thing you have to do, essentially; the real "good work" is, with respect to men, to enforce justice, and, with respect to things, to enforce tidiness and fruitfulness. And against these two great human deeds, justice and order, there are perpetually two great demons contending, — the devil of iniquity, or inequity, and the devil of disorder, or of death; for death is only consummation of disorder. You have to fight these two fiends daily. So far as you don't fight against the fiend of iniquity, you work for him. You "work iniquity," and the judgment upon you, for all your "Lord, Lord's," will be "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." And so far as you do not resist the fiend of disorder, you work disorder, and you yourself do the work of Death, which is sin, and has for its wages, Death himself.

Observe, then, all wise work is mainly threefold in character. It is honest, useful, and cheerful.

It is honest. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and you do not in work. In your lightest games, you have always some one to see what you call "fair play." In boxing you must hit fair: in racing, start fair. Your English watchword is Fair play: your English hatred, Foul play. Did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, Fair work, and another hatred also, Foul work? Your prize fighter has some honor in him yet; and so have the men in the ring round him: they will judge him to lose the match, by foul hitting. But your prize merchant gains his match by foul selling, and no one cries out against that. You drive a gambler out of the gambling room who loads dice, but you leave a tradesman in flourishing business who loads scales! For observe, all dishonest dealing is loading scales. What does it matter whether I get short weight, adulterate substance, or dishonest fabric? The fault in the fabric is incomparably the worst of the two. Give me short measure of food, and I only lose by you; but give me adulterate food, and I die by you. Here, then, is your chief duty, you workmen and tradesmen — to be true to yourselves, and to us who would help you. We can do nothing for you, nor you for yourselves, without honesty. Get that, you get all; without that, your suffrages, your reforms, your free-trade measures, your institutions of science, are all in vain. It is useless to put your heads together, if you can't put your hearts together. Shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand, among yourselves, and no wrong hand to anybody else, and you'll win the world yet.

Then, secondly, wise work is useful. No man minds, or ought to mind, its being hard, if only it comes to something: but when it is hard and comes to nothing; when all our bees' business turns to spiders', and for honeycomb we have only resultant cobweb, blown away by the next breeze — that is the cruel thing for the worker. Yet do we ever ask ourselves, personally, or even nationally, whether our work is coming to anything or not? We don't care to keep what has been nobly done; still less do we care to do nobly what others would keep; and, least of all, to make the work itself useful instead of deadly to the doer, so as to use his life indeed, but not to waste it. Of all wastes the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor. If you went down in the morning into your dairy, and you found that your youngest child had got down before you, and that he and the cat were at play together, and that he had poured out all the cream on the floor for the cat to lap up, you would scold the child and be sorry the milk was wasted. But if, instead of wooden bowls with milk in them, there are golden bowls with human life in them, and instead of the cat to play with — the devil to play with; and you yourself the player; and instead of leaving that golden bowl to be broken by God at the fountain, you break it in the dust yourself, and pour the human blood out on the ground for the fiend to lick up — that is no waste! What! you perhaps think, "to waste the labor of men is not to kill them." Is it not? I should like to know how you could kill them more utterly — kill them with second deaths? It is the slightest way of killing to stop a man's breath. Nay, the hunger, and the cold, and the little whistling bullets — our love messengers

between nation and nation — have brought pleasant messages from us to many a man before now; orders of sweet release, and leave at last to go where he will be most welcome and most happy. At the worst you do but shorten his life, you do not corrupt his life. But if you put him to base labor, if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes, if you steal his joys, if you stunt his body, and blast his soul, and at last leave him not so much as to reap the poor fruit of his degradation, but gather that for yourself, and dismiss him to the grave, when you have done with him, having, so far as in you lay, made the walls of that grave everlasting (though, indeed, I fancy the goodly bricks of some of our family vaults will hold closer in the resurrection day than the sod over the laborer's head), this you think is no waste, and no sin!

Then, lastly, wise work is cheerful, as a child's work is. And now I want you to take one thought home with you, and let it stay with you.

Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain than that. It is to ask God for what we don't want. He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can mock him with; the soldiers striking him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for his kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is: we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly: nobody knows how: "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in the hearts of us: "the kingdom of God is within you." And being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," — joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and helpful Spirit. Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it, and enter into it, there's just one condition to be first accepted. You must enter it as children, or not at all; "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Of such, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text think that all heaven is to be full of babies. But that's not so. There will be children there, but the hoary head is the crown. "Length of days, and long life and peace," that is the blessing, not to die in babyhood. Children die but for their parents' sins; God means them to live, but he can't let them always; then they have their earlier place in heaven, and the little child of David, vainly prayed for; — the little child of Jeroboam, killed by its mother's step on its own threshold, — they will be there. But weary old David, and weary old Barzillai, having learned children's lessons at last, will be there too; and the one question for us all, young or old, is, Have we learned our child's lesson? It is the character of children we want, and must gain at our peril; let us see, briefly, in what it consists.

The first character of right childhood is that it is Modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows everything. It may think its father and mother know everything, — perhaps that all grown-up people know everything; very certainly it is sure that it does not. And it is always asking questions, and wanting to know more. Well, that is the first character of a good and wise man at his work. To know that he knows very little; — to perceive that there are many above him wiser than he; and to be always asking questions, wanting to learn, not to teach. No one ever teaches well who wants to teach, or governs well who wants to govern; it is an old saying (Plato's, but I know not if his first), and as wise as old.

Then, the second character of right childhood is to be Faithful. Perceiving that its father knows best what is good for it, and having found always, when it has tried its own way against his, that he was right and it was wrong, a noble child trusts

him at last wholly, gives him its hand, and will walk blindfold with him, if he bids it. And that is the true character of all good men also, as obedient workers, or soldiers under captains. They must trust their captains: — they are bound for their lives to choose none but those whom they can trust. Then, they are not always to be thinking that what seems strange to them, or wrong in what they are desired to do, is strange or wrong. They know their captain: where he leads they must follow, what he bids they must do; and without this trust and faith, without this captainship and soldiership, no great deed, no great salvation, is possible to man. Among all the nations it is only when this faith is attained by them that they become great; the Jew, the Greek, and the Mahometan agree at least in testifying to this. It was a deed of this absolute trust which made Abraham the father of the faithful; it was the declaration of the power of God as captain over all men, and the acceptance of a leader appointed by him as commander of the faithful, which laid the foundation of whatever national power yet exists in the East; and the deed of the Greeks, which has become the type of unselfish and noble soldiership to all lands, and to all times, was commemorated, on the tomb of those who gave their lives to do it, in the most pathetic, so far as I know, or can feel, of all human utterances: "O stranger, go and tell our people that we are lying here, having obeyed their words."

Then the third character of right childhood is to be Loving and Generous. Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is a right kind of child — would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need it — does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so little a way.

And because of all these characters, lastly, it is Cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing — being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or in its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; trusting somebody else to take care of to-morrow; knowing, indeed, what labor is, but not what sorrow is; and always ready for play, — beautiful play, — for lovely human play is like the play of the Sun. There's a worker for you. He, steady to his time, is set as a strong man to run his course, but, also, he rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course. See how he plays in the morning, with the mists below, and the clouds above, with a ray here and a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere: — that's the Sun's play; and great human play is like his — all various — all full of light and life, and tender, as the dew of the morning.

So then, you have the child's character in these four things: Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness. That's what you have got to be converted to. "Except ye be converted and become as little children" — You hear much of conversion nowadays; but people always seem to think you have got to be made wretched by conversion, — to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones; you have to repent into childhood, to repent into delight, and delightsomeness. You can't go into a conventicle but you'll hear plenty of talk of backsliding. Backsliding, indeed! I can tell you, on the ways most of us go, the faster we slide back the better. Slide back into the cradle, if going on is into the grave — back, I tell you; back — out of your long faces, and into your long clothes. It is among children only, and as children only, that you will find medicine for your healing and true wisdom for your teaching. There is poison in the counsels of the man of this world; the words they speak are all bitterness, "the poison of asps is under their lips," but "the sucking child shall play by the hole of the asp." There is death in the looks of men. "Their eyes are privily set against the poor"; they are as the uncharmable serpent, the cockatrice, which slew by seeing. But "the weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice den." There is death in the steps of men; "their feet are swift to shed blood; they have compassed us in our steps like the lion that is greedy of his prey, and the young lion lurking in secret places," but, in that kingdom, the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the fatling with the lion, and "a little child shall lead them." There is death in the thoughts of men; the world is one wide riddle to them, darker and darker as it draws to a close;

but the secret of it is known to the child, and the Lord of heaven and earth is most to be thanked in that "he has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes." Yes, and there is death — infinitude of death in the principalities and powers of men. As far as the east is from the west, so far our sins are — not set from us, but multiplied around us: the Sun himself, think you he now "rejoices" to run his course, when he plunges westward to the horizon, so widely red, not with clouds, but blood? And it will be red more widely yet. Whatever drought of the early and latter rain may be, there will be none of that red rain. You fortify yourselves against it in vain; the enemy and avenger will be upon you also, unless you learn that it is not out of the mouths of the knitted gun, or the smoothed rifle, but "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" that the strength is ordained, which shall "still the enemy and avenger."

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–1888)

TOUCHSTONES FOR POETRY

* * * *

There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them: it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers; or take his

Ἀ δειλὼ τί σφῶΐ δόμεν Πηλῆϊ ἄνακτι
θνητῷ ; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε.
*ἢ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον ;**

* "Ah, unhappy pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men born to misery ye might have sorrow?" — *Iliad,* xvii. 443–445.

the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus; or, take finally, his

Καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι †

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino's tremendous words:

> Io no piangeva; sì dentro impietrai.
> Piangevan elli . . .‡

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Virgil:

> Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
> Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
> Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m'assale . . .‖

take the simple, but perfect, single line:

> In la sua volontade è nostra pace.¶

Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep:

> Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
> Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
> In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . .

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio:

> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story . . .

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage:

> Darkened so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek . . .

add two such lines as:

> And courage never to submit or yield
> And what is else not to be overcome . . .

† "Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy." — *Iliad,* xxiv. 543.

‡ "I wailed not, so of stone grew I within; — *they* wailed." — *Inferno,* xxxiii. 39, 40.

‖ "Of such sort hath God, thanked be his mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me." — *Inferno,* ii. 91–93.

¶ "In His will is our pace." — *Paradiso,* iii. 85.

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine, the loss

> . . . which cost Ceres all that pain
> To seek her through the world.

These few lines, if we have tact and can use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely from one another, but they have in common this: the possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly penetrated by their power, we shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labor to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples: — to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*. They are far better recognized by being felt in the verse of the master, than by being perused in the prose of the critic, Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other poetry which is akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness (*φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον*. Let us add, therefore, to what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself evident, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high stamp of diction and movement, again, is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

* * * *

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always

used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review,* some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beauve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity,* thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity, — a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are, — which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it, — motives eminently such as are called social, — come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection.* It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardour, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then

it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine, — social, political, religious, — has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavour to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to, — to learn, in short, the will of God, — the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavour to *see* and *learn* this, but as the endeavour, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavour to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this wider endeavour of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself, — religion, that voice of the deepest human experience, — does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture, — culture seeking the determination of this question through *all* the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution, — likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you;* and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling, which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: "It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture." Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion.

And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a *general* expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward. And here, once more, culture lays on us the

same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

But, finally, perfection, — as culture from a thorough disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it, — is a harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances, — it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and many other Liberals are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilisation is, to a much greater degree than the civilisation of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilisation tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an *inward* condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilisation in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the restrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of "every man for himself." Above all, the idea of perfection as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to achieve in this country. Its preachers have, and are likely long to have, a hard time of it, and they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing in the end good service if they persevere. And, meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue, and the sort of habits they must fight against, ought to be made quite clear for every one to see, who may be willing to look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are, even, religious organisations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?" — Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying, — has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behaviour of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beau-

tiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failures of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what *is* greatness? — culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea tomorrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind, — would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness, — the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? Well, then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this kind and fixing standards of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed, — the commonest of commonplaces tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself; and certainly they have never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time. Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say as a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: "Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?" And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarised, even if it cannot save the present.

Population, again, and bodily health and vigour, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why, one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!

But bodily health and vigour, it may be said, are not to be classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or population are. The moment we disjoin them from the idea of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth or population, and as unintelligent and vulgarising a worship as that is. Every one with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked this subordination to higher and spiritual

ends of the cultivation of bodily vigour and activity. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things," says the author of the Epistle to Timothy. And the utilitarian Franklin says just as explicitly: — "Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, *in reference to the services of the mind.*" But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human perfection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assigns to it, a special and limited character, this point of view, I say, of culture is best given by these words of Epictetus: — "It is a sign of ἀφυΐα," says he, — that is, of a nature not finely tempered, — "to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way; the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern." This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek word εὐφυΐα, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of things," — as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his *Battle of the Books*, — "the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light.*" The εὐφυής is the man who tends towards sweetness and light; the ἀφυής, on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many amongst us rely upon our religious organisations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side, — which is the dominant idea of religion, — has been enabled to have; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

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The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater! — the passion for making them *prevail.* It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of

their own profession or party. Our religious and political organisations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely, — nourished, and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea;* and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanise it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Aeblard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanised* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: "Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth labourers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new labourers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

MORALITY AND RELIGION

We have said elsewhere * how much it has contributed to the misunderstanding of St. Paul, that terms like *grace, new birth, justification,* — which he used in a fluid and passing way, as men use terms in common discourse or in eloquence and poetry, to describe approximately, but only approximately, what they have present before their mind, but do not profess that their mind does or can grasp exactly or adequately, — that such terms people have blunderingly taken in a fixed and rigid manner, as if they were symbols with as definite and fully grasped a meaning as the names *line* or *angle,* and proceeded to use them on this supposition. Terms in short, which with St. Paul are *literary* terms, theologians have employed as if they were *scientific* terms.

But if one desires to deal with this mistake thoroughly, one must observe it in that supreme term with which religion is filled, — the term *God.* The seemingly incurable ambiguity in the mode of employing this word is at the root of all our religious differences and difficulties. People use it as if it stood for a perfectly definite and ascertained idea, from which we might, without more ado, extract propositions and draw inferences, just as we should from any other definite and ascertained idea. For instance, I open a book which controverts what its author thinks dangerous views about religion, and I read: "Our sense of morality tells us so-and-so; our sense of God, on the other hand, tells us so-and-so." And again, "the impulse in man to seek God" is distinguished, as if the distinction were self-evident and explained itself, from "the impulse in man to seek his highest perfection." Now, *morality* represents for everybody a thoroughly definite and ascer-

* *Culture and Anarchy,* p. 137.

tained idea: — the idea of human conduct regulated in a certain manner. Everybody, again, understands distinctly enough what is meant by man's perfection: — his reaching the best which his powers and circumstances allow him to reach. And the word "God" is used, in connection with both these words, morality and perfection, as if it stood for just as definite and ascertained an idea as they do; an idea drawn from experience, just as the ideas are which they stand for; an idea about which every one was agreed, and from which we might proceed to argue and to make inferences, with the certainty that, as in the case of morality and perfection, the basis on which we were going every one knew and granted. But, in truth, the word "God" is used in most cases as by no means a term of science or exact knowledge, but a term of poetry and eloquence, a term *thrown out,* so to speak, at a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness, a *literary* term, in short; and mankind mean different things by it as their consciousness differs.

The first question, then, is, how people are using the word; whether in this literary way, or in a scientific way. The second question is, what, supposing them to use the term as one of poetry and eloquence, and to import into it, therefore, a great deal of their own individual feelings and character, is yet the common substratum of idea on which, in using it, they all rest. For this will then be, for them, and for us in dealing with them, the real sense of the word; the sense in which we can use it for purposes of argument and inference without ambiguity.

Strictly and formally the word "God," we now learn from the philologists, means, like its kindred Aryan words, *Theos, Deus,* and *Deva,* simply *shining* or *brilliant.* In a certain narrow way, therefore, this is the one exact and scientific sense of the word. It was long thought, however, to mean *good,* and so Luther took it to mean *the best that man knows or can know;* and in this sense, as a matter of fact and history, mankind constantly use the word. This is the common substratum of idea on which men in general, when they use the word *God,* rest; and we can take this as the word's real sense fairly enough, only it does not give us anything very precise.

But then there is also the scientific sense held by theologians, deduced from the ideas of substance, identity, causation, design, and so on; but taught, they say, or at least implied, in the Bible, and on which all the Bible rests. According to this scientific and theological sense, — which has all the outward appearances, at any rate, of great precision, — God is an infinite and eternal substance, and at the same time a person, the great first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe; Jesus Christ consubstantial with him; and the Holy Ghost a person proceeding from the other two. This is the sense for which, or for portions of which, the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester are so zealous to do something.

Other people, however, who fail to perceive the force of such a deduction from the abstract ideas above mentioned, who indeed think it quite hollow, but who are told that this sense is in the Bible, and that they must receive it if they receive the Bible, conclude that in that case they had better receive neither the one nor the other. Something of this sort it was, no doubt, which made Professor Huxley tell the London School Board lately, that "if these islands had no religion at all, it would not enter into his mind to introduce the religious idea by the agency of the Bible." Of such people there are now a great many; and indeed there could hardly, for those who value the Bible, be a greater example of the sacrifices one is sometimes called upon to make for the truth, than to find that for the truth as held by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, if it is the truth, one must sacrifice the allegiance of so many people to the Bible.

But surely, if there be anything with which metaphysics have nothing to do, and where a plain man, without skill to walk in the arduous paths of abstruse reasoning, may yet find himself at home, it is religion. For the object of religion is *conduct;* and conduct is really, however men may overlay it with philosophical disquisitions, the simplest thing in the world. That is to say, it is the simplest thing in the world as far as *understanding* is concerned; as regards *doing,* it is the hardest thing in the world. Here is the difficulty, — to *do* what we very well know ought to be done; and instead of facing this, men have searched out another with which they occupy themselves by preference, — the origin of what is called

the moral sense, the genesis and physiology of conscience, and so on. No one denies that here, too, is difficulty, or that the difficulty is a proper object for the human faculties to be exercised upon; but the difficulty here is speculative. It is not the difficulty of religion, which is a practical one; and it often tends to divert the attention from this. Yet surely the difficulty of religion is great enough by itself, if men would but consider it, to satisfy the most voracious appetite for difficulties. It extends to rightness in the whole range of what we call *conduct;* in three-fourths, therefore, at the very lowest computation, of human life. The only doubt is whether we ought not to make the range of conduct wider still, and to say it is four-fifths of human life, or five-sixths. But it is better to be under the mark than over it; so let us be content with reckoning conduct as three-fourths of human life.

And to recognise in what way conduct is this, let us eschew all school-terms, like *moral sense,* and *volitional,* and *altruistic,* which philosophers employ, and let us help ourselves by the most palpable and plain examples. When the rich man in the Bible-parable says: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry!" * — those *goods* which he thus assigns as the stuff with which human life is mainly concerned (and so in practice it really is). — those goods and our dealings with them, — our taking our ease, eating, drinking, being merry, are the matter of *conduct,* the range where it is exercised. Eating, drinking, ease, pleasure, money, the intercourse of the sexes, the giving free swing to one's temper and instincts, — these are the matters with which conduct is concerned, and with which all mankind know and feel it to be concerned.

Or, when Protagoras points out of what things we are, from childhood till we die, being taught and admonished, and says (but it is lamentable that here we have not at hand Mr. Jowett, who so excellently introduces the enchanter Plato and his personages, but must use our own words): "From the time he can understand what is said to him, nurse, and mother, and teacher, and father too, are bending their efforts to this end, — to make the child *good;* teaching and showing him, as to everything he has to do or say, how this is right and that not right, and this is honourable and that vile, and this is holy and that unholy, and this do and that do not;" — Protagoras, also, when he says this, bears his testimony to the scope and nature of *conduct,* tells us what conduct is. Or, once more, when M. Littré (and we hope to make our peace with the Comtists by quoting an author of theirs in preference to those authors whom all the British public is now reading and quoting), — when M. Littré, in a most ingenious essay on the origin of morals, traces up, better, perhaps, than any one else, all our impulses into two elementary instincts, the instinct of self-preservation and the reproductive instinct, — then we take his theory and we say, that all the impulses which can be conceived as derivable from the instinct of self-preservation in us and the reproductive instinct, these terms being applied in their ordinary sense, are the matter of *conduct.* It is evident this includes, to say no more, every impulse relating to temper, every impulse relating to sensuality; and we all know how much that is.

How we deal with these impulses is the matter of *conduct,* — how we obey, regulate, or restrain them; that, and nothing else. Not whether M. Littré's theory is true or false; for whether it be true or false, there the impulses confessedly now are, and the business of conduct is to deal with them. But it is evident, if conduct deals with these, both how important a thing conduct is, and how simple a thing. Important, because it covers so large a portion of human life, and the portion common to all sorts of people; simple, because, though there needs perpetual admonition to form conduct, the admonition is needed not to determine what we ought to do, but to make us do it.

And, as to this simplicity, all moralists are agreed. "Let any plain honest man," says Bishop Butler, "before he engages in any course of action" (he means action of the very kind we call *conduct*), "ask himself: Is this I am going about right or is it wrong? is it good or is it evil? I do not in the least doubt but that this question would be answered agreeably to truth and virtue by *almost any fair man in almost any circumstance.*" And Bishop Wilson says: "Look up to God" (by which he means just this: Consult your Conscience) "at all times, and you will,

* Luke xii. 19.

as in a glass, discover what is fit to be done." And the Preacher's well-known sentence is exactly to the same effect: "God *made man upright;* but they have sought out many inventions." * — or, as it more correctly is, "*many abstruse reasonings.*" Let us hold fast to this, and we shall find we have a stay by the help of which even poor weak men, with no pretensions to be logical athletes, may stand firmly.

And so, when we are asked, what is the object of religion? — let us reply: *Conduct.* And when we are asked further, what is conduct? — let us answer: *Three-fourths of life.*

II.

And certainly we need not go far about to prove that conduct, or "righteousness," which is the object of religion, is in a special manner the object of Bible-religion. The word "righteousness" is the master-word of the Old Testament. *Keep judgment and do righteousness! Cease to do evil, learn to do well!* † these words being taken in their plainest sense of conduct. *Offer the sacrifice,* not of victims and ceremonies, as the way of the world in religion then was, but: Offer the sacrifice of *righteousness!* ‡ The great concern of the New Testament is likewise righteousness, but righteousness reached through particular means, righteousness by the means of Jesus Christ. A sentence which sums up the New Testament and assigns the ground whereon the Christian Church stands, is, as we have elsewhere said, ‖ this: *Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity!* ¶ If we are to take a sentence which in like manner sums up the Old Testament, such a sentence is this: *O ye that love the Eternal, see that ye hate the thing which is evil! to him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shown the salvation of God.* §

But instantly there will be raised the objection that this is morality, not religion; morality, ethics, conduct, being by many people, and above all by theologians carefully contradistinguished from religion, which is supposed in some special way to be connected with propositions about the Godhead of the Eternal Son, or propositions about the personality of God, or about election or justification. Religion, however, means simply either a binding to righteousness, or else a serious attending to righteousness and dwelling upon it. Which of these two it most nearly means, depends upon the view we take of the word's derivation; but it means one of them, and they are really much the same. And the antithesis between *ethical* and *religious* is thus quite a false one. Ethical means *practical,* it relates to practice or conduct passing into habit or disposition. Religious also means *practical,* but practical in a still higher degree; and the right antithesis to both ethical and religious, is the same as the right antithesis to practical: namely, *theoretical.*

Now, propositions about the Godhead of the Eternal Son are theoretical, and they therefore are very properly opposed to propositions which are moral or ethical; but they are with equal propriety opposed to propositions which are religious. They differ in kind from what is religious, while what is ethical agrees in kind with it. But is there, therefore, no difference between what is ethical, or morality, and religion? There *is* a difference; a difference of degree. Religion, if we follow the intention of human thought and human language in the use of the word, is ethics heightened, enkindled, lit up by feeling; the passage from morality to religion is made when to morality is applied emotion. And the true meaning of religion is thus, not simply *morality,* but *morality touched by emotion.* And this new elevation and inspiration of morality is well marked by the word "righteousness." Conduct is the word of common life, morality is the word of philosophical disquisition, righteousness is the word of religion.

Some people, indeed, are for calling all high thought and feeling by the name of religion; according to that saying of Goethe: "He who has art and science, has also religion." But let us use words as mankind generally use them. We may call art and science touched by emotion *religion,* if we will; as we may make the instinct of self-preservation, into which M. Littré traces up all our private affections, include the perfecting ourselves by

* Ecclesiastes, vii. 29.
† Isaiah lvi. 1; i. 16, 17.
‡ Psalm iv. 5.
‖ *St. Paul and Protestantism,* p. 134.
¶ 2 Timothy ii. 19.
§ Psalm xcvii. 10; l. 23.

the study of what is beautiful in art; and the reproductive instinct, into which he traces up all our social affections, include the perfecting mankind by political science. But men have not yet got to that stage, when we think much of either their private or their social affections at all, except as exercising themselves in conduct; neither do we yet think of religion as otherwise exercising itself. When mankind speak of religion, they have before their mind an activity engaged, not with the whole of life, but with that three-fourths of life which is *conduct*. This is wide enough range for one word, surely; but at any rate, let us at present limit ourselves in the use of the word *religion* as mankind do.

And if some one now asks: But what *is* this application of emotion to morality, and by what marks may we know it? — we can quite easily satisfy him; not, indeed, by any disquisition of our own, but in a much better way, by examples. "By the dispensation of Providence to mankind," says Quintilian, "goodness gives men most satisfaction." * That is morality. "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." † That is morality touched with emotion, or religion. "Hold off from sensuality," says Cicero; "for, if you have given yourself up to it, you will find yourself unable to think of anything else." ‡ That is morality. "Blessed are the pure in heart," says Jesus Christ, "for they shall see God." ‖ That is religion. "We all want to live honestly, but cannot," says the Greek maxim-maker. ¶ That is morality. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" says St. Paul.§ That is religion. "Would thou wert of as good conversation in deed as in word!" # is morality. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven," ** is religion. "Live as you were meant to live!" * is morality. "Lay hold on eternal life!" † is religion.

Or we may take the contrast within the bounds of the Bible itself. "Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty," is morality; but, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work," is religion. ‡ Or we may even observe a third stage between these two stages, which shows to us the transition from one to the other. "If thou givest thy soul the desires that please her, she will make thee a laughing-stock to thine enemies;" ‖ — That is morality. "He that resisteth pleasure crowneth his life;" ¶ — that is morality with the tone heightened, passing, or trying to pass, into religion. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" § — there the passage is made, and we have religion. Our religious examples are here all taken from the Bible, and from the Bible such examples can best be taken; but we might also find them elsewhere. "Oh that my lot might lead me in the path of holy innocence of thought and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws which in the highest heaven had their birth, neither did the race of mortal man beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep; the power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old!" That is from Sophocles, but it is as much religion as any of the things which we have quoted as religious. Like them, it is not the mere enjoining of conduct, but it is this enjoining touched, strengthened, and almost transformed, by the addition of feeling.

So what is meant by the application of emotion to morality has now, it is to be hoped, been made clear. The next question will probably be: But how does one get the application made? Why, how does one get to feel much about any matter whatever? By dwelling upon it, by staying our thoughts upon it, by having it perpetually in our mind. The very words *mind, memory, remain,* come, probably, all from the same root, from the notion of staying, attending. Possibly even the word *man* comes from the same; so entirely does the idea of humanity, of intelligence, of looking before and after, of raising one-

* "Dedit hoc Providentia hominibus munus, ut honesta magis juvarent."
† Proverbs iv. 18.
‡ "Sis a venereis amoribus aversus; quibus si te dedideris, non aliud quidquam possis cogitare quam illud quod diligis."
‖ Matthew v. 8.
¶ *Θέλομεν καλῶς ζῆν πάντες, ἀλλ' οὐ δυνάνεθα.*
§ Romans vii. 24.
# *Εἰθ' ἤσθα σώφρων ἔργα τοῖς λόγοις ἴσα·*
** Matthew vii. 21.

* *Ζῆσον κατὰ φύσιν.*
† 1 Tim. vi. 12.
‡ Prov. xx. 13; John iv. 34.
‖ Ecclesiasticus xviii, 31.
¶ Ecclesiasticus xix. 5.
§ 1 Corinthians xv. 50.

self out of the flux of things, rest upon the idea of steadying oneself, concentrating oneself, making order in the chaos of one's impressions, by attending to one impression rather than the other. The rules of conduct, of morality, were themselves, philosophers suppose, reached in this way; — the notion of a whole self as opposed to a partial self, a best self to an inferior, to a momentary self a permanent self requiring the restraint of impulses a man would naturally have indulged; — because, by *attending* to his life, man found it had a scope beyond the wants of the present moment. Suppose it was so; then the first man who, as "a being," comparatively, "of a large discourse, looking before and after," controlled the native, instantaneous, mechanical impulses of the instinct of self-preservation, controlled the native, instantaneous, mechanical impulses of the reproductive instinct, had morality revealed to him.

But there is a long way from this to that habitual dwelling on the rules thus reached, that constant turning them over in the mind, that near and lively experimental sense of their beneficence, which communicates emotion to our thought of them, and thus incalculably heightens their powers. And the more mankind attended to the claims of that part of our nature which does *not* belong to conduct, properly so called, or to morality (and we have seen that, after all, about one-fourth of our nature is in this case), the more they would have distractions to take off their thoughts from those moral conclusions which all races of men, one may say, seem to have reached, and to prevent these moral conclusions from being quickened by emotion, and thus becoming religious. * * *

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY BRITISH ESSAYISTS

The varied character of the work of those later nineteenth century British essayists who were not primarily concerned with some phase of the larger social criticism of the period, may best be seen in the essays of such differently hued writers as William Makepeace Thackeray, Thomas H. Huxley, Richard Jefferies, Robert Louis Stevenson, Walter Pater, Augustine Birrell, and Alice Meynell.

William Makepeace Thackeray, the son of a government officer, was born in India and sent to England for his education, which he secured at the Charterhouse School and Trinity College, Cambridge; traveled on the Continent and tried the law and journalism without success; studied art in Paris, winning a reputation as a caricaturist and publishing stories and pictures in the magazines (from 1837), especially his "Snob" papers in *Punch;* gained instant attention as a novelist with *Vanity Fair* (1848) and maintained his reputation in this field to the end of his life, with *Pendennis* (1849-50), *Henry Esmond* (1852), and *The Newcomes* (1853); visited America in 1852 and 1854; edited the *Cornhill Magazine* (1860-62), to which he contributed his famous "Roundabout Papers" shortly before his sudden death. Though possessed of inimitable irony, Thackeray's personality was one of the greatest tenderness, and his style was one of the most distinctive charm.

Thomas Henry Huxley, the son of a schoolmaster, was an insatiable reader; was educated at Charing Cross Hospital, where he became a medical apprentice in 1842; was a surgeon on a naval ship from 1846 to 1850; was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1851 and Professor of Natural History at the School of Mines in 1854; devoted the rest of a very full life to scientific investigation and public work, notably his popular expositions of the advance of science; was made lord rector of Aberdeen (1874), lecturer at Cambridge (1883), and president of the Royal Society in the same year, besides serving meanwhile on the London School Board and various public commissions. As the author of *Man's Place in Nature* (1863), *Lay Sermons* (1870), and numerous other works, he achieved by his charm, clearness, and scientific accuracy, the foremost place among the supporters of the theory of evolution and the cause of the advancement of science generally.

Richard Jefferies, who was born in Wiltshire, began his career as a writer on a local newspaper; first attracted wide attention with his essays entitled *The Gamekeeper at Home* (1878), published in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and his *Wild Life in a Southern County* (1879); suffered a painful illness of six years during the remaining brief period of his life, during which he wrote novels and essays prolifically, two of his main volumes of essays (*Field and Hedgerow* and *The Life of the Fields*) being collected and published shortly after his death by his widow. As a naturalist with a poetic charm of style, Jefferies has had few equals.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the son of a noted lighthouse engineer, was educated at Edinburgh University and destined for engineering; because of delicate health and lack of inclination, turned instead to the law and in 1875 was admitted to the bar, but never practised; in search of health, made trips in France and Belgium (1876-8), resulting in the publication of *An Inland Voyage* (1878) and *Travels with a Donkey* (1879); traveled and lived in Switzerland, France, America (especially in California, 1879), England, and the South Seas, finally settling in Samoa (1889), where he lived till his death. Stevenson contributed to various magazines from 1871 on, producing mostly essays, such as *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881), till the appearance of *Treasure Island* (1882), with which he began his career as a novelist and story writer. Beloved for his amiable and courageous personality, Stevenson attained first rank as a romantic novelist, a charming letter writer, and an essayist of fascinating tone and singularly pure style.

Walter Horatio Pater was born in England, the son of a physician of American birth and Dutch extraction; was educated at Oxford; made various tours in Germany and Italy, being especially impressed with the beauty of the latter; was elected Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford (1854), where he lectured till 1880, resigning to devote himself more intimately to literature; lived in London (1885-93) and then settled at St. Giles, dying prematurely in 1894, after having received the degree of LL.D. from Glasgow. Though his

retiring life was uneventful, Pater's productivity and his influence as a stylist and critic were exceedingly rich, as signalized by his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873), *Appreciations* (1889), and his masterpiece of fiction, *Marius the Epicurean* (1885).

Augustine Birrell was born near Liverpool and educated at Oxford, where he graduated with honors in law and history in 1872; was called to the bar in 1875; entered Parliament in 1889; won distinction as a biographer and writer on legal subjects, as well as an essayist, his more important books being *Obiter Dicta* (1884), *Res Judicatæ* (1892), *Men, Women, and Books* (1894), *Collected Essays* (1900), *More Obiter Dicta* (1924), and biographies of Charlotte Brontë, Hazlitt, and others.

Alice Thompson Meynell, the daughter of T. J. Thompson, was educated by her father and spent her early life chiefly in Italy; published her first volume of verse (*Preludes*) in 1875, receiving the praise of Ruskin and others; married in 1877 the Roman Catholic journalist, Wilfred Meynell; wrote for various periodicals and published *Poems* (1893), which brought her more definitely before the public; achieved her reputation as an essayist in the nineties with *The Rhythm of Life* (1893), *The Colour of Life and Other Essays* (1896), and *The Spirit of Place* (1898). In addition to these volumes, remarkable for "fineness of culture and peculiar restraint of style," she also published *The Children* (1897), *Later Poems* (1901), *Collected Poems* (1913), and *Essays* (1914), in addition to an anthology of English verse, *The Flower of the Mind* (1897).

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–1863)

TUNBRIDGE TOYS

I wonder whether those little silver pencil-cases with a movable almanac at the butt-end are still favourite implements with boys, and whether pedlars still hawk them about the country? Are there pedlars and hawkers still, or are rustics and children grown too sharp to deal with them? Those pencil-cases, as far as my memory serves me, were not of much use. The screw, upon which the movable almanac turned, was constantly getting loose. The 1 of the table would work from its moorings, under Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case might be, and you would find, on examination, that Th. or W. was the 23½ of the month (which was absurd on the face of the thing), and in a word your cherished pencil-case an utterly unreliable time-keeper. Nor was this a matter of wonder. Consider the position of a pencil-case in a boy's pocket. You had hardbake in it; marbles, kept in your purse when the money was all gone; your mother's purse, knitted so fondly and supplied with a little bit of gold, long since — prodigal little son! — scattered amongst the swine — I mean amongst brandy-balls, open tarts, three-cornered puffs, and similar abominations. You had a top and string; a knife; a piece of cobbler's wax; two or three bullets; a "Little Warbler"; and I, for my part, remember, for a considerable period, a brass-barrelled pocket-pistol (which would fire beautifully, for with it I shot off a button from Butt Major's jacket); — with all these things, and ever so many more, clinking and rattling them in your pockets, and your hands, of course, keeping them in perpetual movement, how could you expect your movable almanac not to be twisted out of its place now and again — your pencil-case to be bent — your liquorice water not to leak out of your bottle over the cobbler's wax, your bull's eyes not to ram up the lock and barrel of your pistol, and so forth?

In the month of June, thirty-seven years ago, I bought one of those pencil-cases from a boy whom I shall call Hawker, and who was in my form. Is he dead? Is he a millionaire? Is he a bankrupt now? He was an immense screw at school, and I believe to this day that the value of the thing for which I owed and eventually paid three-and-sixpence, was in reality not one-and-nine.

I certainly enjoyed the case at first a good deal, and amused myself with twiddling round the movable calendar. But this pleasure wore off. The jewel, as I said, was not paid for, and Hawker, a large and violent boy, was exceedingly unpleasant as a creditor. His constant remark was, "When are you going to pay me that three-and-sixpence? What sneaks your relations must be! They come to see you. You go out to them on Saturdays and Sundays, and they never give you anything! Don't tell *me*, you little humbug!" and so forth. The truth is that my relations were respectable; but my parents were making a tour in Scotland; and my friends in London, whom I used to

go and see, were most kind to me, certainly, but somehow never tipped me. That term, of May to August 1823, passed in agonies, then, in consequence of my debt to Hawker. What was the pleasure of a calendar pencil-case in comparison with the doubt and torture of mind occasioned by the sense of the debt, and the constant reproach in that fellow's scowling eyes and gloomy coarse reminders? How was I to pay off such a debt out of sixpence a week? ludicruous! Why did not some one come to see me, and tip me? Ah! my dear sir, if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. You don't know what a blessing it will be to them. Don't fancy they are too old — try 'em. And they will remember you, and bless you in future days! and their gratitude shall accompany your dreary after life; and they shall meet you kindly when thanks for kindness are scant. Oh mercy! shall I ever forget that sovereign you gave me, Captain Bob? or the agonies of being in debt to Hawker? In that very term, a relation of mine was going to India. I actually was fetched from school in order to take leave of him. I am afraid I told Hawker of this circumstance. I own I speculated upon my friend's giving me a pound. A pound? Pooh! A relation going to India, and deeply affected at parting from his darling kinsman, might give five pounds to the dear fellow! . . . There was Hawker when I came back — of course there he was. As he looked in my scared face, his turned livid with rage. He muttered curses, terrible from the lips of so young a boy. My relation, about to cross the ocean to fill a lucrative appointment, asked me with much interest about my progress at school, heard me construe a passage of Eutropius, the pleasing Latin work on which I was then engaged; gave me a God bless you, and sent me back to school; upon my word of honour, without so much as a half-crown! It is all very well, my dear sir, to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips from their parents' friends, that they become avaricious, and so forth. Avaricious! fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee eating, which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary, I wish I *did* like 'em. What raptures of pleasure one could have now for five shillings, if one could but pick it off the pastry-cook's tray! No. If you have any little friends at school, out with your half-crowns, my friend, and impart to those little ones the little fleeting joys of their age.

Well, then. At the beginning of August 1823, Bartlemytide holidays came, and I was to go to my parents, who were at Tunbridge Wells. My place in the coach was taken by my tutor's servants — "Bolt-in-Tun," Fleet Street, seven o'clock in the morning was the word. My tutor, the Reverend Edward P——, to whom I hereby present my best compliments, had a parting interview with me: gave me my little account for my governor: the remaining part of the coach-hire; five shillings for my own expenses; and some five-and-twenty shillings on an old account which had been over-paid, and was to be restored to my family.

Away I ran and paid Hawker his three-and six. Ouf! what a weight it was off my mind! (He was a Norfolk boy, and used to go home from Mrs. Nelson's "Bell Inn," Aldgate — but that is not to the point.) The next morning, of course, we were an hour before the time. I and another boy shared a hackney-coach, two-and-six; porter for putting luggage on coach, threepence. I had no more money of my own left. Rasherwell, my companion, went into the "Bolt-in-Tun" coffee-room, and had a good breakfast. I couldn't: because, though I had five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money, I had none of my own, you see.

I certainly intended to go without breakfast, and still remember how strongly I had that resolution in my mind. But there was that hour to wait. A beautiful August morning — I am very hungry. There is Rasherwell "tucking" away in the coffee-room. I pace the street, as sadly almost as if I had been coming to school, not going thence. I turn into a court by mere chance — I vow it was by mere chance — and there I see a coffee-shop with a placard in the window. "Coffee, Twopence: Round of buttered toast, Twopence." And here am I hungry, penniless, with five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money in my pocket.

What would you have done? You see I had had my money, and spent it in that pencil-case affair. The five-and-twenty shillings were a trust — by me to be handed over.

But then would my parents wish their

only child to be actually without breakfast? Having this money and being so hungry, so *very* hungry, mightn't I take ever so little? Mightn't I at home eat as much as I chose?

Well, I went into the coffee-shop, and spent fourpence. I remember the taste of the coffee and toast to this day — a peculiar, muddy, not-sweet-enough, most fragrant coffee — a rich, rancid, yet not-buttered-enough, delicious toast. The waiter had nothing. At any rate, fourpence, I know, was the sum I spent. And the hunger appeased, I got on the coach a guilty being.

At the last stage, — what is its name? I have forgotten in seven-and-thirty years, — there is an inn with a little green and trees before it; and by the trees there is an open carriage. It is our carriage. Yes, there are Prince and Blucher, the horses; and my parents in the carriage. Oh! how I had been counting the days until this one came! Oh! how happy had I been to see them yesterday! But there was that fourpence. All the journey down the toast had choked me, and the coffee poisoned me.

I was in such a state of remorse about the fourpence, that I forgot the maternal joy and caresses, the tender paternal voice. I pulled out the twenty-four shillings and eightpence with a trembling hand.

"Here's your money," I gasp out, "which Mr. P.—— owes you, all but fourpence. I owed three-and-sixpence to Hawker out of my money for a pencil-case, and I had none left, and I took fourpence of yours, and had some coffee at a shop."

I suppose I must have been choking whilst uttering this confession.

"My dear boy," says the governor, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel?"

"He must be starved," says my mother.

I had confessed; I had been a prodigal; I had been taken back to my parents' arms again. It was not a very great crime as yet, or a very long career of prodigality; but don't we know that a boy who takes a pin which is not his own, will take a thousand pounds when occasion serves, bring his parents' grey heads with sorrow to the grave, and carry his own to the gallows? Witness the career of Dick Idle, upon whom our friend Mr. Sala has been discoursing. Dick only began by playing pitch-and-toss on a tombstone: playing fair, for what we know: and even for that sin he was promptly caned by the beadle. The bamboo was ineffectual to cane that reprobate's bad courses out of him. From pitch-and-toss he proceeded to manslaughter if necessary: to highway robbery; to Tyburn and the rope there. Ah! Heaven be thanked, my parents' heads are still above the grass, and mine still out of the noose.

As I look up from my desk, I see Tunbridge Wells Common and the rocks, the strange familiar place which I remember forty years ago. Boys saunter over the green with stumps and cricket-bats. Other boys gallop by on the riding-master's hacks. I protest it is "Cramp, Riding Master," as it used to be in the reign of George IV, and that Centaur Cramp must be at least a hundred years old. Yonder comes a footman with a bundle of novels from the library. Are they as good as *our* novels? Oh! how delightful they were! Shades of Valancour, awful ghost of Manfroni, how I shudder at your appearance! Sweet image of Thaddeus of Warsaw, how often has this almost infantile hand tried to depict you in a Polish cap and richly embroidered tights! And as for Corinthian Tom in light blue pantaloons and hessians, and Jerry Hawthorn from the country, can all the fashion, can all the splendour of real life which these eyes have subsequently beheld, can all the wit I have heard or read in later times, compare with your fashion, with your brilliancy, with your delightful grace, and sparkling vivacious rattle?

Who knows? They *may* have kept those very books at the library still — at the well-remembered library on the Pantiles, where they sell that delightful, useful Tunbridge ware. I will go and see. I went my way to the Pantiles, the queer little old-world Pantiles, where, a hundred years since, so much good company came to take its pleasure. Is it possible, that in the past century, gentlefolks of the first rank (as I read lately in a lecture on George II in the *Cornhill Magazine*) assembled here and entertained each other with gaming, dancing, fiddling, and tea? There are fiddlers, harpers, and trumpeters performing at this moment in a weak little old balcony, but where is the fine company? Where are the earls, duchesses, bishops, and magnificent embroidered gamesters? A half-dozen of children and

their nurses are listening to the musicians; an old lady or two in a poke bonnet passes; and for the rest, I see but an uninteresting population of native tradesmen. As for the library, its window is full of pictures of burly theologians, and their works, sermons, apologues, and so forth. Can I go in and ask the young ladies at the counter for "Mafroni, or the One-handed Monk," and "Life in London, or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, Esquire, and their friend Bob Logic"? — absurd. I turn away abashed from the casement — from the Pantiles — no longer Pantiles — but Parade. I stroll over the Common and survey the beautiful purple hills around, twinkling with a thousand bright villas, which have sprung up over this charming ground since first I saw it. What an admirable scene of peace and plenty! What a delicious air breathes over the heath, blows the cloud-shadows across it, and murmurs through the full-clad trees! Can the world show a land fairer, richer, more cheerful? I see a portion of it when I look up from the window at which I write. But fair scene, green woods, bright terraces gleaming in sunshine, and purple clouds swollen with summer rain—nay, the very pages over which my head bends — disappear from before my eyes. They are looking backwards, back into forty years off, into a dark room, into a little house hard by on the Common here, in the Bartlemytide holidays. The parents have gone to town for two days: the house is all his own, his own and a grim old maid-servant's, and a little boy is seated at night in the lonely drawing-room, poring over "Manfroni, or the One-handed Monk," so frightened that he scarcely dares to turn round.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825–1895)

ON THE ADVISABLENESS OF IMPROVING NATURAL KNOWLEDGE

This time two hundred years ago — in the beginning of January, 1666 — those of our forefathers who inhabited this great and ancient city, took breath between the shocks of two fearful calamities: one not quite past, although its fury had abated; the other to come.

Within a few yards of the very spot on which we are assembled, so the tradition runs, that painful and deadly malady, the plague, appeared in the latter months of 1664; and, though no new visitor, smote the people of England, and especially of her capital, with a violence unknown before, in the course of the following year. The hand of a master has pictured what happened in those dismal months; and in that truest of fictions, *The History of the Plague Year,* Defoe shows death with every accompaniment of pain and terror, stalking through the narrow streets of old London, and changing their busy hum into a silence broken only by the wailing of the mourners of fifty thousand dead; by the woful denunciations and mad prayers of fanatics; and by the madder yells of despairing profligates.

But, about this time in 1666, the death-rate had sunk to nearly its ordinary amount; a case of plague occurred only here and there, and the richer citizens who had flown from the pest had returned to their dwellings. The remnant of the people began to toil at the accustomed round of duty, or of pleasure; and the stream of city life bid fair to flow back along its old bed, with renewed and uninterrupted vigour.

The newly kindled hope was deceitful. The great plague, indeed, returned no more; but what it had done for the Londoners, the great fire, which broke out in the autumn of 1666, did for London; and, in September of that year, a heap of ashes and the indestructible energy of the people were all that remained of the glory of five-sixths of the city within the walls.

Our forefathers had their own ways of accounting for each of these calamities. They submitted to the plague in humility and in penitence, for they believed it to be the judgment of God. But, towards the fire they were furiously indignant, interpreting it as the effect of the malice of man,— as the work of the Republicans, or of the Papists, according as their prepossessions ran in favour of loyalty or of Puritanism.

It would, I fancy, have fared but ill with one who, standing where I now stand, in what was then a thickly peopled and fashionable part of London, should

have broached to our ancestors the doctrine which I now propound to you — that all their hypotheses were alike wrong; that the plague was no more, in their sense, Divine judgment, than the fire was the work of any political, or of any religious sect; but that they were themselves the authors of both plague and fire, and that they must look to themselves to prevent the recurrence of calamities, to all appearance so peculiarly beyond the reach of human control — so evidently the result of the wrath of God, or of the craft and subtlety of an enemy.

And one may picture to one's self how harmoniously the holy cursing of the Puritan of that day would have chimed in with the unholy cursing and the crackling wit of the Rochesters and Sedleys, and with the revilings of the political fanatics, if my imaginary plain dealer had gone on to say that, if the return of such misfortunes were ever rendered impossible, it would not be in virtue of the victory of the faith of Laud, or of that of Milton; and, as little, by the triumph of republicanism, as by that of monarchy. But that the one thing needful for compassing this end was, that the people of England should second the efforts of an insignificant corporation, the establishment of which, a few years before the epoch of the great plague and the great fire, had been as little noticed, as they were conspicuous.

Some twenty years before the outbreak of the plague a few calm and thoughtful students banded themselves together for the purpose, as they phrased it, of "improving natural knowledge." The ends they proposed to attain cannot be stated more clearly than in the words of one of the founders of the organisation: —

"Our business was (precluding matters of theology and state affairs) to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries, and such as related thereunto: — as Physick, Anatomy, Geometry, Astronomy, Navigation, Staticks, Magneticks, Chymicks, Mechanicks, and Natural Experiment; with the state of these studies and their cultivation at home and abroad. We then discoursed of the circulation of the blood, the valves in the veins, the venæ lacteæ, the lymphatic vessels, the Copernican hypothesis, the nature of comets and new stars, the satellites of Jupiter, the oval shape (as it then appeared) of Saturn, the spots on the sun and its turning on its own axis, the inequalities and selenography of the moon, the several phases of Venus and Mercury, the improvement of telescopes and grinding of glasses for that purpose, the weight of air, the possibility or impossibility of vacuities and nature's abhorrence thereof, the Torricellian experiment in quicksilver, the descent of heavy bodies and the degree of acceleration therein, with divers other things of like nature, some of which were then but new discoveries, and others not so generally known and embraced as now they are; with other things appertaining to what hath been called the New Philosophy, which from the times of Galileo at Florence, and Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) in England, hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, Germany, and other parts abroad, as well as with us in England."

The learned Dr. Wallis, writing in 1696, narrates in these words, what happened half a century before, or about 1645. The associates met at Oxford, in the rooms of Dr. Wilkins, who was destined to become a bishop; and subsequently coming together in London, they attracted the notice of the king. And it is a strange evidence of the taste for knowledge which the most obviously worthless of the Stuarts shared with his father and grandfather, that Charles the Second was not content with saying witty things about his philosophers, but did wise things with regard to them. For he not only bestowed upon them such attention as he could spare from his poodles and his mistresses, but, being in his usual state of impecuniosity, begged for them of the Duke of Ormond; and, that step being without effect, gave them Chelsea College, a charter, and a mace: crowning his favours in the best way they could be crowned, by burdening them no further with royal patronage or state interference.

Thus it was that the half-dozen young men, studious of the "New Philosophy," who met in one another's lodgings in Oxford or in London, in the middle of the seventeenth century, grew in numerical and in real strength, until, in its latter part, the "Royal Society for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge" had already become famous, and had acquired a claim upon the veneration of Englishmen, which it has ever since retained, as the princi-

pal focus of scientific activity in our islands, and the chief champion of the cause it was formed to support.

It was by the aid of the Royal Society that Newton published his *Principia*. If all the books in the world, except the *Philosophical Transactions*, were destroyed, it is safe to say that the foundations of physical science would remain unshaken, and that the vast intellectual progress of the last two centuries would be largely, though incompletely, recorded. Nor have any signs of halting or of decrepitude manifested themselves in our own times. As in Dr. Wallis's days, so in these, "our business is, precluding theology and state affairs, to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries." But our "Mathematick" is one which Newton would have to go to school to learn; our "Staticks, Mechanicks, Magneticks, Chymicks, and Natural Experiments" constitute a mass of physical and chemical knowledge, a glimpse at which would compensate Galileo for the doings of a score of inquisitorial cardinals; our "Physick" and "Anatomy" have embraced such infinite varieties of beings, have laid open such new words in time and space, have grappled, not unsuccessfully, with such complex problems, that the eyes of Vesalius and of Harvey might be dazzled by the sight of the tree that has grown out of their grain of mustard seed.

The fact is perhaps rather too much, than too little, forced upon one's notice, nowadays, that all this marvellous intellectual growth has a no less wonderful expression in practical life; and that, in this respect, if in no other, the movement symbolised by the progress of the Royal Society stands without a parallel in the history of mankind.

A series of volumes as bulky as the "Transactions of the Royal Society" might possibly be filled with the subtle speculations of the Schoolmen; not improbably, the obtaining a mastery over the products of mediæval thought might necessitate an even greater expenditure of time and of energy than the acquirement of the "New Philosophy"; but though such work engrossed the best intellects of Europe for a longer time than has elapsed since the great fire, its effects were "writ in water," so far as our social state is concerned.

On the other hand, if the noble first President of the Royal Society could revisit the upper air and once more gladden his eyes with a sight of the familiar mace, he would find himself in the midst of a material civilisation more different from that of his day, than that of the seventeenth was from that of the first century. And if Lord Brouncker's native sagacity had not deserted his ghost, he would need no long reflection to discover that all these great ships, these railways, these telegraphs, these factories, these printing-presses, without which the whole fabric of modern English society would collapse into a mass of stagnant and starving pauperism,—that all these pillars of our State are but the ripples and the bubbles upon the surface of that great spiritual stream, the springs of which only, he and his fellows were privileged to see; and seeing, to recognise as that which it behooved them above all things to keep pure and undefiled.

It may not be too great a flight of imagination to conceive our noble *revenant* not forgetful of the great troubles of his own day, and anxious to know how often London had been burned down since his time, and how often the plague had carried off its thousands. He would have to learn that, although London contains tenfold the inflammable matter that it did in 1666; though, not content with filling our rooms with woodwork and light draperies, we must needs lead inflammable and explosive gases into every corner of our streets and houses, we never allow even a street to burn down. And if he asked how this had come about, we should have to explain that the improvement of natural knowledge has furnished us with dozens of machines for throwing water upon fires, and one of which would have furnished the ingenious Mr. Hooke, the first "curator and experimenter" of the Royal Society, with ample materials for discourse before half a dozen meetings of that body; and that, to say truth, except for the progress of natural knowledge, we should not have been able to make even the tools by which these machines are constructed. And, further, it would be necessary to add, that although severe fires sometimes occur and inflict great damage, the loss is very generally compensated by societies, the operations of which have been rendered possible only by the progress of natural knowledge in the direction

of mathematics, and the accumulation of wealth in virtue of other natural knowledge.

But the plague? My Lord Brouncker's observation would not, I fear, lead him to think that Englishmen of the nineteenth century are purer in life, or more fervent in religious faith, than the generation which could produce a Boyle, an Evelyn, and a Milton. He might find the mud of society at the bottom, instead of at the top, but I fear that the sum total would be as deserving of swift judgment as at the time of the Restoration. And it would be our duty to explain once more, and this time not without shame, that we have no reason to believe that it is the improvement of our faith, nor that of our morals, which keeps the plague from our city; but, again, that it is the improvement of our natural knowledge.

We have learned that pestilences will only take up their abode among those who have prepared unswept and ungarnished residences for them. Their cities must have narrow, unwatered streets, foul with accumulated garbage. Their houses must be ill-drained, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated. Their subjects must be ill-washed, ill-fed, ill-clothed. The London of 1665 was such a city. The cities of the East, where plague has an enduring dwelling, are such cities. We, in later times, have learned somewhat of Nature, and partly obey her. Because of this partial improvement of our natural knowledge and of that fractional obedience, we have no plague; because that knowledge is still very imperfect and that obedience yet incomplete, typhoid is our companion and cholera our visitor. But it is not presumptuous to express the belief that, when our knowledge is more complete and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, London will count her centuries of freedom from typhoid and cholera, as she now gratefully reckons her two hundred years of ignorance of that plague which swooped upon her thrice in the first half of the seventeenth century.

Surely, there is nothing in these explanations which is not fully borne out by the facts? Surely, the principles involved in them are now admitted among the fixed beliefs of all thinking men? Surely, it is true that our countrymen are less subject to fire, famine, pestilence, and all the evils which result from a want of command over and due anticipation of the course of Nature, than were the countrymen of Milton; and health, wealth, and well-being are more abundant with us than with them? But no less certainly is the difference due to the improvement of our knowledge of Nature, and the extent to which that improved knowledge has been incorporated with the household words of men, and has supplied the springs of their daily actions.

Granting for a moment, then, the truth of that which the depreciators of natural knowledge are so fond of urging, that its improvement can only add to the resources of our material civilisation; admitting it to be possible that the founders of the Royal Society themselves looked for not other reward than this, I cannot confess that I was guilty of exaggeration when I hinted, that to him who had the gift of distinguishing between prominent events and important events, the origin of a combined effort on the part of mankind to improve natural knowledge might have loomed larger than the Plague and have outshone the glare of the Fire; as a something fraught with a wealth of beneficence to mankind, in comparison with which the damage done by those ghastly evils would shrink into insignificance.

It is very certain that for every victim slain by the plague, hundreds of mankind exist and find a fair share of happiness in the world by the aid of the spinning jenny. And the great fire, at its worst, could not have burned the supply of coal, the daily working of which, in the bowels of the earth, made possible by the steam pump, gives rise to an amount of wealth to which the millions lost in old London are but as an old song.

But spinning jenny and steam pump are, after all, but toys, possessing an accidental value; and natural knowledge creates multitudes of more subtle contrivances, the praises of which do not happen to be sung because they are not directly convertible into instruments for creating wealth. When I contemplate natural knowledge squandering such gifts among men, the only appropriate comparison I can find for her is to liken her to such a peasant woman as one sees in the Alps, striding ever upward, heavily burdened, and with mind bent only on her home; but yet without effort and without thought, knit-

ting for her children. Now stockings are good and comfortable things, and the children will undoubtedly be much the better for them; but surely it would be short-sighted, to say the least of it, to depreciate this toiling mother as a mere stocking-machine — a mere provider of physical comforts?

However, there are blind leaders of the blind, and not a few of them, who take this view of natural knowledge, and can see nothing in the bountiful mother of humanity but a sort of comfort-grinding machine. According to them, the improvement of natural knowledge always has been, and always must be, synonymous with no more than the improvement of the material resources and the increase of the gratifications of men.

Natural knowledge is, in their eyes, no real mother of mankind, bringing them up with kindness, and, if need be, with sternness, in the way they should go, and instructing them in all things needful for their welfare; but a sort of fairy god-mother, ready to furnish her pets with shoes of swiftness, swords of sharpness, and omnipotent Aladdin's lamps, so that they may have telegraphs to Saturn, and see the other side of the Moon, and thank God they are better than their benighted ancestors.

If this talk were true, I, for one, should not greatly care to toil in the service of natural knowledge. I think I would just as soon be quietly chipping my own flint axe, after the manner of my forefathers a few thousand years back, as be troubled with the endless malady of thought which now infests us all, for such reward. But I venture to say that such views are contrary alike to reason and to fact. Those who discourse in such fashion seem to me to be so intent upon trying to see what is above Nature, or what is behind her, that they are blind to what stares them in the face in her.

I should not venture thus to speak strongly if my justification were not to be found in the simplest and most obvious facts,— if it needed more than an appeal to the most notorious truths to justify my assertion, that the improvement of natural knowledge, whatever direction it has taken, and however low the aims of those who may have commenced it — has not only conferred practical benefits on men, but, in so doing, has effected a revolution in their conceptions of the universe and of themselves, and has profoundly altered their modes of thinking and their views of right and wrong. I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings. I say that natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort, has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay the foundations of a new morality.

Let us take these points separately; and first, what great ideas has natural knowledge introduced into men's minds?

I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of Nature; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that light and heat come and go with the sun; that sticks burn away in a fire; that plants and animals grow and die; that if he struck his fellow savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return, while if he offered him a fruit he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud. Listen to words which, though new, are yet three thousand years old: —

> . . . When in heaven the stars about the moon
> Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
> And every height comes out, and jutting peak
> And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
> Break open to their highest, and all the stars
> Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.

If the half savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is irrational to doubt that he went further, to find as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow,— the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable; seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the

aspirations that cannot be realised, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitations of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of the higher theologies.

Thus it seems impossible to imagine but that the foundations of all knowledge — secular or sacred — were laid when intelligence dawned, though the superstructure remained for long ages so slight and feeble as to be compatible with the existence of almost any general view respecting the mode of governance of the universe. No doubt, from the first, there were certain phenomena which, to the rudest mind, presented a constancy of occurrence, and suggested that a fixed order ruled, at any rate, among them. I doubt if the grossest of Fetish worshippers ever imagined that a stone must have a god within it to make it fall, or that a fruit had a god within it to make it taste sweet. With regard to such matters as these, it is hardly questionable that mankind from the first took strictly positive and scientific views.

But, with respect to all the less familiar occurrences which present themselves, uncultured man, no doubt, has always taken himself as the standard of comparison, as the centre and measure of the world; nor could he well avoid doing so. And finding that his apparently uncaused will has a powerful effect in giving rise to many occurrences, he naturally enough ascribed other and greater events to other and greater volitions and came to look upon the world and all that therein is, as the product of the volitions of persons like himself, but stronger, and capable of being appeased or angered, as he himself might be soothed or irritated. Through such conceptions of the plan and working of the universe all mankind have passed, or are passing. And we may now consider what has been the effect of the improvement of natural knowledge on the views of men who have reached this stage, and who have begun to cultivate natural knowledge with no desire but that of "increasing God's honour and bettering man's estate."

For example, what could seem wiser, from a mere material point of view, more innocent, from a theological one, to an ancient people, than that they should learn the exact succession of the seasons, as warnings for their husbandmen; or the position of the stars, as guides to their rude navigators? But what has grown out of this search for natural knowledge of so merely useful a character? You all know the reply. Astronomy,— which of all sciences has filled men's minds with general ideas of a character most foreign to their daily experience, and has, more than any other, rendered it impossible for them to accept the beliefs of their fathers. Astronomy,— which tells them that this so vast and seemingly solid earth is but an atom among atoms, whirling, no man knows whither, through illimitable space; which demonstrates that what we call the peaceful heaven above us, is but that space, filled by an infinitely subtle matter whose particles are seething and surging, like the waves of an angry sea; which opens up to us infinite regions where nothing is known, or ever seems to have been known, but matter and force, operating according to rigid rules; which leads us to contemplate phænomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning, and that they must have an end, but the very nature of which also proves that the beginning was, to our conceptions of time, infinitely remote, and that the end is as immeasurably distant.

But it is not alone those who pursue astronomy who ask for bread and receive ideas. What more harmless than the attempt to lift and distribute water by pumping it; what more absolutely and grossly utilitarian? Yet out of pumps grew the discussions about Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; and then it was discovered that Nature does not abhor a vacuum, but that air has weight; and that notion paved the way for the doctrine that all matter has weight, and that the force which produces weight is co-extensive with the universe,— in short, to the theory of universal gravitation and endless force. While learning how to handle gases led to the discovery of oxygen, and to modern chemistry, and to the notion of the indestructibility of matter.

Again, what simpler, or more absolutely practical, than the attempt to keep the axle of a wheel from heating when the wheel turns round very fast? How useful for carters and gig drivers to know something about this; and how good were it, if any

ingenious person would find out the cause of such phænomena, and thence educe a general remedy for them. Such an ingenious person was Count Rumford; and he and his successors have landed us in the theory of the persistence, or indestructibility, of force. And in the infinitely minute, as in the infinitely great, the seekers after natural knowledge of the kinds called physical and chemical, have everywhere found a definite order and succession of events which seem never to to be infringed.

And how has it fared with "Physick" and Anatomy? Have the anatomist, the physiologist, or the physician, whose business it has been to devote themselves assiduously to that eminently practical and direct end, the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind,— have they been able to confine their vision more absolutely to the strictly useful? I fear they are the worst offenders of all. For if the astronomer has set before us the infinite magnitude of space, and the practical eternity of the duration of the universe; if the physical and chemical philosophers have demonstrated the infinite minuteness of its constituent parts, and the practical eternity of matter and of force; and if both have alike proclaimed the universality of a definite and predicable order and succession of events, the workers in biology have not only accepted all these, but have added more startling theses of their own. For, as the astronomers discover in the earth no centre of the universe, but an eccentric speck, so the naturalists find man to be no centre of the living world, but one amidst endless modifications of life; and as the astronomers observe the mark of practically endless time set upon the arrangements of the solar system so the student of life finds the records of ancient forms of existence peopling the world for ages, which, in relation to human experience, are infinite.

Furthermore, the physiologist finds life to be as dependent for its manifestation on particular molecular arrangements as any physical or chemical phænomenon; and wherever he extends his researches, fixed order and unchanging causation reveal themselves, as plainly as in the rest of Nature.

Nor can I find that any other fate has awaited the germ of Religion. Arising, like all other kinds of knowledge, out of the action and interaction of man's mind, with that which is not man's mind, it has taken the intellectual coverings of Fetishism or Polytheism; of Theism or Atheism; of Superstition or Rationalism. With these, and their relative merits and demerits, I have nothing to do; but this it is needful for my purpose to say, that if the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs: and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship "for the most part of the silent sort" at the Altar of the Unknown.

Such are a few of the new conceptions implanted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge. Men have acquired the ideas of the practically infinite extent of the universe and of its practical eternity; they are familiar with the conception that our earth is but an infinitesimal fragment of that part of the universe which can be seen; and that, nevertheless, its duration is, as compared with our standards of time, infinite. They have further acquired the idea that man is but one of innumerable forms of life now existing on the globe, and that the present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors. Moreover, every step they have made in natural knowledge has tended to extend and rivet in their minds the conception of a definite order of the universe — which is embodied in what are called, by an unhappy metaphor, the laws of Nature — and to narrow the range and loosen the force of men's belief in spontaneity, or in changes other than such as arise out of that definite order itself.

Whether these ideas are well or ill founded is not the question. No one can deny that they exist, and have been the inevitable outgrowth of the improvement of natural knowledge. And if so, it cannot be doubted that they are changing the form of men's most cherished and most important convictions.

And as regards the second point — the extent to which the improvement of natural

knowledge has remodelled and altered what may be termed the intellectual ethics of men,— what are among the moral convictions most fondly held by barbarous and semi-barbarous people?

They are the convictions that authority is the soundest basis of belief; that merit attaches to a readiness to believe; that the doubting disposition is a bad one, and scepticism a sin; that when good authority has pronounced what is to be believed, and faith has accepted it, reason has no further duty. There are many excellent persons who yet hold by these principles, and it is not my present business, or intention, to discuss their views. All I wish to bring clearly before your minds is the unquestionable fact, that the improvement of natural knowledge is effected by methods which directly give the lie to all these convictions, and assume the exact reverse of each to be true.

The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin. And it cannot be otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest conviction, not because the men he most venerates hold them; not because their verity is testified by portents and wonders; but because his experience teaches him that whenever he chooses to bring these convictions into contact with their primary source, Nature — whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and to observation — Nature will confirm him. The man of science has learned to believe in justification, not by faith, but by verification.

Thus, without for a moment pretending to despise the practical results of the improvement of natural knowledge, and its beneficial influence on material civilisation, it must, I think, be admitted that the great ideas, some of which I have indicated, and the ethical spirit which I have endeavoured to sketch, in the few moments which remained at my disposal, constitute the real and permanent significance of natural knowledge.

If these ideas be destined, as I believe they are, to be more and more firmly established as the world grows older; if that spirit be fated, as I believe it is, to extend itself into all departments of human thought, and to become co-extensive with the range of knowledge; if, as our race approaches its maturity, it discovers, as I believe it will, that there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it; then we, who are still children, may justly feel it our highest duty to recognise the advisableness of improving natural knowledge, and so to aid ourselves and our successors in our course towards the noble goal which lies before mankind.

RICHARD JEFFERIES (1848–1887)

THE JULY GRASS

A July fly went sideways over the long grass. His wings made a burr about him like a net, beating so fast they wrapped him round with a cloud. Every now and then, as he flew over the trees of grass, a taller one than common stopped him, and there he clung, and then the eye had time to see the scarlet spots — the loveliest colour — on his wings. The wind swung the bennet and loosened his hold, and away he went again over the grasses, and not one jot did he care if they were *Poa* or *Festuca,* or *Bromus* or *Hordeum,* or any other name. Names were nothing to him; all he had to do was to whirl his scarlet spots about in the brilliant sun, rest when he liked, and go on again. I wonder whether it is a joy to have bright scarlet spots, and to be clad in the purple and gold of life; is the colour felt by the creature that wears it? The rose, restful of a dewy morn before the sunbeams have topped the garden wall, must feel a joy in its own fragrance, and know the exquisite hue of its stained petals. The rose sleeps in its beauty.

The fly whirls his scarlet-spotted wings about and splashes himself with sunlight, like the children on the sands. He thinks not of the grass and sun; he does not heed them at all — and that is why he is so happy — any more than the barefoot children ask why the sea is there, or why it does not quite dry up when it ebbs. He is unconscious; he lives without thinking about living; and if the sunshine were a

hundred hours long, still it would not be long enough. No, never enough of sun and sliding shadows that come like a hand over the table to lovingly reach our shoulder, never enough of the grass that smells sweet as a flower, not if we could live years and years equal in number to the tides that have ebbed and flowed counting backwards four years to every day and night, backward still till we found out which came first, the night or the day. The scarlet-dotted fly knows nothing of the names of the grasses that grow here where the sward nears the sea, and thinking of him I have decided not to wilfully seek to learn any more of their names either. My big grass book I have left at home, and the dust is settling on the gold of the binding. I have picked a handful this morning of which I know nothing. I will sit here on the turf and the scarlet-dotted flies shall pass over me, as if I too were but a grass. I will not think, I will be unconscious, I will live.

Listen! that was the low sound of a summer wavelet striking the uncovered rock over there beneath in the green sea. All things that are beautiful are found by chance, like everything that is good. Here by me is a praying-rug, just wide enough to kneel on, of the richest gold inwoven with crimson. All the Sultans of the East never had such beauty as that to kneel on. It is, indeed, too beautiful to kneel on, for the life in these golden flowers must not be broken down even for that purpose. They must not be defaced, not a stem bent; it is more reverent not to kneel on them, for this carpet prays itself. I will sit by it and let it pray for me. It is so common, the bird's-foot lotus, it grows everywhere; yet if I purposely searched for days I should not have found a plot like this, so rich, so golden, so glowing with sunshine. You might pass by it in one stride, yet it is worthy to be thought of for a week and remembered for a year. Slender grasses, branched round about with slenderer boughs, each tipped with pollen and rising in tiers cone-shaped — too delicate to grow tall — cluster at the base of the mound. They dare not grow tall or the wind would snap them. A great grass, stout and thick, rises three feet by the hedge, with a head another foot nearly, very green and strong and bold, lifting itself right up to you; you must say, "What a fine grass!"

Grasses whose awns succeed each other alternately; grasses whose tops seem flattened; others drooping over the shorter blades beneath; some that you can only find by parting the heavier growth around them; hundreds and hundreds, thousands and thousands. The kingly poppies on the dry summit of the mound take no heed of these, the populace, their subjects so numerous they cannot be numbered. A barren race they are, the proud poppies, lords of the July field, taking no deep root, but raising up a brilliant blazon of scarlet heraldry out of nothing. They are useless, they are bitter, they are allied to sleep and poison and everlasting night; yet they are forgiven because they are not commonplace. Nothing, no abundance of them, can ever make the poppies commonplace. There is genius in them, the genius of colour, and they are saved. Even when they take the room of the corn we must admire them. The mighty multitude of nations, the millions and millions of the grass stretching away in intertangled ranks, through pasture and mead from shore to shore, have no kinship with these their lords. The ruler is always a foreigner. From England to China the native born is no king; the poppies are the Normans of the field. One of these on the mound is very beautiful, a width of petal, a clear silkiness of colour three shades higher than the rest — it is almost dark with scarlet. I wish I could do something more than gaze at all this scarlet and gold and crimson and green, something more than see it, not exactly to drink it or inhale it, but in some way to make it part of me that I might live it.

The July grasses must be looked for in corners and out-of-the-way places, and not in the broad acres — the scythe has taken them there. By the wayside on the banks of the lane, near the gateway — look, too, in uninteresting places behind incomplete buildings on the mounds cast up from abandoned foundations where speculation has been and gone. There weeds that would not have found resting-place elsewhere grow unchecked, and uncommon species and unusually large growths appear. Like everything else that is looked for, they are found under unlikely conditions. At the back of ponds, just inside the enclosure of woods, angles of cornfields, old quarries, that is where to find grasses, or by the sea in the brackish

marsh. Some of the finest of them grow by the mere road-side; you may look for others up the lanes in the deep ruts, look too inside the hollow trees by the stream. In a morning you may easily garner together a great sheaf of this harvest. Cut the larger stems aslant, like the reeds imitated deep in old green glass. You must consider as you gather them the height and slenderness of the stems, the droop and degree of curve, the shape and colour of the panicle, the dusting of the pollen, the motion and sway in the wind. The sheaf you may take home with you, but the wind that was among it stays without.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
(1850–1894)

A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS

Cities given, the problem was to light them. How to conduct individual citizens about the burgess-warren, when once heaven had withdrawn its leading luminary? or — since we live in a scientific age — when once our spinning planet has turned its back upon the sun? The moon, from time to time, was doubtless very helpful; the stars had a cheery look among the chimney-pots; and a cresset here and there, on church or citadel, produced a fine pictorial effect, and, in places where the ground lay unevenly, held out the right hand of conduct to the benighted. But sun, moon, and stars abstracted or concealed, the night-faring inhabitant had to fall back — we speak on the authority of old prints — upon stable lanthorns two storeys in height. Many holes, drilled in the conical turret-roof of this vagabond Pharos, let up spouts of dazzlement into the bearer's eyes; and as he paced forth in the ghostly darkness, carrying his own sun by a ring about his finger, day and night swung to and fro and up and down about his footsteps. Blackness haunted his path; he was beleaguered by goblins as he went; and, curfew being struck, he found no light but that he travelled in throughout the township.

Closely following on this epoch of migratory lanthorns in a world of extinction, came the era of oil-lights, hard to kindle, easy to extinguish, pale and wavering in the hour of their endurance. Rudely puffed the winds of heaven; roguishly clomb up the all-destructive urchin; and, lo! in a moment night re-established her void empire, and the cit groped along the wall, suppered but bedless, occult from guidance, and sorrily wading in the kennels. As if gamesome winds and gamesome youths were not sufficient, it was the habit to sling these fable luminaries from house to house above the fairway. There, on invisible cordage, let them swing! And suppose some crane-necked general to go speeding by on a tall charger, spurring the destiny of nations, red-hot in expedition, there would indubitably be some effusion of military blood, and oaths, and a certain crash of glass; and while the chieftain rode forward with a purple coxcomb, the street would be left to original darkness, unpiloted, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night.

The conservative, looking before and after, draws from each contemplation the matter for content. Out of the age of gas lamps he glances back slightingly at the mirk and glimmer in which his ancestors wandered; his heart waxes jocund at the contrast; nor do his lips refrain from a stave, in the highest style of poetry, lauding progress and the golden mean. When gas first spread along a city, mapping it forth about evenfall for the eye of observant birds, a new age had begun for sociality and corporate pleasure-seeking, and begun with proper circumstance, becoming its own birth-right. The work of Prometheus had advanced by another stride. Mankind and its supper parties were no longer at the mercy of a few miles of sea-fog; sundown no longer emptied the promenade; and the day was lengthened out to every man's fancy. The city-folk had stars of their own; biddable domesticated stars.

It is true that these were not so steady, nor yet so clear, as their originals; nor indeed was their lustre so elegant as that of the best wax candles. But then the gas stars, being nearer at hand, were more practically efficacious than Jupiter himself. It is true, again, that they did not unfold their rays with the appropriate spontaneity of the planets, coming out along the firmament one after another, as the need arises. But the lamp-lighters took to their heels every evening, and

ran with a good heart. It was pretty to see man thus emulating the punctuality of heaven's orbs; and though perfection was not absolutely reached, and now and then an individual may have been knocked on the head by the ladder of the flying functionary, yet people commended his zeal in a proverb, and taught their children to say, "God bless the lamplighter!" And since his passage was a piece of the day's programme, the children were well pleased to repeat the benediction, not, of course, in so many words, which would have been improper, but in some chaste circumlocution, suitable for infant lips.

God bless him, indeed! For the term of his twilight diligence is near at hand; and for not much longer shall we watch him speeding up the street and, at measured intervals, knocking another luminous hole into the dusk. The Greeks would have made a noble myth of such an one; how he distributed starlight, and, as soon as the need was over, re-collected it; and the little bull's-eye, which was his instrument, and held enough fire to kindle a whole parish, would have been fitly commemorated in the legend. Now, like all heroic tasks, his labours draw towards apotheosis, and in the light of victory himself shall disappear. For another advance has been effected. Our tame stars are to come out in future, not one by one, but all in a body and at once. A sedate electrician somewhere in a back office touches a spring — and behold! from one end to another of the city, from east to west, from the Alexandra to the Crystal Palace, there is light! *Fiat Lux,* says the sedate electrician. What a spectacle, on some clear, dark nightfall, from the edge of Hampstead Hill, when in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the design of the monstrous city flashes into vision — a glittering hieroglyph many square miles in extent; and when, to borrow and debase an image, all the evening street lamps burst together into song! Such is the spectacle of the future, preluded the other day by the experiment in Pall Mall. Starrise by electricity, the most romantic flight of civilisation; the compensatory benefit for an innumerable array of factories and bankers' clerks. To the artistic spirit exercised about Thirlmere, here is a crumb of consolation; consolatory, at least, to such of them as look out upon the world through seeing eyes, and contentedly accept beauty where it comes.

But the conservative, while lauding progress, is ever timid of innovation; his is the hand upheld to counsel pause; his is the signal advising slow advance. The word *electricity* now sounds the note of danger. In Paris, at the mouth of the Passage des Princes, in the place before the Opera portico, and in the Rue Drouot at the *Figaro* office, a new sort of urban star now shines out nightly, horrible, unearthly, obnoxious to the human eye; a lamp for a nightmare! Such a light as this should shine only on murders and public crime, or along the corridors of lunatic asylums, a horror to heighten horror. To look at it only once is to fall in love with gas, which gives a warm domestic radiance fit to eat by. Mankind, you would have thought, might have remained content with what Prometheus stole for them and not gone fishing the profound heaven with kites to catch and domesticate the wildfire of the storm. Yet here we have the levin brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning. A man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieth, nor very epicurean if he prefer to see the face of beauty more becomingly displayed. That ugly blinding glare may not improperly advertise the home of slanderous *Figaro,* which is a back-shop to the infernal regions; but where soft joys prevail, where people are convoked to pleasure and the philosopher looks on smiling and silent, where love and laughter and deifying wine abound, there, at least, let the old mild lustre shine upon the ways of man.

AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS

BOSWELL: We grow weary when idle.

JOHNSON: That is, sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were idle, there would be no growing weary: we should all entertain one another.

Just now, when everyone is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of *lèse*-respectability, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labour therein with something not far short of

enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the meanwhile, savours a little of bravado and gasconade. And yet this should not be. Idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognised in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for sixpences, and in the emphatic Americanism, "goes for" them. And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for those tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate-house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have laboured along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favour of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honours with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truantry that you regret; you would rather cancel some lacklustre periods between sleep and waking in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic stability. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing traunt. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favourite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke

innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue:

"How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?"

"Truly, sir, I take mine ease."

"Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?"

"Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave."

"Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?"

"No, to be sure."

"Is it metaphysics?"

"Nor that."

"Is it some language?"

"Nay, it is no language."

"Is it a trade?"

"Nor a trade neither."

"Why, then, what is't?"

"Indeed, sir, as time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace, or Contentment."

Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatful countenance, broke forth upon this wise: "Learning, quotha!" said he; "I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!"

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spreads its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman's, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only loungeing; and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope. Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter xx, which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter xxxix, which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, one-half of which they will forget before the week be out, your truant may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have "plied their book diligently," and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanour, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain under-bred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meanwhile there goes the idler, who began life along with them — by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way

truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Common-sense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape; many fire-lit parlours; good people laughing, drinking, and making love as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busyness,* whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people, about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralysed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people; but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his busy habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway-carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theatre of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theatre, not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the general result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, or the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? Colonel Newcome helped to lose his friend's money; Fred Bayham had an ugly trick of borrowing shirts; and yet they were better people

to fall among than Mr. Barnes. And though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabbases whom the world could have better done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favour has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half-an-hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favour is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set everyone he passed into a good humour; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused; and within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "so careless of the single life," why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse,

the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labour themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and centre-point of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The end for which they gave away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.

ÆS TRIPLEX

The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighbourhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones; there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could

hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle — the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battlefield in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived someone else; and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unaffrighted, and they go on bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaclava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiæ bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a gingerbeer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the gingerbeer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapour, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honour of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout — that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like a Commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, someone is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honour, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall — a mere bag's end, as the French say — or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigour, or are about to mount into a bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one

conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralysing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognise our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armoured for this world.

And not only well armoured for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcase has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerable dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlours with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlour with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stock-still. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weather-cock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care for his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird him round; mimouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a halfpenny post-card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forgo all the issues of living in a parlour with a regulated temperature — as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates

about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hotfit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

WALTER PATER (1839–1894)

STYLE

Since all progress of mind consists for the most part in differentiation, in the resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects, it is surely the stupidest of losses to confuse things which right reason has put asunder, to lose the sense of achieved distinctions, the distinction between poetry and prose, for instance, or, to speak more exactly, between the laws and characteristic excellences of verse and prose composition. On the other hand, those who have dwelt most emphatically on the distinction between prose and verse, prose and poetry, may sometimes have been tempted to limit the proper functions of prose too narrowly; and this again is at least false economy, as being, in effect, the renunciation of a certain means or faculty, in a world where after all we must needs make the most of things. Critical efforts to limit art *a priori,* by anticipations regarding the natural incapacity of the material with which this or that artist works, as the sculptor with solid form, or the prose-writer with the ordinary language of men, are always liable to be discredited by the facts of artistic production; and while prose is actually found to be a colored thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid, it may be, with Milton and Taylor, it will be useless to protest that it can be nothing at all, except something very tamely and narrowly confined to mainly practical ends — a kind of "good round-hand"; as useless as the protest that poetry might not touch prosaic subjects as with Wordsworth, or an abstruse matter as with Browning, or treat contemporary life nobly as with Tennyson. In subordination to one essential beauty in all good literary style, in all literature as a fine art, as there are many beauties of poetry, so the beauties of prose are many and it is the business of criticism to estimate them as such; as it is good in the criticism of verse to look for those hard, logical and quasi-prosaic excellences which that too has, or needs. To find in the poem, amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives, of *Lycidas* for instance, the thought, the logical structure: — how wholesome! how delightful! as to identify in prose what we call the poetry, the imaginative power, not treating it as out of place and a kind of vagrant intruder, but by way of an estimate of its rights, that is, of its achieved powers, there.

Dryden, with the characteristic instinct of his age, loved to emphasize the distinction between poetry and prose, the protest against their confusion with each other, coming with somewhat diminished effect from one whose poetry was so prosaic. In truth, his sense of prosaic excellence affected his verse rather than his prose, which is not only fervid, richly figured,

poetic, as we say, but vitiated, all unconsciously, by many a scanning line. Setting up correctness, that humble merit of prose, as the central literary excellence, he is really a less correct writer than he may seem, still with an imperfect mastery of the relative pronoun. It might have been foreseen that, in the rotations of mind, the province of poetry in prose would find its assertor; and, a century after Dryden, amid very different intellectual needs, and with the need heretofore of great modifications in literary form, the range of the poetic force in literature was effectively enlarged by Wordsworth. The true distinction between prose and poetry he regarded as the almost technical or accidental one of the absence or presence of metrical beauty, or, say! metrical restraint; and for him the opposition came to be between verse and prose of course; but, as the essential dichotomy in this matter, between imaginative and unimaginative writing, parallel to De Quincey's distinction between "the literature of power and the literature of knowledge," in the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present.

Dismissing then, under sanction of Wordsworth, that harsher opposition of poetry to prose, as savoring in fact of the arbitrary psychology of the last century, and with it the prejudice that there can be but one only beauty of prose style, I propose here to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art, which, if they apply to the literature of fact, apply still more to the literature of the imaginative sense of fact, while they apply indifferently to verse and prose, so far as either is really imaginative — certain conditions of true art in both alike, which conditions may also contain in them the secret of the proper discrimination and guardianship of the peculiar excellences of either.

The line between fact and something quite different from external fact is, indeed, hard to draw. In Pascal, for instance, in the persuasive writers generally, how difficult to define the point where, from time to time, argument which, if it is to be worth anything at all, must consist of facts or groups of facts, becomes a pleading — a theorem no longer, but essentially an appeal to the reader to catch the writer's spirit, to think with him, if one can or will — an expression no longer of fact but of his sense of it, his peculiar intuition of a world prospective, or discerned below the faulty conditions of the present, in either case changed somewhat from the actual world. In science, on the other hand, in history so far as it conforms to scientific rule, we have a literary domain where the imagination may be thought to be always an intruder. And as, in all science, the functions of literature reduce themselves eventually to the transcribing of fact, so all the excellences of literary form in regard to science are reducible to various kinds of painstaking; this good quality being involved in all "skilled work" whatever, in the drafting of an act of parliament, as in sewing. Yet here again, the writer's sense of fact, in history especially, and in all those complex subjects which do but lie on the borders of science, will still take the place of fact, in various degrees. Your historian, for instance, with absolutely truthful intention, amid the multitude of facts presented to him must needs select, and in selecting assert something of his own humour, something that comes not of the world without but of a vision within. So Gibbon molds his unwieldly material to a preconceived view. Livy, Tacitus, Michelet, moving full of poignant sensibility amid the records of the past, each, after his own sense, modifies — who can tell where and to what degree? — and becomes something else than a transcriber; each, as he thus modifies, passing into the domain of art proper. For just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work *fine* art; and good art (as I hope ultimately to show) in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense; as in those humbler or plainer functions of literature also, truth — truth to bare fact, there — is the essence of such artistic quality as they may have. Truth! there can be no merit, no craft at all, without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within. — The transcript of his sense of fact rather than the fact, as being preferable, pleasanter, more beautiful to the writer himself. In literature, as in every other product of human skill, in the molding of a bell or a platter for instance, wherever

this sense asserts itself, wherever the producer so modifies his work as, over and above its primary use or intention, to make it pleasing (to himself, of course, in the first instance) there, "fine" as opposed to merely serviceable art, exists. Literary art, that is, like all art which is in any way imitative or reproductive of fact — form, or color, or incident — is the representation of such fact as connected with soul, of a specific personality, in its preferences, its volition and power.

Such is the matter of imaginative or artistic literature — this transcript, not of mere fact, but of fact in its infinite variety, as modified by human preference in all its infinitely varied forms. It will be good literary art not because it is brilliant or sober, or rich, or impulsive, or severe, but just in proportion as its representation of that sense, that soul-fact, is true, verse being only one department of such literatrue, and imaginative prose, it may be thought, being the special art of the modern world. That imaginative prose should be the special and opportune art of the modern world results from two important facts about the latter: first, the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests, making the intellectual issue, the really master currents of the present time incalculable — a condition of mind little susceptible of the restraint proper to verse form, so that the most characteristic verse of the nineteenth century has been lawless verse; and secondly, an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is, involving a certain humility of attitude, cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature. And prose thus asserting itself as the special and privileged artistic faculty of the present day, will be, however critics may try to narrow its scope, as varied in its excellence as humanity itself reflecting on the facts of its latest experience — an instrument of many stops, meditative, observant, descriptive, eloquent, analytic, plaintive, fervid. Its beauties will be not exclusively "pedestrian": it will exert, in due measure, all the varied charms of poetry, down to the rhythm which, as in Cicero, or Michelet, or Newman, at their best, gives its musical value to every syllable.

The literary artist is of necessity a scholar, and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience — the male conscience in this matter, as we must think it, under a system of education which still to so large an extent limits real scholarship to men. In his self-criticism, he supposes always that sort of reader who will go (full of eyes) warily, considerately, though without consideration for him, over the ground which the female conscience traverses so lightly, so amiably. For the material in which he works is no more a creation of his own than the sculptor's marble. Product of a myriad various minds and contending tongues, compact of obscure and minute association, a language has its own abundant and often recondite laws, in the habitual and summary recognition of which scholarship consits. A writer, full of a matter he is before all things anxious to express, may think of those laws, the limitations of vocabulary, structure, and the like, as a restriction, but if a real artist, will find in them an opportunity. His punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium will diffuse through all he writes a general air of sensibility, of refined usage. *Exclusiones debitae naturae* — the exclusions, or rejections, which nature demands — we know how large a part these play, according to Bacon, in the science of nature. In a somewhat changed sense, we might say that the art of the scholar is summed up in the observance of those rejections demanded by the nature of his medium, the material he must use. Alive to the value of an atmosphere in which every term finds its utmost degree of expression, and with all the jealousy of a lover of words, he will resist a constant tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinctions of language, the facility of writers often reinforcing in this respect the work of the vulgar. He will feel the obligation not of the laws only, but of those affinities, avoidances, those mere preferences, of his language, which through the associations of literary history have become a part of its nature, prescribing the rejection of many a neology, many a license, many a gipsy phrase which might present itself as actually expressive. His appeal, again, is to the scholar, who has great experience in literature, and will show no favor to shortcuts, or hackneyed illustration, or an affectation of learning designed for the unlearned. Hence a contention, a sense of

self-restraint and renunciation, having for the susceptible reader the effect of a challenge for minute consideration; the attention of the writer, in every minutest detail, being a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive too, that the writer is dealing scrupulously with his instrument, and therefore, indirectly, with the reader himself also, that he has the science of the instrument he plays on, perhaps, after all, with a freedom which in such case will be the freedom of a master.

For meanwhile, braced only by those restraints, he is really vindicating his liberty in the making of a vocabulary, an entire system of composition, for himself, his own true manner; and when we speak of the manner of a true master we mean what is essential in his art. Pedantry being only the scholarship of *le cuistre* (we have no English equivalent), he is no pedant, and does but show his intelligence of the rules of language in his freedoms with it, addition or expansion, which like the spontaneities of manner in a well-bred person will still further illustrate good taste. — The right vocabulary! Translators have not invariably seen how all-important that is in the work of translation, driving for the most part at idiom or construction; whereas, if the original be first-rate, one's first care should be with its elementary particles, Plato, for instance, being often reproducible by an exact following, with no variation in structure, of word after word, as the pencil follows a drawing under tracing-paper, so only each word or syllable be not of false color, to change my illustration a little.

Well! that is because any writer worth translating at all has winnowed and searched through his vocabulary, is conscious of the words he would select in systematic reading of a dictionary, and still more of the words he would reject were the dictionary other than Johnson's; and doing this with his peculiar sense of the world ever in view, in search of an instrument for the adequate expression of that, he begets a vocabulary faithful to the coloring of his own spirit, and in the strictest sense original. That living authority which language needs lies, in truth, in its scholars, who recognizing always that every language possesses a genius, a very fastidious genius, of its own, expand at once and purify its very elements, which must needs change along with the changing thoughts of living people. Ninety years ago, for instance, great mental force, certainly, was needed by Wordsworth, to break through the consecrated poetic associations of a century, and speak the language that was his, that was to become in a measure the language of the next generation. But he did it with the tact of a scholar also. English, for a quarter of a century past, has been assimilating the phraseology of pictorial art; for half a century, the phraseology of the great German metaphysical movement of eighty years ago; in part also the language of mystical theology: and none but pedants will regret a great consequent increase of its resources. For many years to come its enterprise may well lie in the naturalization of the vocabulary of science, so only it be under the eye of sensitive scholarship — in a liberal naturalization of the ideas of science too, for after all, the chief stimulus of good style is to possess a full, rich, complex matter to grapple with. The literary artist, therefore, will be well aware of physical science; science also attaining, in its turn, its true literary ideal. And then, as the scholar is nothing without the historic sense, he will be apt to restore not really obsolete or really worn-out words, but the finer edge of words still in use: *ascertain, communicate, discover* — words like these it has been part of our "business" to misuse. And still, as language was made for man, he will be no authority for correctnesses which, limiting freedom of utterance, were yet but accidents in their origin; as if one vowed not to say "*its*," which ought to have been in Shakspere; "*his*" and "*hers*," for inanimate objects, being but a barbarous and really inexpressive survival. Yet we have known many things like this. Racy Saxon monosyllables, close to us as touch and sight, he will intermix readily with those long, savorsome, Latin words, rich in "second intention." In this late day certainly, no critical process can be conducted reasonably without eclecticism. Of such eclecticism we have a justifying example in one of the first poets of our time. How illustrative of monosyllable effect, of sonorous Latin, of the phraseology of science, of metaphysic, of colloquialism even, are the writings of Tennyson; yet with what a fine, fastidious scholarship throughout!

A scholar writing for the scholarly, he will of course leave something to the will-

ing intelligence of his reader. "To go preach to the first passer-by," says Montaigne, "to become tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet, is a thing I abhor"; a thing, in fact, naturally distressing to the scholar, who will therefore ever be shy of offering uncomplimentary assistance to the reader's wit. To really strenuous minds there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author's sense. Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means, *ascêsis,* that too has a beauty of its own; and for the reader supposed, there will be an esthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.

Different classes of persons, at different times, make, of course, very various demands upon literature. Still, scholars, I suppose, and not only scholars, but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it, as to all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world. A perfect poem like *Lycidas,* a perfect fiction like *Esmond,* the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's *Idea of a University,* has for them something of the uses of a religious "retreat." Here, then, with a view to the central need of a select few, those "men of a finer thread" who have formed and maintain the literary ideal, everything, every component element will have undergone exact trial, and, above all, there will be no uncharacteristic or tarnished or vulgar decoration, permissible ornament being for the most part structural, or necessary. As the painter in his picture, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honorable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere. "The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by what he *omits*"; and in literature, too, the true artist may be best recognized by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader words too are grave; and the ornamental word, the figure, the accessory form or color or reference, is rarely content to die to thought precisely at the right moment, but will inevitably linger awhile, stirring a long "brain-wave" behind it of perhaps quite alien associations.

Just there, it may be, is the detrimental tendency of the sort of scholarly attentiveness of mind I am recommending. But the true artist allows for it. He will remember that, as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the "one beauty" of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest luster, as in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary,* for instance, or in Stendhal's *Le Rouge et Le Noir,* in a composition utterly unadorned, with hardly a single suggestion of visibly beautiful things. Parallel, allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden: — he knows the narcotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any *diversion,* literally, is welcome, any vagrant intruder, because one can go wandering away with it from the immediate subject. Jealous, if he have a really quickening motive within, of all that does not hold directly to that, of the facile, the otiose, he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains a ponderable something thereby. Even assured of its congruity, he will still question its serviceableness. Is it worth while, can we afford, to attend to just that, to just that figure or literary reference, just then? — Surplusage! he will dread that, as the runner on his muscles. For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone.

And what applies to figure or flower must be understood of all other accidental or removable ornaments of writing whatever; and not of specific ornament only, but of all that latent color and imagery which language as such carries in it. A lover of words for their own sake, to whom nothing about them is unimportant, a minute and constant observer of their physiognomy, he will be on the alert not only for obviously mixed metaphors of course, but for the metaphor that is mixed in all our speech, though a rapid use may involve no cognition of it. Currently recognizing the incident, the color, the physical elements or particles in words like *absorb, consider, extract,* to take the first that occur, he will avail himself of them,

as further adding to the resources of expression. The elementary particles of language will be realized as color and light and shade through his scholarly living in the full sense of them. Still opposing the constant degradation of language by those who use it carelessly, he will not treat colored glass as if it were clear; and while half the world is using figure unconsciously, will be fully aware not only of all that latent figurative texture in speech, but of the vague, lazy, half-formed personification — a rhetoric, depressing, and worse than nothing, because it has no really rhetorical motive — which plays so large a part there, and, as in the case of more ostentatious ornament, scrupulously exact of it, from syllable to syllable, its precise value.

So far I have been speaking of certain conditions of the literary art arising out of the medium or material in or upon which it works, the essential qualities of language and its aptitudes for contingent ornamentation, matters which define scholarship as science and good taste respectively. They are both subservient to a more intimate quality of good style: more intimate, as coming nearer to the artist himself. The otiose, the facile, surplusage: why are these abhorrent to the true literary artist, except because, in literary as in all other art, structure is all-important, felt, or painfully missed, everywhere? — that architectural conception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigor, unfold and justify the first — a condition of literary art, which, in contradistinction to another quality of the artist himself, to be spoken of later, I shall call the necessity of *mind* in style.

An acute philosophical writer, the late Dean Mansel (a writer whose works illustrate the literary beauty there may be in closeness, and with obvious repression or economy of a fine rhetorical gift) wrote a book, of fascinating precision in a very obscure subject, to show that all the technical laws of logic are but means of securing, in each and all of its apprehensions, the unity, the strict identity with itself, of the apprehending mind. All the laws of good writing aim at a similar unity or identity of the mind in all the processes by which the word is associated to its import. The term is right, and has its essential beauty, when it becomes, in a manner, what it signifies, as with the names of simple sensations. To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song, or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself: — style is in the right way when it tends towards that. All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness and identity, of the initiatory apprehension or view. So much is true of all art, which therefore requires always its logic, its comprehensive reason — insight, foresight, retrospect, in simultaneous action — true, most of all, of the literary art, as being of all the arts most closely cognate to the abstract intelligence. Such logical coherency may be evidenced not merely in the lines of composition as a whole, but in the choice of a single word, while it by no means interferes with, but may even prescribe, much variety, in the building of the sentence for instance, or in the manner, argumentative, descriptive, discursive, of this or that part or member of the entire design. The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive as a child's expression of its needs, may alternate with the long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view. For the literary architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning, but also development or growth of design, in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and afterthoughts; the contingent as well as the necessary being subsumed under the unity of the whole. As truly, to the lack of such architectural design, of a single, almost visual, image, vigorously informing an entire, perhaps very intricate, composition, which shall be austere, ornate, argumentative, fanciful, yet true from first to last to that vision within, may be attributed those weaknesses of conscious or unconscious repetition of word, phrase, motive, or member of the whole matter, indicating, as Flaubert was aware, an original structure in thought not organically complete. With such foresight, the actual conclusion will most often get itself written out of hand, before, in the more

obvious sense, the work is finished. With some strong and leading sense of the world, the tight hold of which secures true *composition* and not mere loose accretion, the literary artist, I suppose, goes on considerably, setting joint to joint, sustained by yet restraining the productive ardor, retracing the negligences of his first sketch, repeating his steps only that he may give the reader a sense of secure and restful progress, readjusting mere assonances even, that they may soothe the reader, or at least not interrupt him on his way; and then, somewhere before the end comes, is burdened, inspired, with his conclusion, and betimes delivered of it, leaving off, not in weariness and because he finds *himself* at an end, but in all the freshness of volition. His work now structurally complete, with all the accumulating effect of secondary shades of meaning, he finishes the whole up to the just proportion of that ante-penultimate conclusion, and all becomes expressive. The house he has built is rather a body he has informed. And so it happens, to its greater credit, that the better interest even of a narrative to be recounted, a story to be told, will often be in its second reading. And though there are instances of great writers who have been no artists, an unconscious tact sometimes directing work in which we may detect, very pleasurably, many of the effects of conscious art, yet one of the greatest pleasures of really good prose literature is in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic structure, and the pervading sense of it as we read. Yet of poetic literature too; for, in truth, the kind of constructive intelligence here supposed is one of the forms of the imagination.

That is the special function of mind, in style. Mind and soul, — hard to ascertain philosophically, the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict, with each other. Blake, in the last century, is an instance of a preponderating soul embarrassed, at a loss, in an era of preponderating mind. As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers — the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of, with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration. By mind, the literary artist reaches us, through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all. By soul, he reaches us, somewhat capriciously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact. Mind we cannot choose but approve where we recognize it; soul may repel us, not because we misunderstand it. The way in which theological interests sometimes avail themselves of language is perhaps the best illustration of the force I mean to indicate generally in literature, by the word *soul*. Ardent religious persuasion may exist, may make its way, without finding any equivalent heat in language: or, again, it may enkindle words to various degrees, and when it really takes hold of them doubles its force. Religious history presents many remarkable instances in which, through no mere phrase-worship, an unconscious literary tact has, for the sensitive, laid open a privileged pathway from one to another. "The altar-fire," people say, "has touched those lips!" The Vulgate, the English Bible, the English Prayer-Book, the writings of Swedenborg, the Tracts for the Times: — there, we have instances of widely different and largely diffused phases of religious feeling in operation as soul in style. But something of the same kind acts with similar power in certain writers of quite other than theological literature, on behalf of some wholly personal and peculiar sense of theirs. Most easily illustrated by theological literature, this quality lends to profane writers a kind of religious influence. At their best, these writers become, as we say sometimes, "prophets"; such character depending on the effect not merely of their matter, but of their matter as allied to, in "electric affinity" with, peculiar form, and working in all cases by an immediate sympathetic contact, on which account it is that it may be called soul, as opposed to mind, in style. And this too is a faculty of choosing and rejecting what is congruous or otherwise, with a drift towards unity — unity of atmosphere here, as there of design — soul securing color (or perfume, might we say?) as mind secures form, the latter being essentially finite, the former vague or infinite, as the influence of a living person is practically infinite. There are some to whom nothing has any real interest, or real meaning, except as operative in a given person; and it is they who best appreciate the quality of soul in literary

art. They seem to know a *person,* in a book, and make way by intuition: yet, although they thus enjoy the completeness of a personal information, it is still a characteristic of soul, in this sense of the word, that it does but suggest what can never be uttered, not as being different from, or more obscure than, what actually gets said, but as containing that plenary substance of which there is only one phase or facet in what is there expressed.

If all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style. In his printed correspondence, a curious series of letters, written in his twenty-fifth year, records what seems to have been his one other passion — a series of letters which, with its fine casuistries, its firmly repressed anguish, its tone of harmonious gray, and the sense of disillusion in which the whole matter ends, might have been, a few slight changes supposed, one of his own fictions. Writing to Madame X. certainly he does display, by "taking thought" mainly, by constant and delicate pondering, as in his love for literature, a heart really moved, but still more, and as the pledge of that emotion, a loyalty to his work. Madame X., too, is a literary artist, and the best gifts he can send her are precepts of perfection in art, counsels for the effectual pursuit of that better love. In his love-letters it is the pains and pleasures of art he insists on, its solaces: he communicates secrets, reproves, encourages, with a view to that. Whether the lady was dissatisfied with such divided or indirect service, the reader is not enabled to see; but sees that, on Flaubert's part at least, a living person could be no rival of what was from first to last, his leading passion, a somewhat solitary and exclusive one.

"I must scold you," he writes, "for one thing, which shocks, scandalizes me, the small concern, namely, you show for art just now. As regards glory be it so: there, I approve. But for art — the one thing in life that is good and real — can you compare with it an earthly love? — prefer the adoration of a relative beauty to the *cultus* of the true beauty? Well! I tell you the truth. That is the one thing good in me: the one thing I have, to me estimable. For yourself, you blend with the beautiful a heap of alien things, the useful, the agreeable, what not? —

"The only way not to be unhappy is to shut yourself up in art, and count everything else as nothing. Pride takes the place of all beside when it is established on a large basis. Work! God wills it. That, it seems to me, is clear. —

"I am reading over again the *Æneid,* certain verses of which I repeat to myself to satiety. There are phrases there which stay in one's head, by which I find myself beset, as with those musical airs which are forever returning, and cause you pain, you love them so much. I observe that I no longer laugh much, and am no longer depressed. I am ripe. You talk of my serenity, and envy me. It may well surprise you. Sick, irritated, the prey a thousand times a day of cruel pain, I continue my labor like a true working-man, who, with sleeves turned up, in the sweat of his brow, beats away at his anvil, never troubling himself whether it rains or blows, for hail or thunder. I was not like that formerly. The change has taken place naturally, though my will has counted for something in the matter.—

"Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting — as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful."

What, then, did Flaubert understand by beauty, in the art he pursued with so much fervor, with so much self-command? Let us hear a sympathetic commentator: —

"Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labor for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony still went on seeking another, with invincible patience, certain that he had not yet got hold of the *unique* word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: Among all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but *one* — one form, one mode — to express what I want to say."

The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words,

terms, that might just do: the problem of style was there! — the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within. In that perfect justice, over and above the many contingent and removable beauties with which beautiful style may charm us, but which it can exist without, independent of them yet dexterously availing itself of them, omnipresent in good work, in function at every point, from single epithets to the rhythm of a whole book, lay the specific, indispensable, very intellectual, beauty of literature, the possibility of which constitutes it a fine art.

One seems to detect the influence of a philosophic idea there, the idea of a natural economy, of some preëxistent adaptation, between a relative, somewhere in the world of thought, and its correlative, somewhere in the world of language — both alike, rather, somewhere in the mind of the artist, desiderative, expectant, inventive — meeting each other with the readiness of "soul and body reunited," in Blake's rapturous design; and, in fact, Flaubert was fond of giving his theory philosophical expression. —

"There are no beautiful thoughts," he would say, "without beautiful forms, and conversely. As it is impossible to extract from a physical body the qualities which really constitute it — color, extension, and the like — without reducing it to a hollow abstraction, in a word, without destroying it; just so it is impossible to detach the form from the idea, for the idea only exists by virtue of the form."

All the recognized flowers, the removable ornaments of literature (including harmony and ease in reading aloud, very carefully considered by him) counted certainly; for these too are part of the actual value of what one says. But still, after all, with Flaubert, the search, the unwearied research was not for the smooth, or winsome, or forcible word, as such, as with false Ciceronians, but quite simply and honestly for the word's adjustment to its meaning. The first condition of this must be, of course, to know yourself, to have ascertained your own sense exactly. Then, if we suppose an artist, he says to the reader, — I want you to see precisely what I see. Into the mind sensitive to "form," a flood of random sounds, colors, incidents, is ever penetrating from the world without, to become, by sympathetic selection, a part of its very structure, and, in turn, the visible vesture and expression of that other world it sees so steadily within, nay, already with a partial conformity thereto, to be refined, enlarged, corrected, at a hundred points; and it is just there, just at those doubtful points that the function of style, as tact or taste, intervenes. The unique term will come more quickly to one than another, at one time than another, according also to the kind of matter in question. Quickness and slowness, ease and closeness alike, have nothing to do with the artistic character of the true word found at last. As there is a charm of ease, so there is also a special charm in the signs of discovery, of effort and contention towards a due end, as so often with Flaubert himself — in the style which has been pliant, as only obstinate, durable metal can be, to the inherent perplexities and recusancy of a certain difficult thought.

If Flaubert had not told us, perhaps we should never have guessed how tardy and painful his own procedure really was, and after reading his confession may think that his almost endless hesitation had much to do with diseased nerves. Often, perhaps, the felicity supposed will be the product of a happier, a more exuberant nature than Flaubert's. Aggravated, certainly, by a morbid physical condition, that anxiety in "seeking the phrase," which gathered all the other small *ennuis* of a really quiet existence into a kind of battle, was connected with his lifelong contention against facile poetry, facile art — art, facile and flimsy; and what constitutes the true artist is not the slowness or quickness of the process, but the absolute success of the result. As with those laborers in the parable, the prize is independent of the mere length of the actual day's work. "You talk," he writes, odd, trying lover, to Madame X. —

"You talk of the exclusiveness of my literary tastes. That might have enabled you to divine what kind of a person I am in the matter of love. I grow so hard to please as a literary artist, that I am driven to despair. I shall end by not writing another line."

"Happy," he cries, in a moment of discouragement at that patient labor, which for him, certainly, was the condition of a great success. —

"Happy those who have no doubts of themselves! who lengthen out, as the pen runs on, all that flows forth from their brains. As for me, I hesitate, I disappoint myself, turn round upon myself in despite: my taste is augmented in proportion as my natural vigor decreases, and I afflict my soul over some dubious word out of all proportion to the pleasure I get from a whole page of good writing. One would have to live two centuries to attain a true idea of any matter whatever. What Buffon said is a big blasphemy: genius is not long-continued patience. Still, there is some truth in the statement, and more than people think, especially as regards our own day. Art! art! art! bitter deception! phantom that glows with light, only to lead one on to destruction."

Again —

"I am growing so peevish about my writing. I am like a man whose ear is true but who plays falsely on the violin: his fingers refuse to reproduce precisely those sounds of which he has the inward sense. Then the tears come rolling down from the poor scraper's eyes and the bow falls from his hand."

Coming slowly or quickly, when it comes, as it came with so much labor of mind, but also with so much luster, to Gustave Flaubert, this discovery of the word will be, like all artistic success and felicity, incapable of strict analysis: effect of an intuitive condition of mind, it must be recognized by like intuition on the part of the reader, and a sort of immediate sense. In every one of those masterly sentences of Flaubert there was, below all mere contrivance, shaping and afterthought, by some happy instantaneous concourse of the various faculties of the mind with each other, the exact apprehension of what was *needed* to carry the meaning. And that it fits with absolute justice will be a judgment of immediate sense in the appreciative reader. We all feel this in what may be called inspired translation. Well! all language involves translation from inward to outward. In literature, as in all forms of art, there are the absolute and the merely relative or accessory beauties; and precisely in that exact proportion of the term to its purpose is the absolute beauty of style, prose or verse. All the good qualities, the beauties, of verse also, are such, only as precise expression.

In the highest as in the lowliest literature, then, the one indispensable beauty is, after all, truth: — truth to bare fact in the latter, as to some personal sense of fact, diverted somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it, in the former; truth there as accuracy, truth here as expression, that finest and most intimate form of truth, the *vraie vérité*. And what an eclectic principle this really is! employing for its one sole purpose — that absolute accordance of expression to idea — all other literary beauties and excellences whatever: how many kinds of style it covers, explains, justifies, and at the same time safeguards! Scott's facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of "the phrase," are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage: — there, is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, "entire, smooth, and round," that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. Here is the office of ornament: here also the purpose of restraint in ornament. As the exponent of truth, that austerity (the beauty, the function, of which in literature Flaubert understood so well) becomes not the correctness or purism of the mere scholar, but a security against the otiose, a jealous exclusion of what does not really tell towards the pursuit of relief, of life and vigor in the portraiture of one's sense. License again, the making free with rule, if it be indeed, as people fancy, a habit of genius, flinging aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production, will be but faith to one's own meaning. The seeming baldness of *Le Rouge et Le Noir* is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of *Les Misérables* is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty — the phrase so large and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze, in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter. Afterthoughts, retouchings, finish, will be of profit only so far as they too really serve to bring out the original, initiative, generative, sense in them.

In this way, according to the well-known saying, "The style is the man," complex for simple, in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his

sense of the world; all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose that inward sense of things, the purity of this medium, its laws or tricks of refraction: nothing is to be left there which might give conveyance to any matter save that. Style in all its varieties, reserved or opulent, terse, abundant, musical, stimulant, academic, so long as each is really characteristic or expressive, finds thus its justification, the sumptuous good taste of Cicero being as truly the man himself, and not another, justified, yet insured inalienably to him, thereby, as would have been his portrait by Raphael, in full consular splendor, on his ivory chair.

A relegation, you may say perhaps — a relegation of style to the subjectivity, the mere caprice, of the individual, which must soon transform it into mannerism. Not so! since there is, under the conditions supposed, for those elements of the man, for every lineament of the vision within, the one word, the one acceptable word, recognizable by the sensitive, by others "who have intelligence" in the matter, as absolutely as ever anything can be in the evanescent and delicate region of human language. The style, the manner, would be the man, not in his unreasoned and really uncharacteristic caprices, involuntary or affected, but in absolutely sincere apprehension of what is most real to him. But let us hear our French guide again. —

"Styles," says Flaubert's commentator, "*Styles,* as so many peculiar molds, each of which bears the mark of a particular writer, who is to pour into it the whole content of his ideas, were no part of his theory. What he believed in was *Style:* that is to say, a certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing, in all its intensity and color. For him the *form* was the work itself. As in living creatures, the blood, nourishing the body, determines its very contour and external aspect, just so, to his mind, the *matter,* the basis, in a work of art, imposed necessarily, the unique, the just expression, the measure, the rhythm — the *form* in all its characteristics."

If the style be the man, in all the color and intensity of a veritable apprehension, it will be in a real sense "impersonal."

I said, thinking of books like Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables,* that prose literature was the characteristic art of the nineteenth century, as others, thinking of its triumphs since the youth of Bach, have assigned that place to music. Music and prose literature are, in one sense, the opposite terms of art; the art of literature presenting to the imagination, through the intelligence, a range of interests, as free and various as those which music presents to it through sense. And certainly the tendency of what has been here said is to bring literature too under those conditions, by conformity to which music takes rank as the typically perfect art. If music be the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression, then, literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things, everywhere, of all good art.

Good art, but not necessarily great art; the distinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form, but on the matter. Thackeray's *Esmond,* surely, is greater art than *Vanity Fair,* by the greater dignity of its interests. It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as *The Divine Comedy, Paradise Lost, Les Misérables, The English Bible,* are great art. Given the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art; — then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sympathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our sojourn here, or immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art; if, over and above those qualities I summed up as mind and soul — that color and mystic perfume, and that reasonable structure, it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place, in the great structure of human life.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL (1850–)

BOOK-BUYING

The most distinguished of living Englishmen, who, great as he is in many directions, is perhaps inherently more a man of letters than anything else, has been overheard mournfully to declare that there were more booksellers' shops in his native town sixty years ago, when he was a boy in it, than are to-day to be found within its boundaries. And yet the place "all unabashed" now boasts its bookless self a city!

Mr. Gladstone was, of course, referring to second-hand bookshops. Neither he nor any other sensible man puts himself out about new books. When a new book is published, read an old one, was the advice of a sound though surly critic. It is one of the boasts of letters to have glorified the term "second-hand," which other crafts have "soiled to all ignoble use." But why it has been able to do this is obvious. All the best books are necessarily second-hand. The writers of to-day need not grumble. Let them "bide a wee." If their books are worth anything, they, too, one day will be second-hand. If their books are not worth anything there are ancient trades still in full operation amongst us — the pastrycooks and the trunkmakers — who must have paper.

But is there any substance in the plaint that nobody now buys books, meaning thereby second-hand books? The late Mark Pattison, who had 16,000 volumes, and whose lightest word has therefore weight, once stated that he had been informed, and verily believed, that there were men of his own University of Oxford who, being in uncontrolled possession of annual incomes of not less than £500, thought they were doing the thing handsomely if they expended £50 a year upon their libraries. But we are not bound to believe this unless we like. There was a touch of morosity about the late Rector of Lincoln which led him to take gloomy views of men, particularly Oxford men.

No doubt arguments *a priori* may readily be found to support the contention that the habit of book-buying is on the decline. I confess to knowing one or two men, not Oxford men either, but Cambridge men (and the passion of Cambridge for literature is a by-word), who, on the plea of being pressed with business, or because they were going to a funeral, have passed a bookshop in a strange town without so much as stepping inside "just to see whether the fellow had anything." But painful as facts of this sort necessarily are, any damaging inference we might feel disposed to draw from them is dispelled by a comparison of price-lists. Compare a bookseller's catalogue of 1862 with one of the present year, and your pessimism is washed away by the tears which unrestrainedly flow as you see what *bonnes fortunes* you have lost. A young book-buyer might well turn out upon Primrose Hill and bemoan his youth, after comparing old catalogues with new.

Nothing but American competition, grumble some old stagers.

Well, why not? This new battle for the books is a free fight, not a private one, and Columbia has "joined in." Lower prices are not to be looked for. The book-buyer of 1900 will be glad to buy at to-day's prices. I take pleasure in thinking he will not be able to do so. Good finds grow scarcer and scarcer. True it is that but a few short weeks ago I picked up (such is the happy phrase, most apt to describe what was indeed a "street casualty") a copy of the original edition of *Endymion* (Keats's poem — O subscriber to Mudie's! — not Lord Beaconsfield's novel) for the easy equivalent of half-a-crown — but then that was one of my lucky days. The enormous increase of booksellers' catalogues and their wide circulation amongst the trade has already produced a hateful uniformity of prices. Go where you will it is all the same to the odd sixpence. Time was when you could map out the country for yourself with some hopefulness of plunder. There were districts where the Elizabethan dramatists were but slenderly protected. A raid into the "bonnie North Countrie" sent you home again cheered with chap-books and weighted with old pamphlets of curious interests; whilst the West of England seldom failed to yield a crop of novels. I remember getting a complete set of the Brontë books in the original issues at Torquay, I may say, for nothing. Those days are over. Your country bookseller is, in fact, more likely, such tales does he hear of London auc-

tions, and such catalogues does he receive by every post, to exaggerate the value of his wares than to part with them pleasantly, and as a country bookseller should, "just to clear my shelves, you know, and give me a bit of room." The only compensation for this is the catalogues themselves. You get *them*, at least, for nothing, and it cannot be denied that they make mighty pretty reading.

These high prices tell their own tale, and force upon us the conviction that there never were so many private libraries in course of growth as there are to-day.

Libraries are not made; they grow. Your first two thousand volumes present no difficulty, and cost astonishingly little money. Given £400 and five years, and an ordinary man can in the ordinary course, without undue haste or putting any pressure upon his taste, surround himself with this number of books, all in his own language, and thenceforward have at least one place in the world in which it is possible to be happy. But pride is still out of the question. To be proud of having two thousand books would be absurd. You might as well be proud of having two top-coats. After your first two thousand difficulty begins, but until you have ten thousand volumes the less you say about your library the better. *Then* you may begin to speak.

It is no doubt a pleasant thing to have a library left you. The present writer will disclaim no such legacy, but hereby undertakes to accept it, however dusty. But good as it is to inherit a library, it is better to collect one. Each volume then, however lightly a stranger's eye may roam from shelf to shelf, has its own individuality, a history of its own. You remember where you got it, and how much you gave for it; and your word may safely be taken for the first of these facts, but not for the second.

The man who has a library of his own collection is able to contemplate himself objectively, and is justified in believing in his own existence. No other man but he would have made precisely such a combination as his. Had he been in any single respect different from what he is, his library, as it exists, never would have existed. Therefore, surely he may exclaim, as in the gloaming he contemplates the backs of his loved ones, "They are mine, and I am theirs."

But the eternal note of sadness will find its way even through the keyhole of a library. You turn some familiar page, of Shakespeare it may be, and his "infinite variety," his "multitudinous mind," suggests some new thought, and as you are wondering over it you think of Lycidas, your friend, and promise yourself the pleasure of having his opinion of your discovery the very next time when by the fire you two "help: waste a sullen day." Or it is, perhaps, some quainter, tenderer fancy that engages your solitary attention, something in Sir Philip Sydney or Henry Vaughan, and then you turn to look for Phyllis, ever the best interpreter of love, human or divine. Alas! the printed page grows hazy beneath a filmy eye as you suddenly remember that Lycidas is dead — "dead ere his prime" — and that the pale cheek of Phyllis will never again be relumined by the white light of her pure enthusiasm. And then you fall to thinking of the inevitable, and perhaps, in your present mood, not unwelcome hour, when the "ancient peace" of your old friends will be disturbed, when rude hands will dislodge them from their accustomed nooks and break up their goodly company.

> "Death bursts amongst them like a shell,
> And strews them over half the town."

They will form new combinations, lighten other men's toils, and soothe another's sorrow. Fool that I was to call anything *mine!*

ALICE MEYNELL (c. 1850-1922)

THE COLOUR OF LIFE

Red has been praised for its nobility as the colour of life. But the true colour of life is not red. Red is the colour of violence, or of life broken open, edited, and published. Or if red is indeed the colour of life, it is so only on condition that it is not seen. Once fully visible, red is the colour of life violated, and in the act of betrayal and of waste. Red is the secret of life, and not the manifestation thereof. It is one of the things the value of which is secrecy, one of the talents that are to be hidden in a napkin. The true colour of life is the colour of the body, the colour of the covered red, the

implicit and not explicit red of the living heart and the pulses. It is the modest colour of the unpublished blood. So bright, so light, so soft, so mingled, the gentle colour of life is outdone by all the colours of the world. Its very beauty is that it is white, but less white than milk; brown, but less brown than earth; red, but less red than sunset or dawn. It is lucid, but less lucid than the colour of lilies. It has the hint of gold that is in all fine colour; but in our latitudes the hint is almost elusive. Under Sicilian skies, indeed, it is deeper than old ivory; but under the misty blue of the English zenith, and the warm grey of the London horizon, it is as delicately flushed as the paler wild roses, out to their utmost, flat as stars, in the hedges of the end of June.

For months together London does not see the colour of life in any mass. The human face does not give much of it, what with features, and beards, and the shadow of the top-hat and *chapeau melon* of man, and of the veils of woman. Besides, the colour of the face is subject to a thousand injuries and accidents. The popular face of the Londoner has soon lost its gold, its white, and the delicacy of its red and brown. We miss little beauty by the fact that it is never seen freely in great numbers out-of-doors. You get it in some quantity when all the heads of a great indoor meeting are turned at once upon a speaker; but it is only in the open air, needless to say, that the colour of life is in perfection, in the open air, "clothed with the sun," whether the sunshine be golden and direct, or dazzlingly diffused in grey.

The little figure of the London boy it is that has restored to the landscape the human colour of life. He is allowed to come out of all his ignominies, and to take the late colour of the midsummer north-west evening, on the borders of the Serpentine. At the stroke of eight he sheds the slough of nameless colours — all allied to the hues of dust, soot, and fog, which are the colours the world has chosen for its boys — and he makes, in his hundreds, a bright and delicate flush between the grey-blue water and the grey-blue sky. Clothed now with the sun, he is crowned by-and-by with twelve stars as he goes to bathe, and the reflection of an early moon is under his feet.

So little stands between a gamin and all the dignities of Nature. They are so quickly restored. There seems to be nothing to do, but only a little thing to undo. It is like the art of Eleonora Duse. The last and most finished action of her intellect, passion, and knowledge is, as it were, the flicking away of some insignificant thing mistaken for art by other actors, some little obstacle to the way and liberty of Nature.

All the squalor is gone in a moment, kicked off with the second boot, and the child goes shouting to complete the landscape with the lacking colour of life. You are inclined to wonder that, even undressed, he still shouts with a Cockney accent. You half expect pure vowels and elastic syllables from his restoration, his spring, his slenderness, his brightness, and his glow. Old ivory and wild rose in the deepening midsummer sun, he gives his colours to his world again.

It is easy to replace man, and it will take no great time, where Nature has lapsed, to replace Nature. It is always to do, by the happily easy way of doing nothing. The grass is always ready to grow in the streets — and no streets could ask for a more charming finish than your green grass. The gasometer even must fall to pieces unless it is renewed; but the grass renews itself. There is nothing so remediable as the work of modern man — "a thought which is also," as Mr. Pecksniff said, "very soothing." And by remediable I mean, of course, destructible. As the bathing child shuffles off his garments — they are few, and one brace suffices him — so the land might always, in reasonable time, shuffle off its yellow brick and purple slate, and all the things that collect about railway stations. A single night almost clears the air of London.

But if the colour of life looks so well in the rather sham scenery of Hyde Park, it looks brilliant and grave indeed on a real sea-coast. To have once seen it there should be enough to make a colourist. O memorable little picture! The sun was gaining colour as it neared setting, and it set not over the sea, but over the land. The sea had the dark and rather stern, but not cold, blue of that aspect — the dark and not the opal tints. The sky was also deep. Everything was very definite, without mystery, and exceedingly simple. The most luminous thing was the shining

white of an edge of foam, which did not cease to be white because it was a little golden and a little rosy in the sunshine. It was still the whitest thing imaginable. And the next most luminous thing was the little child, also invested with the sun and the colour of life.

In the case of women, it is of the living and unpublished blood that the violent world has professed to be delicate and ashamed. See the curious history of the political rights of woman under the Revolution. On the scaffold she enjoyed an ungrudged share in the fortunes of party. Political life might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death. She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours; but to the hour of her death was granted a part in the largest interests, social, national, international. The blood wherewith she should, according to Robespierre, have blushed to be seen or heard in the tribune, was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her veins.

Against this there was no modesty. Of all privacies, the last and the innermost — the privacy of death — was never allowed to put obstacles in the way of public action for a public cause. Women might be, and were, duly suppressed when, by the mouth of Olympe de Gourges, they claimed a "right to concur in the choice of representatives for the formation of the laws"; but in her person, too, they were liberally allowed to bear political responsibility to the Republic. Olympe de Gourges was guillotined. Robespierre thus made her public and complete amends.

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY AMERICAN ESSAYISTS

The rich development of the essay in America during the nineteenth century was set well in motion by Washington Irving and advanced in various ways by John James Audubon, the Transcendentalists Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau, and two of America's most distinctive geniuses, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe.

Washington Irving was born at New York, of British parentage; received no formal education but read widely in his father's library; studied law but was forced by ill-health to go to Europe in 1804; returning in 1806, was admitted to the bar but did not practise; joined in the publication of the "Salmagundi" papers (1807) and made his reputation with his *Knickerbocker's History of New York* (1809); lived abroad from 1815 to 1832, being attached to the legation in Madrid (1826) and serving as secretary of the legation in London (1829-31); won an international reputation with the *Sketch Book* (1819-20), which he followed with *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), *Tales of a Traveller* (1824), *Christopher Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), and *The Alhambra* (1832); was appointed minister to Spain in 1842 and returned finally to America in 1846, residing at Sunnyside on the Hudson and publishing, among his last works, his *Life of Washington* (1855-59). Though without much originality or force, Irving won universal esteem for the geniality and charm of his person and his writing.

John James Audubon, who has been termed "the first great student of nature in North America," was born near New Orleans and educated in France. He studied art under the noted painter David and gained that skill which made his monumental *Birds of America* (1827-39) the object of world-wide celebrity. In coöperation with John Bachman he also produced *The Quadrupeds of America* (1845-53). But his skill as a "nature essayist" is to be found in his entertaining *Ornithological Biography* (1831-39), with its semi-poetic portraits of the birds which he loved.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the son of a Unitarian minister, was born at Boston; was educated at the Boston Latin School, Harvard College, and Harvard Divinity School; in 1829 became assistant pastor, then pastor, of the Old North Church; resigned in 1832 on a difference of religious opinion with his congregation and traveled in Italy, France, and England in 1833; returning to America, began his long career as a lecturer; in 1835 married and settled in Concord, Massachusetts, his home for the rest of his life; published "Nature" and assisted in forming the "Transcendental Club" in 1836; delivered his Phi Beta Kappa oration on "The American Scholar" in 1837 and his "Divinity School Address" in 1838; contributed to the *Dial* and was its editor (1842-44); published his *Essays* (1841), *Essays, Second Series* (1844), and *Poems* (1847); made his second visit to Europe (1847-8); published *Representative Men* (1850), *English Traits* (1856), and *The Conduct of Life* (1860); made his third visit to Europe (1872-3); spent the remainder of his life (marked by a failing intellect) writing little but arranging his collected works. A man of singular purity of character, Emerson was the chief inspiration of early nineteenth century American life.

Henry David Thoreau, the son of a manufacturer of lead pencils of French extraction, was born in Concord, Massachusetts; graduated from Harvard in 1837; taught school, lived for a time with Emerson (his spiritual master), and practised surveying; made the excursion recorded in his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* (1849); lived alone at Walden Pond (1845-47) and published the results of his experience there in *Walden* (1854); made numerous excursions to various parts of New England, recorded in his *Excusions* (1863), *The Maine Woods* (1864), *Cape Cod* (1865), and other posthumously published works; left 30 volumes of a journal which he had begun in 1837 and which was published soon after his death. A disciple of Emerson, yet original to the point of eccentricity, Thoreau was the most potent and courageous exponent in practice of the philosophy of Transcendentalism.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the son of a sea captain, was born in Salem, Massachusetts; graduated in 1825 from Bowdoin College, where he was a fellow-student of Longfellow's; spent the years 1825-39 in retirement in Salem, "reading, writing, and burning"; published *Twice Told Tales* (1837); served in the Boston Custom House (1839-41); joined the Brook Farm community in 1841 but left in the following year to marry and settle in the Old Manse at Concord, Massachusetts, where he lived till 1846; published *Twice Told Tales: Second Series* (1842) and *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846); was surveyor of the port of

Salem (1856-9); published *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), *The House of Seven Gables* (1851), and *The Blithedale Romance* (1852); lived at the Wayside in Concord (1852-3); was consul at Liverpool (1853-7); lived in England and Italy (1858-60), writing *The Marble Faun* (1860) in the latter country; passed his remaining four years in America in failing health, dying at Plymouth, N. H. Finding his place preëminently as a novelist and tale-writer, Hawthorne yet left in his American, English, French, and Italian note-books (from which *Passages* were published from 1868 on) valuable evidence of his methods as an artist and numerous specimens of his descriptive power, in addition to the numerous sketches which he had published during his life-time.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, the son of actors; was left an orphan in early childhood and was adopted by Mr. John Allan of Richmond, Va.; was educated at the Manor House School, near London (1815-20), in Richmond (1820-25), and at the University of Virginia (1826); published *Tamerlane and Other Poems* (1827), followed by *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Other Poems* (1829), and *Poems* (1831); served in the army (1827-29) and was a cadet at West Point (1830-1); devoted himself to literature and journalism, living in Baltimore (1831-5), in Richmond (1835-7) as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in New York (1837-8), in Philadelphia (1838-44), where he was editor of *Graham's Magazine* (1841-2), and finally in New York again (1844-9); in 1836 married his cousin Virginia Clemm, who, with Poe and Mrs. Clemm, formed a circle of rare mutual attachment; published *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* (1840), *The Raven and Other Poems* (1845), and *Tales* (1845); died in a hospital in Baltimore from brain fever and was there buried. The subject of much dispute as a man, Poe has received world-wide recognition as a poet of musical power and as a tale-teller of weird and original genius. Only recently has his important contribution to American criticism come to be adequately acknowledged.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1859)

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

"I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snaile that crept out of her shel was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stoole to sit on; so the traveller that stragleth from his owne country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would."

LYLY'S *Euphues.*

I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town-crier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of *terra incognita,* and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes — with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification: for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with

the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine; — no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly-cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise: Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement — to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity — to loiter about the ruined castle — to meditate on the falling tower — to escape, in short, from the common-place realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

I had, beside all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great men in America: not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me; for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe; for I had read in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America, as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed, by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher; but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another; caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humor has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveller who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter, who had travelled on the continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketch-book was accordingly crowned with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St. Peter's, or the Coliseum; the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples; and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL

The ancientest house, and the best for housekeeping, in this country or the next; and though the master of it write but Squire, I know no lord like him.— "Merry Beggars."

The reader, if he has perused the volumes of "The Sketch Book," will probably recollect something of the Bracebridge family, with which I once passed a Christmas. I am now on another visit at the Hall, having been invited to a wedding which is shortly to take place. The Squire's second son, Guy, a fine, spirited young captain in the army, is about to be married to his father's ward, the fair Julia Templeton. A gathering of relations and friends has already commenced, to celebrate the joyful occasion; for the old gentleman is an enemy to quiet, private weddings. "There is nothing," he says, "like launching a young couple gayly, and cheering them from the shore; a good outset is half the voyage."

Before proceeding any further, I would beg that the Squire might not be confounded with that class of hard-riding, fox-hunting gentlemen so often described, and, in fact, so nearly extinct in England. I use this rural title partly because it is

his universal appellation throughout the neighborhood, and partly because it saves me the frequent repetition of his name, which is one of those rough old English names at which Frenchmen exclaim in despair.

The Squire is, in fact, a lingering specimen of the old English country gentleman; rusticated a little by living almost entirely on his estate, and something of a humorist, as Englishmen are apt to become when they have an opportunity of living in their own way. I like his hobby passing well, however, which is a bigoted devotion to old English manners and customs; it jumps a little with my own humor, having as yet a lively and unsated curiosity about the ancient and genuine characteristics of my "fatherland."

There are some traits about the Squire's family, also, which appear to me to be national. It is one of those old aristocratical families, which, I believe, are peculiar to England, and scarcely understood in other countries; that is to say, families of the ancient gentry, who, though destitute of titled rank, maintain a high ancestral pride; who look down upon all nobility of recent creation, and would consider it a sacrifice of dignity to merge the venerable name of their house in a modern title.

This feeling is very much fostered by the importance which they enjoy on their hereditary domains. The family mansion is an old manor house, standing in a retired and beautiful part of Yorkshire. Its inhabitants have been always regarded, through the surrounding country, as "the great ones of the earth"; and the little village near the Hall looks up to the Squire with almost feudal homage. An old manor house, and an old family of this kind, are rarely to be met with at the present day; and it is probably the peculiar humor of the Squire that has retained this secluded specimen of English housekeeping in something like the genuine old style.

I am again quartered in the paneled chamber, in the antique wing of the house. The prospect from my window, however, has quite a different aspect from that which it wore on my winter visit. Through the early month of April, yet a few warm, sunshiny days have drawn forth the beauties of the spring, which, I think, are always most captivating on their first opening. The parterres of the old-fashioned garden are gay with flowers; and the gardener has brought out his exotics, and placed them along the stone balustrades. The trees are clothed with green buds and tender leaves. When I throw open my jingling casement, I smell the odor of mignonette, and hear the hum of the bees from the flowers against the sunny wall, with the varied song of the throstle, and the cheerful notes of the tuneful little wren.

While sojourning in this stronghold of old fashions, it is my intention to make occasional sketches of the scenes and characters before me. I would have it understood, however, that I am not writing a novel, and have nothing of intricate plot or marvelous adventure to promise the reader. The Hall of which I treat has, for aught I know, neither trapdoor, nor sliding panel, nor donjon keep; and indeed, appears to have no mystery about it. The family is a worthy well-meaning family, that, in all probability, will eat and drink, and go to bed, and get up regularly, from one end of my work to the other; and the Squire is so kind-hearted that I see no likelihood of his throwing any kind of distress in the way of the approaching nuptials. In a word, I cannot foresee a single extraordinary event that is likely to occur in the whole term of my sojourn at the Hall.

I tell this honestly to the reader, lest, when he finds me dallying along, through every-day English scenes, he may hurry ahead, in hopes of meeting with some marvelous adventure further on. I invite him, on the contrary, to ramble gently on with me, as he would saunter out into the fields, stopping occasionally to gather a flower, or listen to a bird, or admire a prospect, without any anxiety to arrive at the end of his career. Should I, however, in the course of my wanderings about this old mansion see or hear anything curious, that might serve to vary the monotony of this every-day life, I shall not fail to report it for the reader's entertainment: —

"For freshest wits I know will soon be wearie
Of any book, how grave soe'er it be,
Except it have odd matter, strange and merrie,
Well sauc'd with lies and glaréd all with glee."

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN

A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE

I 'll cross it though it blast me! *Hamlet.*

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but was still feverish, and obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! — whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something, every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travelers'-room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers called travelers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving, adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion nowadays to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting-times, would be hung round at night with the armor of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets, so the travelers'-room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted midleg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned

away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and everything about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco-smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good-for-nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the common-place names of ambitious travelers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain: it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter — patter — patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up; the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect — much — rain — about — this — time!"

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar: "The stout gentleman in No. 13 wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine, every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest upstairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 13," it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but "The stout gentleman!"— the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world"; accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were overdone, the ham was too salt; — the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot,

and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the stout gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham, and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travelers'-room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the *Times* or the *Chronicle* newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a Whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a Radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself!"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this stout gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information; nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The color of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a traveling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-color; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on, answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain — rain — rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation nor amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking overhead. It was in the stout gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantelpiece. The *Lady's Magazine* had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighboring bedroom. A door opened and slammed violently; a chamber-maid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humored face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The stout gentleman had been rude to her!

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chamber-maids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confounded ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up-stairs, — her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. "She 'd have no such doings in her house, she 'd warrant. If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She 'd have no servant-maid of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work, that 's what she would n't."

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room, and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm: the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high windy clamor for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs, I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "Nothing at all, only the girl 's a fool."— I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured

chamber-maid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt-liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern-life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, tousle the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus, after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect: — I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came. I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travelers'-room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no — he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a Radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening I found it to be "God save the King." 'T was plain, then, he was no Radical, but a faithful subject; one who grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be? My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction traveling incog? "God knows!" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the meantime, as the day advanced, the travelers'-room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town; some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travelers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had been completely engrossed by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travelers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credit of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber-maids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chamber-maid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

There was now only one man left: a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port-wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the

candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral, box-coats of departed travelers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping topers, and the drippings of the rain, drop — drop — drop, from the eaves of the house. The church-bells chimed midnight. All at once the stout gentleman began to walk overhead, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber-candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated — I entered: the room was deserted. There stood a large, broad-bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a *Times* newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bedchamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den: he might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the stout gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! Look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13!" I heard an immediate scampering of a chamber-maid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "Here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed —"all right!" was the word — the coach whirled off; — and that was all I ever saw of the stout gentleman!

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (1780–1851)

THE WOOD THRUSH

This bird is my greatest favorite of the feathered tribes of our woods. To it I owe much. How often has it revived my drooping spirits, when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, after passing a restless night in my slender shed, so feebly secured against the violence of the storm as to show me the futility of my best efforts to rekindle my little fire, whose uncertain and vacillating light had gradually died away under the destructive weight of the dense torrents of rain that seemed to involve the heavens and the earth in one mass of fearful murkiness, save when the red streaks of the flashing thunderbolt burst on the dazzled eye, and, glancing along the huge trunk of the stateliest and noblest tree in my immediate neighborhood, were instantly followed by an uproar of crackling, crashing, and deafening sounds, rolling their volumes in tumultuous eddies far and near, as if to silence the very breathings of the unformed thought! How often, after such a night, when far from my dear home, and deprived of the presence of those nearest to my heart, wearied, hungry, drenched, and so lonely and desolate as almost to question myself why I was thus situated; when I have seen the fruits of my labors on the eve of being destroyed, as the water, collected into a

stream, rushed through my little camp, and forced me to stand erect, shivering in a cold fit like that of a severe ague; when I have been obliged to wait with the patience of a martyr for the return of day, silently counting over the years of my youth, doubting perhaps if ever again I should return to my home, and embrace my family! — how often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully amongst the dusky masses of the forest trees, has there come upon my ear, thrilling along the sensitive cords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day! — and how fervently, on such occasions, have I blessed the Being who formed the Wood Thrush, and placed it in those solitary forests, as if to console me amidst my privations, to cheer my depressed mind, and to make me feel, as I did, that man never should despair, whatever may be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand.

The Wood Thrush seldom commits a mistake after such a storm as I have attempted to describe; for no sooner are its sweet notes heard than the heavens gradually clear, the bright refracted light rises in gladdening rays from beneath the distant horizon, the effulgent beams increase in their intensity, and the great orb of day at length bursts on the sight. The gray vapor that floats along the ground is quickly dissipated, the world smiles at the happy change, and the woods are soon heard to echo the joyous thanks of their many songsters. At that moment all fears vanish, giving place to an inspiriting hope. The hunter prepares to leave his camp. He listens to the Wood Thrush, while he thinks of the course which he ought to pursue, and as the bird approaches to peep at him, and learn somewhat his intentions, he raises his mind toward the Supreme Disposer of events. Seldom, indeed, have I heard the song of this Thrush, without feeling all that tranquillity of mind to which the secluded situation in which it delights is so favorable. The thickest and darkest woods always appear to please it best. The borders of murmuring streamlets, overshadowed by the dense foliage of the lofty trees growing on the gentle declivities, amidst which the sunbeams seldom penetrate, are its favorite resorts. There it is, that the musical powers of this hermit of the woods must be heard, to be fully appreciated and enjoyed.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
(1803–1882)

SELF-RELIANCE

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, — that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in

nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preestablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlor what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary ways of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat* he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, — must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an an-

swer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested, — "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it, — else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the doorpost, *Whim.* I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousandfold Relief Societies; — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world, — as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against

it, spread your table like base housekeepers, — under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are: and of course so much force is withdrawn from all your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean the "foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, with the most disagreeable sensation.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The by-standers look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loth to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. — "Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood." — Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza; — read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or restrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

There will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness appeals to the future. If I can be firm enough to-day to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. They shed a united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemera. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous hencefoward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is there is nature. He measures you and all men and all events. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design; — and posterity seem to follow his steps as a train of clients. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, Monachism, of the Hermit Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome"; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an

interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, "Who are you, Sir?" Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead-drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history our imagination plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderberg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the lustre will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the Aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last act behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed. We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom and which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discriminates between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions, and knows that to his involuntary perceptions a perfect faith is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. My wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving; — the idlest reverie, the faintest native emotion, command my curiosity and respect. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind, — although it

may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the centre of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away, — means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it, — one as much as another. All things are dissolved to their centre by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. If therefore a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fulness and completion ? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and authority of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is light: where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window made no reference to former roses or to better ones ; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speaks the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see, — painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; — the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude example and experience. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its forgotten ministers. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. There is somewhat low even in hope. In the hour of vision there is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; long intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay every former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present, and what is called life and what is called death.

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates; that the soul *becomes;* for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present there will be power not confident but agent. To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of that which relies because it works and is. Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits. We fancy it rhetoric when we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this, as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed ONE. Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by the degree in which it enters into all lower forms. All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain. Commerce, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of its presence and impure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. Power is, in nature, the essential measure of right. Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. The genesis and maturation of a planet, its poise and orbit, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-sufficing and therefore self-relying soul.

Thus all concentrates: let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is his genius admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of other men. We must go alone. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood and I all men's. Not for that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, climate, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door and say, — "Come out unto us." But keep thy state; come not into their confusion. The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. "What we love that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love."

If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations; let us enter into the state of war and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, "O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife, — but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If

you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh to-day? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last." — But so may you give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism; and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct,* or in the *reflex way.* Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat and dog — whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others!

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society,* he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, despondent whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force and do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. We shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born.

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined.* If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles,* keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a Stoic open the resources of man and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries and customs out of the window, we pity him no more but thank and revere him; — and that teacher shall retrace the life of man to splendor and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pur-

suits; their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

1. In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's *Bonduca*, when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies, —

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors;
Our valors are our best gods."

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey." Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke, a Lavoisier, a Hutton, a Bentham, a Fourier, it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system. In proportion to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency. But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the elemental thought of duty and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgism. The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating everything to the new terminology as a girl who has just learned botany in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time that the pupil will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds the classification is idolized, passes for the end and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see, — how you can see: "It must be somehow that you stole the light from us." They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young, and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

2. It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of Travelling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable

in the imagination, did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours we feel that duty is our place. The soul is no traveller; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes, the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

3. But the rage of travelling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties lean, and follow the Past and the Distant. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakspeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shall reproduce the Foreworld again.

4. As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themeslves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch,

a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad-axe and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance-office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity, entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes, are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but will be his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of celestial phenomena than any one since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Cases, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience dies with them.

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long that they have come to esteem the religious, learned, and civil institutions as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, out of new respect for his nature. Especially he hates what he has if he see that it is accidental, — came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him and merely lies there because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire; and what the man acquires, is living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man breathes. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our

slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in multitude. Not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off all foreign support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and, in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shall sit hereafter out of fear from her rotations. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick or the return of your absent friend, or some other favorable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

GIFTS

Gifts of one who loved me,—
'Twas high time they came;
When he ceased to love me,
Time they stopped for shame.

It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature; they are like music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not cocker us: we are children, not pets: she is not fond: everything is dealt to us without fear or favor, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interference of love and beauty. Men used to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure, the flowers give us: what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts, because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer-fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labour and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door has no shoes you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer

playing to that of the Furies. Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to its primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering, or payment of blackmail.

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves; but not from anyone who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

> "Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
> Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take."

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society if it do not give us besides earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity, and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at a level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, "How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine?" which belief of mine this gift seems to deny. Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary than with the anger of my lord Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared with that goodwill I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgements of any person who would thank us for a benefit without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must

be content with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons from whom we always expect fairy-tokens; let us not cease to expect them. This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules. For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,— no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

MONTAIGNE; OR, THE SKEPTIC

* * * Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers. His French freedom runs into grossness, but he has anticipated all censures by the bounty of his own confessions. In his times, books were written to one sex only, and almost all were written in Latin; so that, in a humorist, a certain nakedness of statement was permitted, which our manners, of a literature addressed equally to both sexes, do not allow. But, though a biblical plainness, coupled with a most uncanonical levity, may shut his pages to many sensitive readers, yet the offense is superficial. He parades it: he makes the most of it; nobody can think or say worse of him than he does. He pretends to most of the vices; and, if there be any virtue in him, he says it got in by stealth. There is no man, in his opinion, who has not deserved hanging five or six times, and he pretends no exception in his own behalf. "Five or six as ridiculous stories," too, he says, "can be told of me, as of any man living." But, with all this really superfluous frankness, the opinion of an invincible probity grows into every reader's mind.

"When I the most strictly and religiously confess myself, I find that the best virtue I have has in it some tincture of vice; and I am afraid that Plato, in his purest virtue (I, who am as sincere and perfect a lover of virtue of that stamp as any other whatever), if he had listened, and laid his ear close to himself, would have heard some jarring sound of human mixture; but faint and remote, and only to be perceived by himself."

Here is an impatience and fastidiousness at color or pretense of any kind. He has been in courts so long as to have conceived a furious disgust at appearances; he will indulge himself with a little cursing and swearing; he will talk with sailors and gipsies, use flash and street ballads; he has stayed indoors till he is deadly sick; he will to the open air, though it rain bullets. He has seen too much of gentlemen of the long robe, until he wishes for cannibals; and is so nervous, by factitious life, that he thinks, the more barbarous a man is, the better he is. He likes his saddle. You may read theology, and grammar, and metaphysics elsewhere. Whatever you get here, shall smack of the earth and of real life, sweet, or smart, or stinging. He makes no hesitation to entertain you with the records of his disease; and his journey to Italy is quite full of that matter. He took and kept his position of equilibrium. Over his name, he drew an emblematic pair of scales, and wrote *Que scais je?* under it. As I look at his effigy opposite the title-page, I seem to hear him say, "You may play old Poz, if you will; you may rail and exaggerate, — I stand here for truth, and will not, for all the states, and churches, and revenues, and personal reputations of Europe, overstate the dry fact, as I see it; I will rather mumble and prose about what I certainly know, — my house and barns; my father, my wife, and my tenants; my old lean bald pate; my knives and forks; what meats I eat, and what drinks I prefer; and a hundred straws just as ridiculous, — than I will write, with a fine crow-quill, a fine romance. I like gray days, and autumn and winter weather. I am gray and autumnal myself, and think an undress, and old shoes that do not pinch my feet, and old friends who do not constrain me, and plain topics where I do not need

to strain myself and pump my brains, the most suitable. Our condition as men is risky and ticklish enough. One cannot be sure of himself and his fortune an hour, but he may be whisked off into some pitiable or ridiculous plight. Why should I vapor and play the philosopher, instead of ballasting, the best I can, this dancing balloon? So, at least, I live within compass, keep myself ready for action, and can shoot the gulf, at last, with decency. If there be anything farcical in such a life, the blame is not mine: let it lie at Fate's and Nature's door."

The Essays, therefore, are an entertaining soliloquy on every random topic that comes into his head; treating everything without ceremony, yet with masculine sense. There have been men with deeper insight; but, one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts: he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for.

The sincerity and marrow of the man reach to his sentences. I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Cut these words, and they would bleed: they are vascular and alive. One has the same pleasure in it that we have in listening to the necessary speech of men about their work, when any unusual circumstance gives momentary importance to the dialogue. For blacksmiths and teamsters do not trip in their speech; it is a shower of bullets. * * *

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817–1862)

WHERE I LIVED, AND WHAT I LIVED FOR

At a certain season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house. I have thus surveyed the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live. In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession, for all were to be bought, and I knew their price. I walked over each farmer's premises, tasted his wild apples, discoursed on husbandry with him, took his farm at his price, at any price, mortgaging it to him in my mind; even put a higher price on it, — took everything but a deed of it, — took his word for his deed, for I dearly love to talk, — cultivated it, and him too to some extent, I trust, and withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough, leaving him to carry it on. This experience entitled me to be regarded as a sort of real-estate broker by my friends. Where I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly. What is a house but a *sedes*, a seat? — better if a country seat. I discovered many a site for a house not likely to be soon improved, which some might have thought too far from the village, but to my eyes the village was too far from it. Well, there I might live, I said; and there I did live, for an hour, a summer and a winter life; saw how I could let the years run off, buffet the winter through, and see the spring come in. The future inhabitants of this region, wherever they may place their houses, may be sure that they have been anticipated. An afternoon sufficed to lay out the land into orchard, wood-lot, and pasture, and to decide what fine oaks or pines should be left to stand before the door, and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the best advantage; and then I let it lie, fallow perchance, for a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

My imagination carried me so far that I even had the refusal of several farms, — the refusal was all I wanted, — but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession. The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place, and had begun to sort my seeds, and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off with; but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife — every man has such a wife — changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him. Now, to speak the truth, I had but ten cents in the world, and it surpassed my arithmetic to tell, if I was that man who had ten cents, or who had a farm, or ten dollars, or all together. However, I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm too, for I had carried it far enough: or rather, to be generous, I sold him the farm for just what I gave for it, and, as he was not a rich man, made him a present of ten dollars, and still had my ten cents, and seeds, and materials for a wheelbarrow left. I found thus that I had been

a rich man without any damage to my poverty. But I retained the landscape, and I have since annually carried off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow. With respect to landscapes,—

"I am monarch of all I *survey*,
My right there is none to dispute."

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were: its complete retirement, being about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas, to take the world on my shoulders, — I never heard what compensation he received for that,— and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted, if I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

All that I could say, then, with respect to farming on a large scale, — I have always cultivated a garden — was, that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad; and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all, As long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail.

Old Cato, whose *De Re Rusticâ* is my *Cultivator*, says, — and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, — "When you think of getting a farm turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

The present was my next experiment of this kind, which I purpose to describe more at length, for convenience putting the experience of two years into one. As I have said, I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the Fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough, weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The

winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere.

The only house I had been the owner of before, if I except a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is still rolled up in my garret; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress toward settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go outdoors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within-doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the rainiest weather. The Harivansa says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade a villager,— the wood thrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field sparrow, the whip-poor-will, and many others.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rainstorm in August, when, both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, mid-afternoon had all the serenity of evening, and the wood thrush sang around, and was heard from shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time; and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower heaven itself so much the more important. From a hill-top near by, where the wood had been recently cut off, there was a pleasing vista southward across the pond, through a wide indentation in the hills which form the shore there, where their opposite sides sloping toward each other suggested a stream flowing out in that direction through a wooded valley, but stream there was none. That way I looked between and over the near green hills to some distant and higher ones in the horizon, tinged with blue. Indeed, by standing on tiptoe I could catch a glimpse of some of the peaks of the still bluer and more distant mountain ranges in the northwest, those true-blue coins from heaven's own mint, and also of some portion of the village. But in other directions, even from this point, I could not see over or beyond the woods which surrounded me. It is well to have some water in your neighborhood, to give buoyancy to and float the earth. One value even of the smallest well is, that when you look into it you see that earth is not continent but insular. This is as important as that it keeps butter cool. When I looked across the pond from this peak toward the Sudbury meadows, which in time of flood I distinguished elevated perhaps by a mirage in their seething valley, like a coin in a basin, all the earth beyond the pond appeared like a thin crust insulated and floated even by this small sheet of intervening water, and I was reminded that this on which I dwelt was but *dry land*.

Though the view from my door was still more contracted, I did not feel crowded or confined in the least. There was pasture

enough for my imagination. The low shrub oak plateau to which the opposite shore arose stretched away toward the prairies of the West and the steppes of Tartary, affording ample room for all the roving families of men. "There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon," — said Damodara, when his herds required new and larger pastures.

Both place and time were changed, and I dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras in history which had most attracted me. Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers. We are wont to imagine rare and delectable places in some remote and more celestial corner of the system, behind the constellation of Cassiopeia's Chair, far from noise and disturbance. I discovered that my house actually had its site in such a withdrawn, but forever new and unprofaned, part of the universe. If it were worth the while to settle in those parts near to the Pleiades or the Hyades, to Aldebaran or Altair, then I was really there, or at an equal remoteness from the life which I had left behind, dwindled and twinkling with as fine a ray to my nearest neighbor, and to be seen only in moonless nights by him. Such was that part of creation where I had squatted; —

> "There was a shepherd that did live,
> And held his thoughts as high
> As were the mounts whereon his flocks
> Did hourly feed him by."

What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of King Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sitting with door and windows open, as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings. There was something cosmical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night. Little is to be expected of that day, if it can be called a day, to which we are not awakened by our Genius, but by the mechanical nudgings of some servitor, are not awakened by our own newly acquired force and aspirations from within, accompanied by the undulations of celestial music, instead of factory bells, and a fragrance filling the air — to a higher life than we fell asleep from; and thus the darkness bear its fruit, and prove itself to be good, no less than the light. That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say, "All intelligences awake with the morning." Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour. All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness, they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but

only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If we refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done.

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it, as for them, is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether *they* do or not; but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain. If we do not get out sleepers, and forge rails, and devote days and nights to the work, but go to tinkering upon our *lives* to improve *them,* who will build railroads? And if railroads are not built, how shall we get to heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our business, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the

railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman, or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you. And every few years a new lot is laid down and run over; so that, if some have the pleasure of riding on a rail, others have the misfortune to be ridden upon. And when they run over a man that is walking in his sleep, a supernumerary sleeper in the wrong position, and wake him up, they suddenly stop the cars, and make a hue and cry about it, as if this were an exception. I am glad to know that it takes a gang of men for every five miles to keep the sleepers down and level in their beds as it is, for this is a sign that they may sometime get up again.

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the Saint Vitus's dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell-rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire,— or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half-hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, "What's the news?" as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half-hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. "Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe," — and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

For my part, I could easily do without the post-office. I think that there are very few important communications made through it. To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life — I wrote this some years ago — that were worth the postage. The penny-post is, commonly, an institution through which you seriously offer a man that penny for his thoughts which is so often safely offered in jest. And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter, — we never need read of another. One is enough. If you are acquainted with the principle, what do you care for a myriad instances and applications? To a philosopher all *news*, as it is called, is gossip, and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea. Yet not a few are greedy after this gossip. There was such a rush, as I hear, the other day at one of the offices to learn the foreign news by the last arrival, that several large squares of plate glass belonging to the establishment were broken by the pressure, — news which I seriously think a ready wit might write a twelvemonth, or twelve years, beforehand with sufficient accuracy. As for Spain, for instance, if you know how to throw in Don Carlos and the Infanta, and Don Pedro and Seville and Granada, from time to time in the right proportions, — they may have changed the names a little since I saw the papers, — and serve up a bull-fight when other entertainments fail, it will be true to the letter, and give us as good an idea of the exact state or ruin of things in Spain as the most succinct and lucid reports under this head in the newspapers: and as for England, almost the last significant scrap of news from that quarter was the revolution of 1649; and if you have learned the history of her crops for an average year, you never need attend to that thing again, unless your speculations are of a merely pecuniary character. If one may judge who rarely

looks into the newspapers, nothing new does ever happen in foreign parts, a French revolution not excepted.

What news! how much more important to know what that is which was never old! "Kieou-he-yu (great dignitary of the state of Wei) sent a man to Khoung-tseu to know his news. Khoung-tseu caused the messenger to be seated near him, and questioned him in these terms: What is your master doing? The messenger answered with respect: My master desires to diminish the number of his faults, but he cannot come to the end of them. The messenger being gone, the philosopher remarked: What a worthy messenger! What a worthy messenger!" The preacher, instead of vexing the ears of drowsy farmers on their day of rest at the end of the week, — for Sunday is the fit conclusion of an ill-spent week, and not the fresh and brave beginning of a new one, — with this one other draggle-tail of a sermon, should shout with thundering voice, "Pause! Avast! Why so seeming fast, but deadly slow?"

Shams and delusions are esteemed for soundest truths, while reality is fabulous. If men would steadily observe realities only, and not allow themselves to be deluded, life, to compare it with such things as we know, would be like a fairy tale and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. If we respected only what is inevitable and has a right to be, music and poetry would resound along the streets. When we are unhurried and wise, we perceive that only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence, that petty fears and petty pleasures are but the shadow of the reality. This is always exhilarating and sublime. By closing the eyes and slumbering, and consenting to be deceived by shows, men establish and confirm their daily life of routine and habit everywhere, which still is built on purely illusory foundations. Children, who play life, discern its true law and relations more clearly than men, who fail to live it worthily, but who think that they are wiser by experience, that is, by failure. I have read in a Hindoo book, that "there was a king's son, who, being expelled in infancy from his native city, was brought up by a forester, and, growing up to maturity in that state, imagined himself to belong to the barbarous race with which he lived. One of his father's ministers having discovered him, revealed to him what he was, and the misconception of his character was removed, and he knew himself to be a prince. So soul," continues the Hindoo philosopher, "from the circumstances in which it is placed, mistakes its own character, until the truth is revealed to it by some holy teacher, and then it knows itself to be *Brahme*." I perceive that we inhabitants of New England live this mean life that we do because our vision does not penetrate the surface of things. We think that that *is* which *appears* to be. If a man should walk through this town and see only the reality, where, think you, would the "Milldam" go to? If he should give us an account of the realities he beheld there, we should not recognize the place in his description. Look at a meeting-house, or a court-house, or a jail, or a shop, or a dwelling-house, and say what that thing really is before a true gaze, and they would all go to pieces in your account of them. Men esteem truth remote, in the outskirts of the system, behind the farthest star, before Adam and after the last man. In eternity there is indeed something true and sublime. But all these times and places and occasions are now and here. God himself culminates in the present moment, and will never be more divine in the lapse of all the ages. And we are enabled to apprehend at all what is sublime and noble only by the perpetual instilling and drenching of the reality that surrounds us. The universe constantly and obediently answers to our conceptions; whether we travel fast or slow, the track is laid for us. Let us spend our lives in conceiving then. The poet or the artist never yet had so fair and noble a design but some of his posterity at least could accomplish it.

Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry, — determined to make a day of it. Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner, situated in the meridian shallows. Weather this danger and you are safe, for the rest of the

way is down hill. With unrelaxed nerves, with morning vigor, sail by it, looking another way, tied to the mast like Ulysses. If the engine whistles, let it whistle till it is hoarse for its pains. If the bell rings, why should we run? We will consider what kind of music they are like. Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and tradition, and delusion, and appearance, that alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord, through Church and State, through poetry and philosophy and religion, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call *reality,* and say, This is, and no mistake; and then begin, having a *point d'appui,* below freshet and frost and fire, a place where you might found a wall or a state, or set a lamp-post safely, or perhaps a gauge, not a Nilometer, but a Realometer, that future ages might know how deep a freshet of shams and appearances had gathered from time to time. If you stand right fronting and face to face to a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces, as if it were a cimeter, and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow, and so you will happily conclude your mortal career. Be it life or death, we crave only reality. If we are really dying, let us hear the rattle in our throats and feel cold in the extremities; if we are alive, let us go about our business.

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. I cannot count one. I know not the first letter of the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born. The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things. I do not wish to be any more busy with my hands than is necessary. My head is hands and feet. I feel all my best faculties concentrated in it. My instinct tells me that my head is an organ for burrowing, as some creatures use their snout and fore paws, and with it I would mine and burrow my way through these hills. I think that the richest vein is somewhere hereabouts; so by the divining-rod and thin rising vapors I judge; and here I will begin to mine.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
(1804–1864)

A VIEW OF CONCORD

Sunday, August 7th [*1842*]. — At sunset last evening I ascended the hill-top opposite our house; and, looking downward at the long extent of the river, it struck me that I had done it some injustice in my remarks. Perhaps, like other gentle and quiet characters, it will be better appreciated the longer I am acquainted with it. Certainly, as I beheld it then, it was one of the loveliest features in a scene of great rural beauty. It was visible through a course of two or three miles, sweeping in a semicircle round the hill on which I stood, and being the central line of a broad vale on either side. At a distance, it looked like a strip of sky set into the earth, which it so ethereal-ized and idealized that it seemed akin to the upper regions. Nearer the base of the hill, I could discern the shadows of every tree and rock, imaged with a distinctness that made them even more charming than the reality; because, knowing them to be unsubstantial, they assumed the ideality which the soul always craves in the contemplation of earthly beauty. All the sky, too, and the rich clouds of sunset, were reflected in the peaceful bosom of the river; and surely, if its bosom can give back such an adequate reflection of heaven, it cannot be so gross and impure as I described it yesterday. Or, if so, it shall be a symbol to me that even a human breast, which may appear least spiritual in some aspects, may still have the capability of reflecting an infinite heaven in its depths, and therefore of enjoying it. It is a comfortable thought, that the smallest and most turbid mud-puddle can contain its own picture of heaven. Let us remember this, when we feel inclined to deny all spiritual life to some people, in whom, nevertheless, our Father may perhaps see the image of His face. This dull river has a deep religion of its own; so, let us trust, has the dullest human soul, though, perhaps, unconsciously.

The scenery of Concord, as I beheld it from the summit of the hill, has no very marked characteristics, but has a great deal of quiet beauty, in keeping with the river. There are broad and peaceful meadows, which, I think, are among the most satisfying objects in natural scenery. The heart reposes on them with a feeling that few things else can give, because almost all other objects are abrupt and clearly defined; but a meadow stretches out like a small infinity, yet with a secure homeliness which we do not find either in an expanse of water or of air. The hills which border these meadows are wide swells of land, or long and gradual ridges, some of them densely covered with wood. The white village, at a distance on the left, appears to be embosomed among wooded hills. The verdure of the country is much more perfect than is usual at this season of the year, when the autumnal hue has generally made considerable progress over trees and grass. Last evening, after the copious showers of the preceding two days, it was worthy of early June, or, indeed, of a world just created. Had I not then been alone, I should have had a far deeper sense of beauty, for I should have looked through the medium of another spirit. Along the horizon there were masses of those deep clouds in which the fancy may see images of all things that ever existed or were dreamed of. Over our old manse, of which I could catch but a glimpse among its embowering trees, appeared the immensely gigantic figure of a hound, crouching down with head erect, as if keeping watchful guard while the master of the mansion was away. . . . How sweet it was to draw near my own home, after having lived homeless in the world so long! . . . With thoughts like these, I descended the hill, and clambered over the stone-wall, and crossed the road, and passed up our avenue, while the quaint old house put on an aspect of welcome. * * *

A WALK NEAR CONCORD

Monday, August 22d [*1842*].— I took a walk through the woods yesterday afternoon, to Mr. Emerson's, with a book which Margaret Fuller had left, after a call on Saturday eve. I missed the nearest way, and wandered into a very secluded portion of the forest; for forest it might justly be called, so dense and sombre was the shade of oaks and pines. Once I wandered into a tract so overgrown with bushes and underbrush that I could scarcely force a passage through. Nothing is more annoying than a walk of this kind, where one is tormented by an innumerable host of petty impediments. It incenses and depresses me at the same time. Always when I flounder into the midst of bushes, which cross and intertwine themselves about my legs, and brush my face, and seize hold of my clothes, with their multitudinous grip, — always, in such a difficulty, I feel as if it were almost as well to lie down and die in rage and despair as to go one step farther. It is laughable, after I have got out of the moil, to think how miserably it affected me for the moment; but I had better learn patience betimes, for there are many such bushy tracts in this vicinity, on the margins of meadows, and my walks will often lead me into them. Escaping from the bushes, I soon came to an open space among the woods, — a very lovely spot, with the tall old trees standing around as quietly as if no one had intruded there throughout the whole summer. A company of crows were holding their Sabbath on their summits. Apparently they felt themselves injured or insulted by my presence; for, with one consent, they began to Caw! caw! caw! and, launching themselves sullenly on the air, took flight to some securer solitude. Mine, probably, was the first human shape that they had seen all day long, — at least, if they had been stationary in that spot; but perhaps they had winged their way over miles and miles of country, had breakfasted on the summit of Graylock, and dined at the base of Wachusett, and were merely come to sup and sleep among the quiet woods of Concord. But it was my impression at the time, that they had sat still and silent on the tops of the trees all through the Sabbath day, and I felt like one who should unawares disturb an assembly of worshippers. A crow, however, has no real pretensions to religion, in spite of his gravity of mien and black attire. Crows are certainly thieves, and probably infidels. Nevertheless, their voices yesterday were in admirable accordance with the influences of the quiet, sunny, warm, yet autumnal afternoon. They were so far

above my head that their loud clamor added to the quiet of the scene, instead of disturbing it. There was no other sound, except the song of the cricket, which is but an audible stillness; for, though it be very loud and heard afar, yet the mind does not take note of it as a sound, so entirely does it mingle and lose its individuality among the other characteristics of coming autumn. Alas for the summer! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and in the hedge-rows, and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid as they were a month ago; and yet in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine there is autumnal influence. I know not how to describe it. Methinks there is a sort of coolness amid all the heat, and a mildness in the brightest of the sushine. A breeze cannot stir without thrilling me with the breath of autumn, and I behold its pensive glory in the far, golden gleams among the long shadows of the trees. The flowers, even the brightest of them, — the golden-rod and the gorgeous cardinals, — the most glorious flowers of the year, — have this gentle sadness amid their pomp. Pensive autumn is expressed in the glow of every one of them. I have felt this influence earlier in some years than in others. Sometimes autumn may be perceived even in the early days of July. There is no other feeling like that caused by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy, of the year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time. * * *

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

Charles Dickens, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of *Barnaby Rudge,* says — "By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his *Caleb Williams* backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first time, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done."

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin — and indeed what he himself acknowledges, is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens' idea — but the author of *Caleb Williams* was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis — or one is suggested by an incident of the day — or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative — designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or autorial comment, whatever crevices of fact, or action, may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect.* Keeping originality *always* in view — for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest — I say to myself, in the first place, "Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?" Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone — whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone — afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would — that is to say, who could — detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say — but, perhaps, the autorial vanity has

had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers — poets in especial — prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy — an ecstatic intuition — and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought — at the true purposes seized only at the last moment — at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view — at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable — at the cautious selections and rejections — at the painful erasures and interpolations — in a word, at the wheels and pinions — the tackle for scene-shifting — the step-ladders and demon-traps — the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrio*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common, in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select "The Raven," as the most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition — that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem, *per se*, the circumstance — or say the necessity — which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing *a* poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression — for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and everything like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with *anything* that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones — that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating, the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one-half of the *Paradise Lost* is essentially prose — a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions — the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity, of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art — the limit of a single sitting — and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as *Robinson Crusoe*, (demanding no unity,) this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit — in other words, to the excitement or elevation — again in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect: — this, with one proviso — that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical, taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem — a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice

of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed: and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration — the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect — they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul — not* of intellect, or of heart — upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating "the beautiful." Now I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes — that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment — no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to is *most readily* attained in the poem. Now the object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable, to a certain extent, in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demends a precision, and Passion, a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me) which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation, of the soul. It by no means follows from anything here said, that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem — for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast — but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation — and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem — some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects — or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense — I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone — both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity — of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so vastly heighten, the effect, by adhering, in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation *of the application* of the *refrain* — the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corol-

lary: the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt: and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being — I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non*-reasoning creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven — the bird of ill omen — monotonously repeating the one word, "Nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself — "Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death — was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious — "When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*: the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world — and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore" — I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the *application* of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending — that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover — the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore" — that I could make this first query a commonplace one — the second less so — the third still less, and so on — until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself — by its frequent repetition — and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it — is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character — queries whose solution he has passionately at heart — propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture — propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote) but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modeling his questions as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me — or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction — I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query — that to which "Nevermore" should be in the last place an answer — that in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning — at the end, where all works of art should begin — for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil! prophet still if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'
Quoth the raven 'Nevermore.'"

I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover — and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the meter, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza — as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere *rhythm,* it is still clear that the possible varieties of meter and stanza are absolutely infinite — and yet, *for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing.* The fact is, originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or meter of the "Raven." The former is trochaic — the latter is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the *refrain* of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically — the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short: the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet — the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds) — the third of eight — the fourth of seven and a half — the fifth the same — the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines, taken individually, has been employed before, and what originality the "Raven" has, is in their *combination into stanza;* nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual, and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the Raven — and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale.* For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields — but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident: — it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber — in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished — this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird — and the thought of introducing him through the window, was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a "tapping" at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader's curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover's throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven's seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage — it

being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird — the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic — approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible — is given to the Raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

"Not the *least obeisance made he* — not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door."

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out: —

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the *grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,*
'Though thy *crest be shorn and shaven* thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven 'Nevermore.'

"Much I marvelled *this ungainly fowl* to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'"

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness: — this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

"But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only," etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests — no longer sees anything even of the fantastic in the Raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader — to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dénouement* — which is now brought about as rapidly and as *directly* as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper — with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world — the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, everything is within the limits of the accountable — of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams — the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore" — a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the utmost extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skillfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably re-

quired — first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness — some undercurrent, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal.* It is the *excess* of the suggested meaning — it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme — which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind) the so-called poetry of the so-called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem — their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The undercurrent of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines —

"'Take thy beak from out *my heart,* and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven 'Nevermore!'"

It will be observed that the words "from out my heart," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical — but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul *from out that shadow* that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore."

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY AMERICAN ESSAYISTS

Full and varied as was the cultivation of the Essay in America from the middle of the nineteenth century till its close, the main contributions of the period may be followed adequately in the essays of Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, Charles A. Dana, John Burroughs, John Muir, William Dean Howells, and Henry James.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, of Dutch and English stock; was educated at Harvard College (1825-9) and at the Harvard Law School (1829-30); studied medicine in Boston and Paris (1830-5); practised in Cambridge from 1835 on; was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth (1838-47) and held a similar position at the Harvard Medical School (1847-82); began his real career in literature with *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* contributed to the newly established *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, following this with the other two members of the trilogy, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* (1859) and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* (1872); published also *Elsie Venner* (1861) and other novels, biographies, and numerous volumes of verse throughout his life. Holmes's distinguishing quality is his whimsical humor, with a suggestion, especially in some of his poems, of the pathos and seriousness that lie back of the smile.

James Russell Lowell, the son of a Unitarian minister, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts; was educated at Harvard College (1834-8) and began life as a lawyer, soon turning to literature, publishing two volumes of verse in 1840 and 1843; becoming interested in political questions, contributed to the *Anti-Slavery Standard* in 1846-50, as well as publishing *Poems: Second Series* (1847) and *Bigelow Papers: First Series* and *A Fable for Critics* (both 1848); made his first visit to Europe (1851-2), lectured at the Lowell Institute (1854-5), and made his second visit to Europe (1855-6); was Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard (1856-77); edited the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-61), and the *North American Review* (1863-72); after publishing *Bigelow Papers: Second Series* (1867), *Among My Books* (1870), and *My Study Windows* (1871), made his third visit to Europe (1872-4); was minister to Spain (1877-80) and minister to England (1880-5); died at Elmwood, where he was born. A man of unusual versatility, Lowell was perhaps the greatest American critic of the nineteenth century.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island; became early interested in social and literary movements and joined the Brook Farm community; traveled in Europe (1846-50); joined the New York *Tribune* in 1850 and thereafter lived mostly in New York City, where he devoted himself to the better type of journalism and the public welfare; was editor of *Putnam's Monthly* (1852-7) and later conducted the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine* and edited *Harper's Weekly*. Especially attached to the cause of Civil Service Reform, aiding this and other worthy causes with an effective voice and pen, he left no really great piece of literature. But his "old school" grace and satire are effectively preserved in such collections of essays as *The Potiphar Papers* (1853) and *Prue and I* (1856).

Charles Anderson Dana was born in New Hampshire and educated at Harvard; joined the Brook Farm community as a young man in 1842 and showed a sympathy with the fresher ideals of New England social reformers which his later conservatism outgrew; was managing editor of the New York *Tribune* (1847-62); served as assistant secretary of war (1863-4); returned to journalism and acted as editor of the New York *Sun* from 1868 till his death. Though once widely known also as joint editor of the *American Encyclopedia* and editor of *A Household Book of Poetry*, his reputation in literature rests primarily on his great contribution to American journalism as the fearless and most eminent successor of Horace Greeley in the editorial field.

John Burroughs was born in New York State and received little formal education, being trained chiefly in the great outdoors of Nature; taught school, had some journalistic experience in New York, worked for nine years in the Treasury Department at Washington, where he met Whitman, and was inspector of national banks for eleven years; retired in 1884 to his home in New York State to devote himself to uninterrupted literary work. Burroughs's intellectual life has been shown to have been a philosophic progression from one master to another, chiefly Emerson, Audubon, Whitman, the modern scientists, Bergson, and back to Emerson and Thoreau. An important early supporter of Walt Whitman in his first

book, *Notes on Walt Whitman* (1867), he became distinguished for two types of work, his philosophic interpretations of life, as in *Accepting the Universe* (1920) and his "nature" essays, as in *Birds and Poets* (1877), whose great number and charm will probably make him best remembered as the culmination of the "nature" writers in America.

John Muir was born in Scotland; migrated at the age of eleven to the State of Wisconsin; put himself through the University of Wisconsin, where he showed unusual inventive genius and a passion for knowledge; set out on a botanical trip in the South and wandered to Cuba, Panama, and California, reaching the last state about 1870; finding in the California mountains his greatest love, began in 1871 to publish articles in various magazines describing his experiences; served with the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey from 1876, visiting Nevada, Utah, the glaciers of Alaska, and ultimately coming to know intimately the whole of the Pacific Coast region from Central America to northern Alaska, as well as much of the world besides. Of broader sympathies and interests than other naturalists, such as Thoreau, Muir was a born mountaineer, and his admirable descriptive essays breathe of the free mountain air of the Great Rockies and the Sierras.

William Dean Howells was born in Ohio and had most of his education in that school of journalism that taught Mark Twain; migrated to the Atlantic Coast in 1860 and was consul to Venice (1861-5); served as assistant editor and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1866-81); and was associated with *Harper's Magazine* from 1885 till his death. Howells was a writer of amazing prolificness, producing not only a long line of novels like his *Rise of Silas Lapham* (1884), which made him the foremost American realist, but, in addition to poems, a mass of criticism (as instanced by *Criticism and Fiction*, 1892), that, by its high quality, enhanced his already valuable services to American literature in his capacity of editorial guide to such promising authors as Henry James, Hamlin Garland, and Mark Twain.

Henry James, the son of the philosopher of the same name and brother of William James, the psychologist, was born in New York City; was most diversely educated in New York, Albany, Geneva, London, Paris, Newport, and Bonn; made his "passionate pilgrimage" to Europe in 1869 and formed that attachment to European culture which finally decided him, in 1875, to live most of his life abroad and to reside chiefly in London till his death; became a British subject in 1915. Although chiefly a novelist and writer of tales of the first order, James, in addition to writing some plays, took his place among the leading American critics with such volumes as *French Poets and Novelists* (1878), *Hawthorne* (1879), and *Partial Portraits* (1888).

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894)

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

(A parenthesis)

I can't say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the schoolhouse steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers, that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow. — Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been molded in the rose-red clay of Love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love capacity is a congenital endowment; and I think, after a while, one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of it. — Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself; but pride, in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself, deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Smallpox and Bankruptcy. — She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not

merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all; but if a woman puts on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Middle, and more than middle-aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it. An official of standing was rude to me once. Oh, that is the maternal grandfather, — said a wise old friend to me, — he was a boor. — Better too few words, from the woman we love, than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself. — Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress or not, — whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon, — whether I cribbed them from Balzac, — whether I dipped them from the ocean of Tupperian wisdom, — or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl, Experience (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops real, live eggs), — I cannot say. Wise men have said more foolish things, — and foolish men, I don't doubt, have said as wise things. Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report.

You are a stranger to me, Ma'am. — I don't doubt you would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress. — I shan't do it; — I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in this. Besides, I have forgotten a good deal of it. I shall tell only what I like of what I remember.

My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of, to those who have eyes. I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend. There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin Place front-yards or borders; commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them. Then there are certain small seraglio gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences, — one in Myrtle Street, or backing on it, — here and there one at the North and South Ends. Then the great elms in Essex Street. Then the stately horse-chestnuts in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their outspread hands over your head (as I said in my poem the other day), and look as if they were whispering, "May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!" and the rest of that benediction. Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other, until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beat the pretty-behaved flower beds of Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatterdemalions playing pitch-and-toss beats a row of Sunday School boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colors relating to it. That is his way about everything. — I hold any man cheap, — he said, — of whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans. — How is that, Professor? said I; — I should have set you down for one of that sort. — Sir, said he, I am proud to say that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a duck without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of Luxembourg. And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner of many courses.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe, "What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back, "We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night, and whispers, — "Come with me." Then they go softly with it into the great city, —

one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried, — and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from moldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, "Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of the narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, "Wait awhile!" By and by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants — the smaller tribes always in front — saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner stone of the statehouse. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturable Nature!

— Let us cry! —

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it, — but she goes into all the corners and attends to the leaves as much as the covers. Books are the negative pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that, — that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water, — to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan pit, — to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float boards, — to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing sickness which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years, — to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium, and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study, with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love, — unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleas-

ant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon, with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak, indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit), as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, — Will you take the long path with me? — Certainly, — said the schoolmistress, — with much pleasure. — Think, — I said, — before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! — The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, — the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree. — Pray, sit down, — I said. — No, no, — she answered, softly; I will walk the long path with you!

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said very charmingly, "Good-morning, my dears!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891)

EMERSON THE LECTURER

It is a singular fact that Mr. Emerson is the most steadily attractive lecturer in America. Into that somewhat cold-waterish region adventurers of the sensational kind come down now and then with a splash, to become disregarded King Logs before the next season. But Mr. Emerson always draws. A lecturer now for something like a third of a century, one of the pioneers of the lecturing system, the charm of his voice, his manner, and his matter has never lost its power over his earlier hearers, and continually winds new ones in its enchanting meshes. What they do not fully understand they take on trust, and listen, saying to themselves, as the old poet of Sir Philip Sidney, —

> "A sweet, attractive, kind of grace,
> A full assurance given by looks,
> Continual comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of gospel books."

We call it a singular fact, because we Yankees are thought to be fond of the spread-eagle style, and nothing can be more remote from that than his. We are reckoned a practical folk, who would rather hear about a new air-tight stove than about Plato; yet our favorite teacher's practicality is not in the least of the Poor Richard variety. If he have any Buncombe constituency, it is that unrealized commonwealth of philosophers which Plotinus proposed to establish; and if he were to make an almanac, his directions to farmers would be something like this: "October: *Indian Summer;* now is the time to get in your early Vedas." What, then, is his secret? Is it not that he out-Yankees us all? that his range includes us all? that he is equally at home with the potato-disease and original sin, with pegging shoes and the Over-Soul? that, as we try all trades, so has he tried all cultures? and above all, that his mysticism gives us a counterpoise to our super-practicality?

There is no man living to whom, as a writer, so many of us feel and thankfully acknowledge so great an indebtedness for ennobling impulses, — none whom so many cannot abide. What does he mean? ask these last. Where is his system? What is the use of it all? What the deuce have we to do with Brahma? I do not propose to write an essay on Emerson at this time. I will only say that one may find grandeur and consolation in a starlit night without caring to ask what it means, save grandeur and consolation; one may like

Montaigne, as some ten generations before us have done, without thinking him so systematic as some more eminently tedious (or shall we say tediously eminent) authors; one may think roses as good in their way as cabbages, though the latter would make a better show in the witness-box, if cross-examined as to their usefulness; and as for Brahma, why, he can take care of himself, and won't bite us at any rate.

The bother with Mr. Emerson is, that, though he writes in prose, he is essentially a poet. If you undertake to paraphrase what he says, and to reduce it to words of one syllable for infant minds, you will make as sad work of it as the good monk with his analysis of Homer in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. We look upon him as one of the few men of genius whom our age has produced, and there needs no better proof of it than his masculine faculty of fecundating other minds. Search for his eloquence in his books and you will perchance miss it, but meanwhile you will find that it has kindled all your thoughts. For choice and pith of language he belongs to a better age than ours, and might rub shoulders with Fuller and Browne, — though he does use that abominable word *reliable*. His eye for a fine, telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the mud of Cotton Mather himself. A diction at once so rich and so homely as his I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like homespun cloth-of-gold. The many cannot miss his meaning, and only the few can find it. It is the open secret of all true genius. It is wholesome to angle in those profound pools, though one be rewarded with nothing more than the leap of a fish that flashes his freckled side in the sun and as suddenly absconds in the dark and dreamy waters again. There is keen excitement, though there be no ponderable acquisition. If we carry nothing home in our baskets, there is ample gain in dilated lungs and stimulated blood. What does he mean, quotha? He means inspiring hints, a divining-rod to your deeper nature. No doubt, Emerson, like all original men, has his peculiar audience, and yet I know none that can hold a promiscuous crowd in pleased attention as long as he. As in all original men, there is something for every palate. "Would you know," says Goethe, "the ripest cherries? Ask the boys and the blackbirds."

The announcement that such a pleasure as a new course of lectures by him is coming, to people as old as I am, is something like those forebodings of spring that prepare us every year for a familiar novelty, none the less novel, when it arrives, because it is familiar. We know perfectly well what we are to expect from Mr. Emerson, and yet what he says always penetrates and stirs us, as is apt to be the case with genius, in a very unlooked-for fashion. Perhaps genius is one of the few things which we gladly allow to repeat itself, — one of the few that multiply rather than weaken the force of their impression by iteration? Perhaps some of us hear more than the mere words, are moved by something deeper than the thoughts? If it be so, we are quite right, for it is thirty years and more of "plain living and high thinking" that speak to us in this altogether unique lay-preacher. We have shared in the beneficence of this varied culture, this fearless impartiality in criticism and speculation, this masculine sincerity, this sweetness of nature which rather stimulates than cloys, for a generation long. If ever there was a standing testimonial to the cumulative power and value of Character (and we need it sadly in these days), we have it in this gracious and dignified presence. What an antiseptic is a pure life! At sixty-five (or two years beyond his grand climacteric, as he would prefer to call it) he has that privilege of soul which abolishes the calendar, and presents him to us always the unwasted contemporary of his own prime. I do not know if he seem old to his younger hearers, but we who have known him so long wonder at the tenacity with which he maintains himself even in the outposts of youth. I suppose it is not the Emerson of 1868 to whom we listen. For us the whole life of the man is distilled in the clear drop of every sentence, and behind each word we divine the force of a noble character, the weight of a large capital of thinking and being. We do not go to hear what Emerson says so much as to hear Emerson. Not that we perceive any falling-off in anything that ever was essential to the charm of Mr. Emerson's peculiar style of thought or phrase. The first lecture, to be sure, was more disjointed even than common. It was as if, after vainly

trying to get his paragraphs into sequence and order, he had at last tried the desperate expedient of *shuffling* them. It was chaos come again, but it was a chaos full of shooting-stars, a jumble of creative forces. The second lecture, on "Criticism and Poetry," was quite up to the level of old times, full of that power of strangely subtle association whose indirect approaches startle the mind into almost painful attention, of those flashes of mutual understanding between speaker and hearer that are gone ere one can say it lightens. The vice of Emerson's criticism seems to be, that while no man is so sensitive to what is poetical, few men are less sensible than he of what makes a poem. He values the solid meaning of thought above the subtler meaning of style. He would prefer Donne, I suspect, to Spenser, and sometimes mistakes the queer for the original.

To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Van Buren. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his, so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with unhoped-for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern pictures on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sat so long that we had grown well-nigh contented in our cramps. And who that saw the audience will ever forget it, where every one still capable of fire, or longing to renew in himself the half-forgotten sense of it, was gathered? Those faces, young and old, agleam with pale intellectual light, eager with pleased attention, flash upon me once more from the deep recesses of the years with an exquisite pathos. Ah, beautiful young eyes, brimming with love and hope, wholly vanished now in that other world we call the Past, or peering doubtfully through the pensive gloaming of memory, your light impoverishes these cheaper days! I hear again that rustle of sensation, as they turned to exchange glances over some pithier thought, some keener flash of that humor which always played about the horizon of his mind like heat-lightning, and it seems now like the sad whisper of the autumn leaves that are whirling around me. But would my picture be complete if I forgot that ample and vegete countenance of Mr. R—— of W——, —how, from its regular post at the corner of the front bench, it turned in ruddy triumph to the profaner audience as if he were the inexplicably appointed fugleman of appreciation? I was reminded of him by those hearty cherubs in Titian's Assumption that look at you as who should say, "Did you ever see a Madonna like *that?* Did you ever behold one hundred and fifty pounds of womanhood mount heavenward before like a rocket?"

To some of us that long-past experience remains as the most marvellous and fruitful we have ever had. Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. It is the sound of the trumpet that the young soul longs for, careless what breath may fill it. Sidney heard it in the ballad of "Chevy Chase," and we in Emerson. Nor did it blow retreat, but called to us with assurance of victory. Did they say he was disconnected? So were the stars, that seemed larger to our eyes, still keen with that excitement, as we walked homeward with prouder stride over the creaking snow. And were *they* not knit together by a higher logic than our mere sense could master? Were we enthusiasts? I hope and believe we were, and am thankful to the man who made us worth something for once in our lives. If asked what was left? what we carried home? we should not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said that something beautiful had passed that way. Or we might have asked in return what one brought away from a symphony of Beethoven? Enough that he had set that

ferment of wholesome discontent at work in us. There is one, at least, of those old hearers, so many of whom are now in the fruition of that intellectual beauty of which Emerson gave them both the desire and the foretaste, who will always love to repeat: —

"Che in la mente m' è fitta, ed or m' accuora
La cara e buona immagine paterna
Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
M' insegnavaste come l'uom s' eterna."

I am unconsciously thinking, as I write, of the third lecture of the present course, in which Mr. Emerson gave some delightful reminiscences of the intellectual influences in whose movement he had shared. It was like hearing Goethe read some passages of the *Wahrheit aus seinem Leben.* Not that there was not a little *Dichtung,* too, here and there, as the lecturer built up so lofty a pedestal under certain figures as to lift them into a prominence of obscurity, and seem to masthead them there. Everybody was asking his neighbor who this or that recondite great man was, in the faint hope that somebody might once have heard of him. There are those who call Mr. Emerson cold. Let them revise their judgment in presence of this loyalty of his that can keep warm for half a century, that never forgets a friendship, or fails to pay even a fancied obligation to the uttermost farthing. This substantiation of shadows was but incidental, and pleasantly characteristic of the man to those who know and love him. The greater part of the lecture was devoted to reminiscences of things substantial in themselves. He spoke of Everett, fresh from Greece and Germany; of Channing; of the translations of Margaret Fuller, Ripley, and Dwight; of the *Dial* and Brook Farm. To what he said of the latter an undertone of good-humored irony gave special zest. But what every one of his hearers felt was that the protagonist in the drama was left out. The lecturer was no Æneas to babble the *quorum magna pars fui,* and, as one of his listeners, I cannot help wishing to say how each of them was commenting the story as it went along, and filling up the necessary gaps in it from his own private store of memories. His younger hearers could not know how much they owed to the benign impersonality, the quiet scorn of everything ignoble, the never-sated hunger of self-culture, that were personified in the man before them. But the older knew how much the country's intellectual emancipation was due to the stimulus of his teaching and example, how constantly he had kept burning the beacon of an ideal life above our lower region of turmoil. To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives. Those who are grateful to Mr. Emerson, as many of us are, for what they feel to be most valuable in their culture, or perhaps I should say their impulse, are grateful not so much for any direct teachings of his as for that inspiring lift which only genius can give, and without which all doctrine is chaff.

This was something like the *caret* which some of us older boys wished to fill up on the margin of the master's lecture. Few men have been so much to so many, and through so large a range of aptitudes and temperaments, and this simply because all of us value manhood beyond any or all other qualities of character. We may suspect in him, here and there, a certain thinness and vagueness of quality, but let the waters go over him as they list, this masculine fibre of his will keep its lively color and its toughness of texture. I have heard some great speakers and some accomplished orators, but never any that so moved and persuaded men as he. There is a kind of undertow in that rich baritone of his that sweeps our minds from their foothold into deeper waters with a drift we cannot and would not resist. And how artfully (for Emerson is a long-studied artist in these things) does the deliberate utterance, that seems waiting for the fit word, appear to admit us partners in the labor of thought and make us feel as if the glance of humor were a sudden suggestion, as if the perfect phrase lying written there on the desk were as unexpected to him as to us! In that closely filed speech of his at the Burns centenary dinner, every word seemed to have just dropped down to him from the clouds. He looked far away over the heads of his hearers, with a vague kind of expectation, as into some private heaven of invention, and the winged period came at last obedient to his spell. "My dainty Ariel!" he seemed murmuring to himself as he cast down his eyes as if in deprecation of the

frenzy of approval and caught another sentence from the Sibylline leaves that lay before him, ambushed behind a dish of fruit and seen only by nearest neighbors. Every sentence brought down the house, as I never saw one brought down before, — and it is not so easy to hit Scotsmen with a sentiment that has no hint of native brogue in it. I watched, for it was an interesting study, how the quick sympathy ran flashing from face to face down the long tables, like an electric spark thrilling as it went, and then exploded in a thunder of plaudits. I watched till tables and faces vanished, for I, too, found myself caught up in the common enthusiasm, and my excited fancy set me under the *bema* listening to him who fulmined over Greece. I can never help applying to him what Ben Jonson said of Bacon: "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke." Those who heard him while their natures were yet plastic, and their mental nerves trembled under the slightest breath of divine air, will never cease to feel and say: —

"Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travail long;
But eyes, and ears, and every thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS
(1824–1892)

"OUR BEST SOCIETY"

If gilt were only gold, or sugar-candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money upon *objets de vertu*, to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them cut in the height of the fashion; to build houses thirty feet abroad, as if they were palaces; to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of Parisian genius; to give superb banquets, at which your guests laugh, and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries, and crests, and coats of arms, to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife, and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a cobbler's daughter); to talk much of the "old families" and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society"; to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all this were fine, what a prodigiously fine society would ours be!

This occurred to us upon lately receiving a card of invitation to a brilliant ball. We were quietly ruminating over our evening fire, with Disraeli's Wellington speech, "all tears," in our hands; with the account of a great man's burial, and a little man's triumph across the channel. So many great men gone, we mused, and such great crises impending! This democratic movement in Europe; Kossuth and Mazzini waiting for the moment to give the word; the Russian bear watchfully sucking his paws; the Napoleonic empire *redivivus;* Cuba, and annexation, and slavery; California and Australia, and the consequent considerations of political economy; dear me! exclaimed we, putting on a fresh hodful of coal, we must look a little into the state of parties.

As we put down the coal scuttle, there was a knock at the door. We said, "Come in," and in came a neat Alhambra-watered envelop, containing the announcement that the queen of fashion was "at home" that evening week. Later in the evening, came a friend to smoke a cigar. The card was lying upon the table, and he read it with eagerness. "You'll go, of course," said he, "for you will meet all the 'best society.'"

Shall we, truly? Shall we really see the "best society of the city," the picked flower of its genius, character, and beauty? What makes the "best society" of men and women? The noblest specimens of each, of course. The men who mold the time, who refresh our faith in heroism and virtue, who make Plato, and Zeno, and Shakespeare, and all Shakespeare's gentlemen, possible again. The women, whose beauty, and sweetness, and dignity,

and high accomplishment, and grace make us understand the Greek mythology, and weaken our desire to have some glimpse of the most famous women of history. The "best society" is that in which the virtues are most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long-suffering, modest, and innocent. The "best society" is, by its very name, that in which there is the least hypocrisy and insincerity of all kinds, which recoils from, and blasts, artificiality, which is anxious to be all that it is possible to be, and which sternly reprobates all shallow pretense, all coxcombry and foppery, and insists upon simplicity as the infallible characteristic of true worth. That is the "best society" which comprises the best men and women.

Had we recently arrived from the moon we might, upon hearing that we were to meet the "best society," have fancied that we were about to enjoy an opportunity not to be overvalued. But, unfortunately, we were not so freshly arrived. We had received other cards, and had perfected our toilette many times to meet this same society, so magnificently described, and had found it the least "best" of all. Who compose it? Whom shall we meet if we go to this ball? We shall meet three classes of persons: firstly, those who are rich, and who have all that money can buy; secondly, those who belong to what are technically called "the good old families," because some ancestor was a man of mark in the state or country, or was very rich, and has kept the fortune in the family; and, thirdly, a swarm of youths who can dance dexterously, and who are invited for that purpose. Now these are all arbitrary and factitious distinctions upon which to found so profound a social difference as that which exists in American, or, at least in New York, society. First, as a general rule, the rich men of every community who make their own money are not the most generally intelligent and cultivated. They have a shrewd talent which secures a fortune, and which keeps them closely at the work of amassing from their youngest years until they are old. They are sturdy men of simple tastes often. Sometimes, though rarely, very generous, but necessarily with an altogether false and exaggerated idea of the importance of money. They are a rather rough, unsympathetic, and, perhaps, selfish class, who, themselves, despise purple and fine linen, and still prefer a cot bed and a bare room, although they may be worth millions. But they are married to scheming, or ambitious or disappointed women, whose life is a prolonged pageant, and they are dragged hither and thither in it, are bled of their golden blood, and forced into a position they do not covet and which they despise. Then there are the inheritors of wealth. How many of them inherit the valiant genius and hard frugality which built up their fortunes; how many acknowledge the stern and heavy responsibility of their opportunities; how many refuse to dream their lives away in a Sybarite luxury; how many are smitten with the lofty ambition of achieving an enduring name by works of a permanent value; how many do not dwindle into dainty dilettanti, and dilute their manhood with factitious sentimentality instead of a hearty, human sympathy; how many are not satisfied with having the fastest horses and the "crackest" carriages, and an unlimited wardrobe, and a weak affectation and puerile imitation of foreign life?

And who are these of our secondly, these "old families"? The spirit of our time and of our country knows no such thing, but the habitué of "society" hears constantly of "a good family." It means simply the collective mass of children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, and descendants of some man who deserved well of his country, and whom his country honors. But sad is the heritage of a great name! The son of Burke will inevitably be measured by Burke. The niece of Pope must show some superiority to other women (so to speak), or her equality is inferiority. The feeling of men attributes some magical charm to blood, and we look to see the daughter of Helen as fair as her mother, and the son of Shakespeare musical as his sire. If they are not so, if they are merely names, and common persons — if there is no Burke, nor Shakespeare, nor Washington, nor Bacon, in their words, or actions, or lives, then we must pity them, and pass gently on, not upbraiding them, but regretting that it is one of the laws of greatness that it dwindles all things in its vicinity which would otherwise show large enough. Nay, in our regard for the great man, we may even admit to a compassionate honor, as pensioners upon our charity, those who

bear and transmit his name. But if these heirs should presume upon that fame, and claim any precedence of living men and women because their dead grandfather was a hero — they must be shown the door directly. We should dread to be born a Percy, or a Colonna, or a Bonaparte. We should not like to be the second Duke of Wellington, nor Charles Dickens, Jr. It is a terrible thing, one would say, to a mind of honorable feeling, to be pointed out as somebody's son, or uncle, or granddaughter, as if the excellence were all derived. It must be a little humiliating to reflect that if your great uncle had not been somebody, you would be nobody — that, in fact, you are only a name, and that, if you should consent to change it for the sake of a fortune, as is sometimes done, you would cease to be anything but a rich man. "My father was President, or Governor of the State," some pompous man may say. But, by Jupiter! king of gods and men, what are you? is the instinctive response. Do you not see, our pompous friend, that you are only pointing your own unimportance? If your father was Governor of the State, what right have you to use that fact only to fatten your self-conceit? Take care, good care; for whether you say it by your lips or by your life, that withering response awaits you — "then what are you?" If your ancestor was great, you are under bonds to greatness. If you are small, make haste to learn it betimes, and, thanking heaven that your name has been made illustrious, retire into a corner and keep it, at least, untarnished.

Our thirdly, is a class made by sundry French tailors, bootmakers, dancing masters, and Mr. Brown. They are a *corps de ballet*, for the use of private entertainments. They are fostered by society for the use of young debutantes, and hardier damsels, who have dared two or three years of the "tight" polka. They are cultivated for their heels, not their heads. Their life begins at ten o'clock in the evening and lasts until four in the morning. They go home and sleep until nine; then they reel, sleepy, to countinghouses and offices, and doze on desks until dinnertime. Or, unable to do that, they are actively at work all day, and their cheeks grow pale, and their lips thin, and their eyes bloodshot and hollow, and they drag themselves home at evening to catch a nap until the ball begins, or to dine and smoke at their club, and be very manly with punches and coarse stories; and then to rush into hot and glittering rooms and seize very décolleté girls closely around the waist, and dash with them around an area of stretched linen, saying in the panting pauses: "How very hot it is!" "How very pretty Miss Podge looks!" "What a good redowa!" "Are you going to Mrs. Potiphar's?"

Is this the assembled flower of manhood and womanhood, called "best society," and to see which is so envied a privilege? If such are the elements, can we be long in arriving at the present state, and necessary future condition of parties? * * *

We went to the brilliant ball. There was too much of everything. Too much light, and eating, and drinking, and dancing, and flirting, and dressing, and feigning, and smirking, and much too many people. Good taste insists first upon fitness. But why had Mrs. Potiphar given this ball? We inquired industriously, and learned it was because she did not give one last year. Is it then essential to do this thing biennially? inquired we with some trepidation. "Certainly," was the bland reply, "or society will forget you." Everybody was unhappy at Mrs. Potiphar's, save a few girls and boys, who danced violently all the evening. Those who did not dance walked up and down the rooms as well as they could, squeezing by nondancing ladies, causing them to swear in their hearts as the brusque broadcloth carried away the light outworks of gauze and gossamer. The dowagers, ranged in solid phalanx, occupied all the chairs and sofas against the wall, and fanned themselves until supper-time, looking at each other's diamonds, and criticising the toilettes of the younger ladies, each narrowly watching her peculiar Polly Jane, that she did not betray too much interest in any man who was not of a certain fortune. It is the cold, vulgar truth, madam, nor are we in the slightest degree exaggerating. Elderly gentlemen, twisting single gloves in a very wretched manner, came up and bowed to the dowagers, and smirked, and said it was a pleasant party, and a handsome house, and then clutched their hands behind them, and walked miserably away, looking as affable as possible. And the dowagers

made a little fun of the elderly gentlemen, among themselves, as they walked away. * * *

From these groups we passed into the dancing room. We have seen dancing in other countries, and dressing. We have certainly never seen gentlemen dance so easily, gracefully, and well, as the American. But the style of dancing, in its whirl, its rush, its fury, is only equaled by that of the masked balls at the French opera, and the balls at the *Salle Valentino,* the *Jardin Mabille,* the *Chateau Rouge,* and other favorite resorts of Parisian grisettes and lorettes. We saw a few young men looking upon the dance very soberly, and, upon inquiry, learned that they were engaged to certain ladies of the *corps de ballet.* Nor did we wonder that the spectacle of a young woman whirling in a décolleté state, and in the embrace of a warm youth, around a heated room induced a little sobriety upon her lover's face, if not a sadness in his heart. Amusement, recreation, enjoyment! There are no more beautiful things. But this proceeding falls under another head. We watched the various toilettes of these bounding belles. They were rich and tasteful. But a man at our elbow, of experience and shrewd observation, said with a sneer for which we called him to account: "I observe that American ladies are so rich in charms that they are not at all chary of them. It is certainly generous to us miserable black coats. But, do you know, it strikes me as a generosity of display that must necessarily leave the donor poorer in maidenly feeling." We thought ourselves cynical, but this was intolerable; and in a very crisp manner we demanded an apology.

"Why," responded our friend, with more of sadness than satire in his tone, "why are you so exasperated? Look at this scene! Consider that this is really the life of these girls. This is what they 'come out' for. This is the end of their ambition. They think of it, dream of it, long for it. Is it amusement? Yes, to a few possibly. But listen and gather, if you can, from their remarks (when they make any) that they have any thought beyond this and going to church very rigidly on Sunday. The vigor of polking and church-going are proportioned; as is the one so is the other. My young friend, I am no ascetic, and do not suppose a man is damned because he dances. But life is not a ball (more's the pity, truly, for these butterflies), nor is its sole duty and delight dancing. When I consider this spectacle, — when I remember what a noble and beautiful woman is, what a manly man, — when I reel, dazzled by this glare, drunken by these perfumes, confused by this alluring music, and reflect upon the enormous sums wasted in a pompous profusion that delights no one, — when I look around upon all this rampant vulgarity in tinsel and Brussels lace, and think how fortunes go, how men struggle and lose the bloom of their honesty, how women hide in a smiling pretense, and eye with caustic glances their neighbor's newer house, diamonds, or porcelains, and observe their daughters, such as these, — why, I tremble, and tremble, and this scene to-night, every 'crack' ball this winter, will be, not the pleasant society of men and women, but — even in this young country — an orgie such as rotting Corinth saw, a frenzied festival of Rome in its decadence." * * *

And what, think you, is the influence of this extravagant expense and senseless show upon these same young men and women? We can easily discover. It saps their noble ambition, assails their health, lowers their estimate of men, and their reverence for women, cherishes an eager and aimless rivalry, weakens true feeling, wipes away the bloom of true modesty, and induces an ennui, a satiety, and a kind of dilettante misanthropy, which is only the more monstrous because it is undoubtedly real. You shall hear young men of intelligence and cultivation, to whom the unprecedented circumstances of this country offer opportunities of a great and beneficent career, complaining that they were born within this blighted circle; regretting that they were not bakers and tallow chandlers, and under no obligation to keep up appearances; deliberately surrendering all the golden possibilities of that future which this country, beyond all others, holds before them; sighing that they are not rich enough to marry the girls they love, and bitterly upbraiding fortune that they are not millionaires; suffering the vigor of their years to exhale in idle wishes and pointless regrets; disgracing their manhood by lying in wait behind their "so gentlemanly" and "aristocratic" man-

ners, until they can pounce upon a "fortune" and ensnare an heiress into matrimony: and so, having dragged their gifts — their horses of the sun — into a service which shames out of them all their native pride and power, they sink in the mire; and their peers and emulators exclaim that they have "made a good thing of it." * * *

Venice in her purple prime of luxury, when the famous law was passed making all gondolas black, that the nobles should not squander fortunes upon them, was not more luxurious than New York to-day. Our hotels have a superficial splendor, derived from a profusion of gilt and paint, wood and damask. Yet, in not one of them can the traveler be so quietly comfortable as in an English inn, and nowhere in New York can the stranger procure a dinner, at once so neat and elegant and economical, as at scores of cafés in Paris. The fever of display has consumed comfort. A gondola plated with gold was no easier than a black wooden one. We could well spare a little gilt upon the walls for more cleanliness upon the public table; nor is it worth while to cover the walls with mirrors to reflect a want of comfort. One prefers a wooden bench to a greasy velvet cushion, and a sanded floor to a soiled and threadbare carpet. An insipid uniformity is the Procrustes bed, upon which "society" is stretched. Every new house is the counterpart of every other, with the exception of more gilt, if the owner can afford it. The interior arrangement, instead of being characteristic, instead of revealing something of the tastes and feelings of the owner, is rigorously conformed to every other interior. The same hollow and tame complaisance rules in the intercourse of society. Who dares say precisely what he thinks upon a great topic? What youth ventures to say sharp things of slavery, for instance, at a polite dinner-table? What girl dares wear curls, when Martelle prescribes puffs or bandeaux? What specimen of young America dares have his trowsers loose or wear straps to them? We want individuality, heroism, and, if necessary, an uncompromising persistence in difference.

This is the present state of parties. They are wildly extravagant, full of senseless display; they are avoided by the pleasant and intelligent, and swarm with reckless regiments of "Brown's men." The ends of the earth contribute their choicest products to the supper, and there is everything that wealth can purchase, and all the spacious splendor that thirty feet front can afford. They are hot, and crowded, and glaring. There is a little weak scandal, venomous, not witty, and a stream of weary platitude, mortifying to every sensible person. Will any of our Pendennis friends intermit their indignation for a moment, and consider how many good things they have said or heard during the season? If Mr. Potiphar's eyes should chance to fall here, will he reckon the amount of satisfaction and enjoyment he derived from Mrs. Potiphar's ball, and will that lady candidly confess what she gained from it beside weariness and disgust? What eloquent sermons we remember to have heard in which the sins and the sinners of Babylon, Jericho, and Gomorrah were scathed with holy indignation. The cloth is very hard upon Cain, and completely routs the erring kings of Judah. The Spanish Inquisition, too, gets frightful knocks, and there is much eloquent exhortation to preach the Gospel in the interior of Siam. Let it be preached there and God speed the Word! But also let us have a text or two in Broadway and the Avenue.

The best sermon ever preached upon society, within our knowledge, is "Vanity Fair." Is the spirit of that story less true of New York than of London? Probably we never see Amelia at our parties, nor Lieutenant George Osborne, nor good gawky Dobbin, nor Mrs. Rebecca Sharp Crawley, nor old Steyne. We are very much pained, of course, that any author should take such dreary views of human nature. We, for our parts, all go to Mrs. Potiphar's to refresh our faith in men and women. Generosity, amiability, a catholic charity, simplicity, taste, sense, high cultivation, and intelligence, distinguish our parties. The statesman seeks their stimulating influence; the literary man, after the day's labor, desires the repose of their elegant conversation; the professional man and the merchant hurry up from down town to shuffle off the coil of heavy duty, and forget the drudgery of life in the agreeable picture of its amenities and graces presented by Mrs. Potiphar's ball. Is this account of the matter, or "Vanity Fair," the satire? What are the prospects

of any society of which that tale is the true history?

There is a picture in the Luxembourg gallery at Paris, "The Decadence of the Romans," which made the fame and fortune of Couture, the painter. It represents an orgy in the court of a temple, during the last days of Rome. A swarm of revelers occupy the middle of the picture, wreathed in elaborate intricacy of luxurious posture, men and women intermingled; their faces, in which the old Roman fire scarcely flickers, brutalized with excess of every kind; their heads of dishevelled hair bound with coronals of leaves, while, from goblets of an antique grace, they drain the fiery torrent which is destroying them. Around the bacchanalian feast stand, lofty upon pedestals, the statues of old Rome, looking, with marble calmness and the severity of a rebuke beyond words, upon the revelers. A youth of boyish grace, with a wreath woven in his tangled hair, and with red and drowsy eyes, sits listless upon one pedestal, while upon another stands a boy insane with drunkenness, and proffering a dripping goblet to the marble mouth of the statue. In the corner of the picture, as if just quitting the court — Rome finally departing — is a group of Romans with careworn brows, and hands raised to their faces in melancholy meditation. In the foreground of the picture, which is painted with all the sumptuous splendor of Venetian art, is a stately vase, around which hangs a festoon of gorgeous flowers, its end dragging upon the pavement. In the background, between the columns, smiles the blue sky of Italy — the only thing Italian not deteriorated by time. The careful student of this picture, if he have long been in Paris, is some day startled by detecting, especially in the faces of the women represented, a surprising likeness to the women of Paris, and perceives, with a thrill of dismay, that the models for this picture of decadent human nature are furnished by the very city in which he lives.

CHARLES A. DANA (1819–1897)

ON THE DEATH OF ROSCOE CONKLING

The most picturesque, striking, and original figure of American politics disappears in the death of Roscoe Conkling. Alike powerful and graceful in person, he towered above the masses of men in the elasticity of his talents and the peculiarities and resources of his mental constitution as much as he did in form and bearing. Yet his career cannot be called a great success, and he was not a great man.

But he was an object of love and admiration to an extraordinary circle of friends, including not alone those who shared his opinions, but many who were utterly opposed to them. He was by nature a zealous partisan, and it was his inclination to doubt the good sense and the disinterestedness of those who were on the other side; but, nevertheless, the strongest instinct of his nature was friendship, and his attachments stood the test of every trial except such as trenched upon his own personality. This he guarded with the swift jealousy of most intense selfhood, and no one could in any way impinge upon it and remain his friend. Then, his resentments were more lasting and more unchangeable than his friendships. This, in our judgment, was the great weakness of the man. Who can say that in his inmost heart Conkling did not deplore it? At any rate, the candid observer who sums up his history, must deplore it for him. "And the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

For a long period Mr. Conkling was a great political power in New York and in the country. This was during the culmination of General Grant. Originally Conkling was not friendly to Grant, and when the latter appointed his first Cabinet, the Senator's condemnation was unreserved and stinging. This attitude was maintained during nearly the whole of Grant's first year in the presidency. At that time Senator Fenton stood near the President and dispensed the political bounty of the administration. This Conkling could not endure, and when Congress met in December, 1869, he was full of war. But it soon got abroad that Fenton was a candidate for the presidency. This settled the difficulty and brought the rival Senator into intimate relations with the President. This position he ever afterward maintained, and it formed the most successful, and to himself the most satisfactory, portion of his life. When Grant was finally defeated at Chicago in 1880, and all hopes

of his restoration to the White House were obliterated, the Senator soon abandoned the field of his renown, and went back to the disappointments and struggles of private life.

As we have said, friendship was the greatest positive force in Mr. Conkling's character, and there never was any hesitation or any meanness in his bestowal of it. In this respect he was the most democratic of men. He was just as warmly devoted to persons holding low places in the social scale as to the great and powerful, and he was just as scrupulous in his observation of all the duties of a friend toward the one kind of people as toward the other. There was nothing snobbish about him. He would go as far and exert himself as greatly to serve a poor man who was his friend, as to serve one who was rich and mighty. This disposition he carried into politics. He had very little esteem for office-giving as a political method; but if a friend of his wanted a place he would get it for him if he could. But no important politician in New York ever had fewer men appointed on the ground that they were his friends or supporters. His intense and lofty pride could not thus debase itself.

It is esteemed a high thing that with all the power he wielded, and the opportunities opened to him under a President the least scrupulous ever known in our history as regards jobbery and corruption, Mr. Conkling never pocketed a copper of indecent and dishonorable gain in the course of his public life. It is a high thing, indeed, and his bitterest enemies cannot diminish the lustre of the fact. The practice of public robbery was universal. Thievery was rampant everywhere in the precincts of the administration. The Secretary of the Navy plundered millions. The Secretary of War sold public places and put the swag in his pocket. The Secretary of the Interior was forced by universal indignation to resign his ill-used office. The private secretaries of the President dealt in whisky that defrauded the revenue. The vast gambling scheme of Black Friday had its fulcrum within the portals of the White House, and counted the President's own family among its conspirators. It was a period of shameless, ineffable, unblushing villainy pervading the highest circles of public power. And while all Republican statesmen, leaders, and journalists knew it, condoned it, defended it even, the best they could, Mr. Conkling was the special spokesman, advocate, and orator of the Administration which was the creator of a situation so unprecedented and revolting. But while he thus lived and moved in the midst of corruption, he was not touched by it himself. The protector of brigands and scoundrels before the tribunal of public opinion, he had no personal part in their crimes and no share in their spoils. As the poet went through hell without a smutch upon his garments, so the proud Senator, bent chiefly upon the endurance of the Republican party, came out of that epoch of public dishonesty as honest and as stainless as he entered it.

In the records of the higher statesmanship it cannot be said that there is very much to the credit of Mr. Conkling's account. As a parliamentary champion he had perhaps no superior; but others appear to have originated and perfected the measures to which in either House of Congress he gave the support of his potent logic, fertile illustration, aggressive repartee, and scathing sarcasm. We do not now recall a single one of the great and momentous acts of Congress which were passed in his time of which he can certainly be pronounced the author. Yet his activity was prodigious, and it was a strange freak of his complicated character to bring before the House or Senate, through others, propositions which he thought essential. His hand could often be recognized in motions and resolutions offered on all sides of the chamber, and often by members with whom he was not known to be familiar.

The courage of Mr. Conkling, moral as well as personal, was of a heroic strain. After his mind was made up he feared no odds and he asked no favor. He dared to stand out against his own party, and he, a Republican, had the nerve to confront and defy the utmost power of a Republican administration. There was something magnanimous, too, in the way he bore misfortune. After the death of a distinguished man with whom he had been very intimate, it was ascertained that his estate, instead of being wealthy, was bankrupt. Mr. Conkling was an indorser of his notes for a large sum of money, and saying calmly, "He would have done as much for me," he set himself to the laborious task of

earning the means to pay off the debt. He paid it in no long time, and we don't believe that any man ever heard him murmur at the necessity.

In social life Mr. Conkling endeared himself to his intimates, not only by the qualities which we have endeavored to describe and humor — sometimes rather ponderous — with which it was seasoned, and by the stores of knowledge which he revealed. His reading had been extensive, especially in English literature, and his memory was surprisingly tenacious. Many of the most impressive passages of oratory and of literature he could repeat by heart. He was fond of social discussion on all sorts of questions and liked no one the less who courteously disagreed with him.

As a lawyer, we suppose that his great ability was in cross-examination and with juries. The exigencies and the discursive usage of political life prevented that arduous, persevering application to pure law which is necessary to make a great jurist; but his intellectual powers were so vigorous and so accurate that he made up the deficiencies of training and habit, and no one can doubt that if he had given himself to the law alone, he would have gained a position of the very highest distinction. As it was, the most eminent counsel always knew that he had a formidable antagonist when Mr. Conkling was against him; and every court listened to his arguments, not merely with respect, but with instruction.

We shall be told, of course, that the supreme fault of this extraordinary mind was imperfection of judgment; and when we consider how largely his actions were controlled by pride and passion, and especially by resentment, we must admit that the criticism is not wholly without foundation. There was also in his manner too much that might justify the belief that often he was posing for effect, like an actor on the stage; and we shall not dispute that so at times it may have been. But there are so few men who are entirely free from imperfection, and so many who inherit from their ancestors characteristics which ought to be disapproved, that we may well overlook them when they are combined with noble and admirable gifts. And after all has been said, even those whom he opposed most strenuously, and scorned or resisted most unrelentingly, may remember that we all are human, while they let fall a tear and breathe a prayer to heaven as the bier of Roscoe Conkling passes on its way to the grave.

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837–1921)

LEAVES OF GRASS

STANDARD OF THE NATURAL UNIVERSAL

What is the reason that the inexorable and perhaps deciding standard by which poems, and other productions of art, must be tried, after the application of all minor tests, is the standard of absolute Nature? The question can hardly be answered, but the answer may be hinted at. The standard of form, for instance, is presented by Nature, out of the prevailing shapes of her growths, and appears to perfection in the human body. All the forms in art, sculpture, architecture, etc., follow it. Of course the same in colors; and, in fact, the same even in music, though more human and carried higher.

But a nearer hint still. The same moral elements and qualities that exist in man in a conscious state, exist, says the great German philosopher, in manifold material Nature, and all her products, in an unconscious state. Powerful and susceptible men — in other words, poets, naturally so — have an affiliation and identity with the material Nature in its entirety and parts, that the majority of people (including most especially intellectual persons) cannot begin to understand; so passionate is it, and so convertible seems to be the essence of the demonstrative human spirit, with the undemonstrative spirit of the hill and wood, the river, field, and sky.

I know that, at first sight, certain works of art, in some branches, do not exhibit this identity and controvertibility. But it needs only a little trouble and thought to trace them. I assert that every true work of art has arisen, primarily, out of its maker, apart from his talent of manipulation, being filled fuller than other men with this passionate affiliation and identity with Nature. Then I go a step further, and, without being an artist myself, I feel that every good artist of any age would join me in subordinating the

most vaunted beauties of the best artificial productions, to the daily and hourly beauty of the shows and objects of outward Nature. I mean inclusively, the objects of Nature in their human relations.

To him that is pregnable, the rocks, the hills, the evening, the grassy bank, the young trees and old trees, the various subtle dynamic forces, the sky, the seasons, the birds, the domestic animals, etc., furnish intimate and precious relations at first hand, which nothing at second hand can supply. Their spirit affords to man's spirit, I sometimes think, its only inlet to clear views of the highest Philosophy and Religion. Only in their spirit can he himself have health, sweetness, and proportion; and only in their spirit can he give any essentially sound judgment of a poem, no matter what the subject of it may be.

But it seems to me that the spirit or influence I allude to is, in our age, entirely lacking, either as an inspirer, or any part of the inspiration of poems, or as a part of the critical faculty which judges them, or judges of any work of art. We have swarms of little poetlings, producing swarms of soft and sickly little rhymelets, on a par with the feeble caliber and vague and puerile inward melancholy, and outward affectation and small talk, of that genteel mob called "society." We have, also, more or less of statues and statuettes, and plenty of architecture and upholstery, and filigree work, very pretty and ornamental, and fit for those who are fit for it. But everything, in any of these fields, contributed at first hand, in the spirit I have spoken of, or able to give tonic and elevating results to the people, we certainly have not. Who thinks of it? Who comes forward capable of producing it? Who even realizes the necessity of producing it?

The whole stress of Walt Whitman is the supply of what is wanted in this direction. He possesses almost to excess the quality in which our imaginative writers and artists are all and each of them barren. The inspiration of the facts *per se* to the human body, and of rude abysmal man, are upon him; and he speaks out of them without being diverted a moment by the current conventions, or any inquiry as to what is the literary mode, or what the public taste.

He says plainly enough: I do not wish to speak from the atmosphere of books, or art, or the parlor; nor in the interest of the elegant and conventional modes. I pitch my voice in the open air.

"Not for an embroiderer:
(There will always be plenty of embroiderers — I welcome them also);
But for the fiber of things, and for inherent men and women.
Not to chisel ornaments,
But to chisel with free stroke the heads and limbs of plenteous Supreme Gods, that The States may realize them, walking and talking."

Who is the great poet, and where the perfect poem? Nature itself is the only perfect poem, and the Kosmos is the only great poet. The Kosmos:

"Who includes diversity, and is Nature,
Who is the amplitude of the earth, and the coarseness and sexuality of the earth, and the great charity of the earth, and the equilibrium also,
Who has not look'd forth from the windows, the eyes, for nothing, or whose brain held audience with messengers for nothing;
Who contains believers and disbelievers — Who is the most majestic lover;
Who holds duly his or her triune proportion of realism, spiritualism, and of the æsthetic, or intellectual,
Who, having consider'd the Body, finds all its organs and parts good;
Who, out of the theory of the earth, and of his or her body, understands by subtle analogies all other theories,
The theory of a city, a poem, and of the large politics of These States."

The image Walt Whitman seems generally to have in his mind is that of the Earth, "round, rolling, compact," and he aims to produce effects analogous to those produced by it; to address the mind as the landscape or the mountains, or ideas of space or time, address it; not to excite admiration by fine and minute effects, but to feed the mind by exhibitions of power; to make demands upon it, like those made by Nature; to give it the grasp and wholesomeness which come from contact with realities; to vitalize it by bringing to bear upon it material forms, and the width of the globe, as the atmosphere bears upon the blood through the lungs; working always by indirections, and depending on a corresponsive working of the mind that reads or hears, with the mind that produces, as the female with the male; careless of mere art, yet loyally achieving the

effects of highest art; not unmindful of details, yet subordinating everything to the total effect.

Yet no modern book of poems says so little about Nature, or contains so few compliments to her. Its subject, from beginning to end, is Man, and whatever pertains to or grows out of him; the facts of mechanics, the life of cities and farms, and the various trades and occupations. What I describe, therefore, must be sought in its interior. The poet is not merely an observer of Nature, but is immersed in her, and from thence turns his gaze upon people, upon the age, and upon America. Heretofore, we have had Nature talked of and discussed; these poems approximate to a direct utterance of Nature herself.

From this comes, in a sense, the male principle of the book, which gives that erect, proud, aggressive, forenoon character, the opposite of dallying, or sentimentalism, or poetic sweetness, or reclining at ease — but which tallies a man's rude health and strength, and goes forward with sinewy life and action. From the same source also comes that quality of the book which makes it, on the surface, almost as little literary or recondite as the rocks and the trees are, or as a spring morning is. Yet a careful analysis shows that the author has certainly wrought with all the resources of literary composition at command. In the same degree that the book is great in a primordial, aboriginal sense, is it great in a Goethean, Emersonian literary sense. It touches and includes both extremes; not only is the bottom here, but the top also; not only all that science can give, but more besides. No doubt this fact greatly misled the critics, who failed to discriminate between mere wildness and savagery, as waiting for science and culture, and that vital sympathy with Nature, and freedom from conventional literary restraint, which comes only with the fullest science and culture, and which is one of the distinguishing features of our author.

Of the current condition of criticism in this country, the future literary historian will need no more painful or decisive proof than the fact that a production like *Leaves of Grass* could pass as merely a crude and awkward attempt at poetry, by an unlettered man, perhaps a common laborer, who (it was graciously admitted), with the advantages of "culture" and "good society," might have made sleek little rhymes, like his contemporaries. I know the common rule that aspirants to literary fame must be measured by the standards of art and literature in vogue at the time. But when a man comes who justifies new standards and principles, the question then is, not whether he can stand the tests of the academy, but whether the academy can stand his tests. * * *

The highest art is not to express art, but to express life and communicate power. Let those persons who have been so fast to criticize *Leaves of Grass* in this respect reflect if Nature is not open to the same objections, and if the living figure be not less than the marble statue, because it does not stimulate the art faculty. Both readers and writers need to be told that a poet may propose to himself higher ends than lace or needlework. Modern verse does not express the great liberating power of Art, but only its conventional limitations, and the elegant finish of details to which society runs. It never once ceases to appeal directly to that part of the mind which is cognizant of mere form — form denoted by regular lines. It is never so bold as music, which in the analysis is discord, but the synthesis harmony; and falls far short of painting, which puts in masses of subdued color to one brilliant point, and which is forever escaping out of mere form into vista.

To accuse Walt Whitman, therefore, of want of art, is to overlook his generic quality, and shows ignorance of the ends for which Nature and Time exist to the mind. He has the art which surrounds all art, as the sphere holds all form. He works, it may be said, after the pure method of Nature, and nothing less; and includes not only the artist of the beautiful, but forestalls the preacher and the moralist by his synthesis and kosmical integrity.

Dating mainly from Wordsworth and his school, there is in modern literature, and especially in current poetry, a great deal of what is technically called Nature. Indeed it might seem that this subject was worn threadbare long ago, and that something else was needed. The word Nature, now, to most readers, suggests only some flower bank, or summer cloud, or pretty scene that appeals to the sentiments. None of this is in Walt Whitman. And it

is because he corrects this false, artificial Nature, and shows me the real article, that I hail his appearance as the most important literary event of our times.

Wordsworth was truly a devout and loving observer of Nature, and perhaps has indicated more surely than any other poet the healthful moral influence of the milder aspects of rural scenery. But to have spoken in the full spirit of the least fact which he describes would have rent him to atoms. To have accepted Nature in her entirety, as the absolutely good and the absolutely beautiful, would have been to him tantamount to moral and intellectual destruction. He is simply a rural and metaphysical poet whose subjects are drawn mostly from Nature, instead of from society, or the domain of romance; and he tells in so many words what he sees and feels in the presence of natural objects. He has definite aim, like a preacher or moralist as he was, and his effects are nearer akin to those of pretty vases and parlor ornaments than to trees or hills.

In Nature everything is held in solution; there are no discriminations, or failures, or ends; there is no poetry or philosophy — but there is that which is better, and which feeds the soul, diffusing itself through the mind in calm and equable showers. To give the analogy of this in the least degree was not the success of Wordsworth. Neither has it been the success of any of the so-called poets of Nature since his time. Admirable as many of these poets are in some respects, they are but visiting-card callers upon Nature, going to her for tropes and figures only. In the products of the lesser fry of them I recognize merely a small toying with Nature — a kind of sentimental flirtation with birds and butterflies.

I am aware, also, that the Germanic literary "storm and stress periods," during the latter part of the last century, screamed vehemently for "Nature" too; but they knew not what they said. The applauded works of that period and place were far from the spirit of Nature, which is health, not disease.

If it appears that I am devoting my pages to the exclusive consideration of literature from the point of view of Nature and the spirit of Nature, it is not because I am unaware of other and very important standards and points of view. But these others, at the present day, need no urging, nor even a statement from me. Their claims are not only acknowledged — they tyrannize out of all proportion. The standards of Nature apply just as much to what is called artificial life, all that belongs to cities and to modern manufactures and machinery, and the life rising out of them. Walt Whitman's poems, though entirely gathered, as it were, under the banner of the Natural Universe, include, for themes, as has been already stated, all modern artificial combinations, and the facts of machinery, trades, &c. These are an essential part of his chants. It is, indeed, all the more indispensable to resume and apply to these, the genuine standards.

Our civilization is not an escape from Nature, but a mastery over, and following out of, Nature. We do not keep the air and the sunlight out of our houses, but only the rain and the cold; and the untamed and unrefined elements of the earth are just as truly the sources of our health and strength as they are of the savages. In speaking of Walt Whitman's poetry, I do not mean raw, unreclaimed Nature. I mean the human absorption of Nature like the earths in fruit and grain, or in the animal economy. The dominant facts of his poetry, carried out strictly and invariably from these principles, are Life, Love, and the Immortal identity of the Soul. Here he culminates, and here are the regions where, in all his themes, after reading them, he finally ascends with them, soaring high and cleaving the heavens.

JOHN MUIR (1838–1914)

THE SIERRA NEVADA

Go where you may within the bounds of California, mountains are ever in sight, charming and glorifying every landscape. Yet so simple and massive is the topography of the State in general views, that the main central portion displays only one valley, and two chains of mountains which seem almost perfectly regular in trend and height: the Coast Range on the west side, the Sierra Nevada on the east. These two ranges coming together in curves on the north and south inclose a magnificent basin, with a level floor more

than 400 miles long, and from 35 to 60 miles wide. This is the grand Central Valley of California, the waters of which have only one outlet to the sea through the Golden Gate. But with this general simplicity of features there is great complexity of hidden detail. The Coast Range, rising as a grand green barrier against the ocean, from 2000 to 8000 feet high, is composed of innumerable forest-crowned spurs, ridges, and rolling hill-waves which inclose a multitude of small valleys; some looking out through long, forest-lined vistas to the sea; others, with but few trees, to the Central Valley; while a thousand others yet smaller are embosomed and concealed in mild, round-browed hills, each with its own climate, soil, and production.

Making your way through the mazes of the Coast Range to the summit of any of the inner peaks or passes opposite San Francisco, in the clear spring-time, the grandest and most telling of all California landscapes is outspread before you. At your feet lies the great Central Valley glowing golden in the sunshine, extending north and south farther than the eye can reach, one smooth, flowery, lake-like bed of fertile soil. Along its eastern margin rises the mighty Sierra, miles in height, reposing like a smooth, cumulous cloud in the sunny sky, and so gloriously colored, and so luminous, it seems to be not clothed with light, but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city. Along the top, and extending a good way down, you see a pale, pearl-gray belt of snow; and below it a belt of blue and dark purple, marking the extension of the forests; and along the base of the range a broad belt of rose-purple and yellow, where lie the miner's gold-fields and the foot-hill gardens. All these colored belts blending smoothly make a wall of light ineffably fine, and as beautiful as a rainbow, yet firm as adamant.

When I first enjoyed this superb view, one glowing April day, from the summit of the Pacheco Pass, the Central Valley, but little trampled or plowed as yet, was one furred, rich sheet of golden compositæ, and the luminous wall of the mountains shone in all its glory. Then it seemed to me the Sierra should be called not the Nevada, or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. And after ten years spent in the heart of it, rejoicing and wondering, bathing in its glorious floods of light, seeing the sunbursts of morning among the icy peaks, the noonday radiance on the trees and rocks and snow, the flush of the alpenglow, and a thousand dashing waterfalls with their marvelous abundance of irised spray, it still seems to me above all others the Range of Light, the most divinely beautiful of all the mountain-chains I have ever seen.

The Sierra is about 500 miles long, 70 miles wide, and from 7000 to nearly 15,000 feet high. In general views no mark of man is visible on it, nor anything to suggest the richness of the life it cherishes, or the depth and grandeur of its sculpture. None of its magnificent forest-crowned ridges rises much above the general level to publish its wealth. No great valley or lake is seen, or river, or group of well-marked features of any kind, standing out in distinct pictures. Even the summit-peaks, so clear and high in the sky, seem comparatively smooth and featureless. Nevertheless, glaciers are still at work in the shadows of the peaks, and thousands of lakes and meadows shine and bloom beneath them, and the whole range is furrowed with cañons to a depth of from 2000 to 5000 feet, in which once flowed majestic glaciers, and in which now flow and sing a band of beautiful rivers.

Though of such stupendous depth, these famous cañons are not raw, gloomy, jagged-walled gorges, savage and inaccessible. With rough passages here and there they still make delightful pathways for the mountaineer, conducting from the fertile lowlands to the highest icy fountains, as a kind of mountain streets full of charming life and light, graded and sculptured by the ancient glaciers, and presenting, throughout all their courses, a rich variety of novel and attractive scenery, the most attractive that has yet been discovered in the mountain-ranges of the world.

In many places, especially in the middle region of the western flank of the range, the main cañons widen into spacious valleys or parks, diversified like artificial landscape-gardens, with charming groves and meadows, and thickets of blooming bushes, while the lofty, retiring walls, infinitely varied in form and sculpture, are fringed with ferns, flowering-plants of many species, oaks, and evergreens, which find anchorage on a thousand narrow steps and

benches; while the whole is enlivened and made glorious with rejoicing streams that come dancing and foaming over the sunny brows of the cliffs to join the shining river that flows in tranquil beauty down the middle of each one of them.

The walls of these park valleys of the Yosemite kind are made up of rocks mountains in size, partly separated from each other by narrow gorges and side-cañons; and they are so sheer in front, and so compactly built together on a level floor, that, comprehensively seen, the parks they inclose look like immense halls or temples lighted from above. Every rock seems to glow with life. Some lean back in majestic repose; others, absolutely sheer, or nearly so, for thousands of feet, advance their brows in thoughtful attitudes beyond their companions, giving welcome to storms and calms alike, seemingly conscious yet heedless of everything going on about them, awful in stern majesty, types of permanence, yet associated with beauty of the frailest and most fleeting forms; their feet set in pine-groves and gay emerald meadows, their brows in the sky; bathed in light, bathed in floods of singing water, while snow-clouds, avalanches, and the winds shine and surge and wreathe about them as the years go by, as if into these mountain mansions Nature had taken pains to gather her choicest treasures to draw her lovers into close and confiding communion with her.

Here, too, in the middle region of deepest cañons are the grandest forest-trees, the Sequoia, king of conifers, the noble Sugar and Yellow Pines, Douglas Spruce, Libocedrus, and the Silver Firs, each a giant of its kind, assembled together in one and the same forest, surpassing all other coniferous forests in the world, both in the number of its species and in the size and beauty of its trees. The winds flow in melody through their colossal spires, and they are vocal everywhere with songs of birds and running water. Miles of fragant ceanothus and manzanita bushes bloom beneath them, and lily gardens and meadows, and damp, ferny glens in endless variety of fragrance and color, compelling the admiration of every observer. Sweeping on over ridge and valley, these noble trees extend a continuous belt from end to end of the range, only slightly interrupted by sheer-walled cañons at intervals of about fifteen and twenty miles. Here the great burly brown bears delight to roam, harmonizing with the brown boles of the trees beneath which they feed. Deer, also, dwell here, and find food and shelter in the ceanothus tangles, with a multitude of smaller people. Above this region of giants, the trees grow smaller until the utmost limit of the timber line is reached on the stormy mountain-slopes at a height of from ten to twelve thousand feet above the sea, where the Dwarf Pine is so lowly and hard beset by storms and heavy snow, it is pressed into flat tangles, over the tops of which we may easily walk. Below the main forest belt the trees likewise diminish in size, frost and burning drouth repressing and blasting alike.

The rose-purple zone along the base of the range comprehends nearly all the famous gold region of California. And here it was that miners from every country under the sun assembled in a wild, torrent-like rush to seek their fortunes. On the banks of every river, ravine, and gully they have left their marks. Every gravel- and boulder-bed has been desperately riddled over and over again. But in this region the pick and shovel, once wielded with savage enthusiasm, have been laid away, and only quartz-mining is now being carried on to any considerable extent. The zone in general is made up of low, tawny, waving foot-hills, roughened here and there with brush and trees, and outcropping masses of slate, colored gray and red with lichens. The smaller masses of slate, rising abruptly from the dry, grassy sod in leaning slabs, look like ancient tombstones in a deserted burying-ground. In early spring, say from February to April, the whole of this foot-hill is a paradise of bees and flowers. Refreshing rains then fall freely, birds are busy building their nests, and the sunshine is balmy and delightful. But by the end of May the soil, plants, and sky seem to have been baked in an oven. Most of the plants crumble to dust beneath the foot, and the ground is full of cracks; while the thirsty traveler gazes with eager longing through the burning glare to the snowy summits looming like hazy clouds in the distance.

The trees, mostly *Quercus Douglasii* and *Pinus Sabiniana*, thirty to forty feet high, with thin, pale-green foliage, stand far apart and cast but little shade. Lizards glide about on the rocks enjoying a constitution that no drouth can dry, and ants

in amazing numbers, whose tiny sparks of life seem to burn the brighter with the increasing heat, ramble industriously in long trains in search of food. Crows, ravens, magpies — friends in distress — gather on the ground beneath the best shade-trees, panting with drooping wings and bills wide open, scarce a note from any of them during the midday hours. Quails, too, seek the shade during the heat of the day about tepid pools in the channels of the larger mid-river streams. Rabbits scurry from thicket to thicket among the ceanothus bushes, and occasionally a long-eared hare is seen cantering gracefully across the wider openings. The nights are calm and dewless during the summer, and a thousand voices proclaim the abundance of life, notwithstanding the desolating effect of dry sunshine on the plants and larger animals. The hylas make a delightfully pure and tranquil music after sunset; and coyotes, the little, despised dogs of the wilderness, brave, hardy fellows, looking like withered wisps of hay, bark in chorus for hours. Mining-towns, most of them dead, and a few living ones with bright bits of cultivation about them, occur at long intervals along the belt, and cottages covered with climbing roses, in the midst of orange and peach orchards, and sweet-scented hay-fields in fertile flats where water for irrigation may be had. But they are mostly far apart, and make scarce any mark in general views.

Every winter the High Sierra and the middle forest region get snow in glorious abundance, and even the foot-hills are at times whitened. Then all the range looks like a vast beveled wall of purest marble. The rough places are then made smooth, the death and decay of the year is covered gently and kindly, and the ground seems as clean as the sky. And though silent in its flight from the clouds, and when it is taking its place on rock, or tree, or grassy meadow, how soon the gentle snow finds a voice! Slipping from the heights, gathering in avalanches, it booms and roars like thunder, and makes a glorious show as it sweeps down the mountain-side, arrayed in long, silken streamers and wreathing, swirling films of crystal dust.

The north half of the range is mostly covered with floods of lava, and dotted with volcanoes and craters, some of them recent and perfect in form, others in various stages of decay. The south half is composed of granite nearly from base to summit, while a considerable number of peaks, in the middle of the range, are capped with metamorphic slates, among which are Mounts Dana and Gibbs to the east of Yosemite Valley. Mount Whitney, the culminating point of the range near its southern extremity, lifts its helmet-shaped crest to a height of nearly 14,700 feet. Mount Shasta, a colossal volcanic cone, rises to a height of 14,440 feet at the northern extremity, and forms a noble landmark for all the surrounding region within a radius of a hundred miles. Residual masses of volcanic rocks occur throughout most of the granitic southern portion also, and a considerable number of old volcanoes on the flanks, especially along the eastern base of the range near Mono Lake and southward. But it is only to the northward that the entire range, from base to summit, is covered with lava.

From the summit of Mount Whitney only granite is seen. Innumerable peaks and spires but little lower than its own storm-beaten crags rise in groups like forest-trees, in full view, segregated by cañons of tremendous depth and ruggedness. On Shasta nearly every feature in the vast view speaks of the old volcanic fires. Far to the northward, in Oregon, the icy volcanoes of Mount Pitt and the Three Sisters rise above the dark evergreen woods. Southward innumerable smaller craters and cones are distributed along the axis of the range and on each flank. Of these, Lassen's Butte is the highest, being nearly 11,000 feet above sea-level. Miles of its flanks are reeking and bubbling with hot springs, many of them so boisterous and sulphurous they seem ever ready to become spouting geysers like those of the Yellowstone.

The Cinder Cone near marks the most recent volcanic eruption in the Sierra. It is a symmetrical truncated cone about 700 feet high, covered with gray cinders and ashes, and has a regular unchanged crater on its summit, in which a few small Two-leaved Pines are growing. These show that the age of the cone is not less than eighty years. It stands between two lakes, which a short time ago were one. Before the cone was built, a flood of rough vesicular lava was poured into the

lake, cutting it in two, and, overflowing its banks, the fiery flood advanced into the pine-woods, overwhelming the trees in its way, the charred ends of some of which may still be seen projecting from beneath the snout of the lava-stream where it came to rest. Later still there was an eruption of ashes and loose obsidian cinders, probably from the same vent, which, besides forming the Cinder Cone, scattered a heavy shower over the surrounding woods for miles to a depth of from six inches to several feet.

The history of this last Sierra eruption is also preserved in the traditions of the Pitt River Indians. They tell of a fearful time of darkness, when the sky was black with ashes and smoke that threatened every living thing with death, and that when at length the sun appeared once more it was red like blood.

Less recent craters in great numbers roughen the adjacent region; some of them with lakes in their throats, others overgrown with trees and flowers, Nature in these old hearths and firesides having literally given beauty for ashes. On the northwest side of Mount Shasta there is a subordinate cone about 3000 feet below the summit, which has been active subsequent to the breaking up of the main ice-cap that once covered the mountain, as is shown by its comparatively unwasted crater and the streams of unglaciated lava radiating from it. The main summit is about a mile and a half in diameter, bounded by small crumbling peaks and ridges, among which we seek in vain for the outlines of the ancient crater.

These ruinous masses, and the deep glacial grooves that flute the sides of the mountain, show that it has been considerably lowered and wasted by ice; how much we have no sure means of knowing. Just below the extreme summit hot sulphurous gases and vapor issue from irregular fissures, mixed with spray derived from melting snow, the last feeble expression of the mighty force that built the mountain. Not in one great convulsion was Shasta given birth. The crags of the summit and the sections exposed by the glaciers down the sides display enough of its internal framework to prove that comparatively long periods of quiescence intervened between many distinct eruptions, during which the cooling lavas ceased to flow, and became permanent additions to the bulk of the growing mountain. With alternate haste and deliberation eruption succeeded eruption till the old volcano surpassed even its present sublime height.

Standing on the icy top of this, the grandest of all the fire-mountains of the Sierra, we can hardly fail to look forward to its next eruption. Gardens, vineyards, homes have been planted confidingly on the flanks of volcanoes which, after remaining steadfast for ages, have suddenly blazed into violent action, and poured forth overwhelming floods of fire. It is known that more than a thousand years of cool calm have intervened between violent eruptions. Like gigantic geysers spouting molten rock instead of water, volcanoes work and rest, and we have no sure means of knowing whether they are dead when still, or only sleeping.

Along the western base of the range a telling series of sedimentary rocks containing the early history of the Sierra are now being studied. But leaving for the present these first chapters, we see that only a very short geological time ago, just before the coming on of that winter of winters called the glacial period, a vast deluge of molten rocks poured from many a chasm and crater on the flanks and summit of the range, filling lake basins and river channels, and obliterating nearly every existing feature on the northern portion. At length these all-destroying floods ceased to flow. But while the great volcanic cones built up along the axis still burned and smoked, the whole Sierra passed under the domain of ice and snow. Then over the bald, featureless, fire-blackened mountains, glaciers began to crawl, covering them from the summits to the sea with a mantle of ice; and then with infinite deliberation the work went on of sculpturing the range anew. These mighty agents of erosion, halting never through unnumbered centuries, crushed and ground the flinty lavas and granites beneath their crystal folds, wasting and building until in the fullness of time the Sierra was born again, brought to light nearly as we behold it to-day, with glaciers and snow-crushed pines at the top of the range, wheat-fields and orange-groves at the foot of it.

This change from icy darkness and death to life and beauty was slow, as we count time, and is still going on, north and

south, over all the world wherever glaciers exist, whether in the form of distinct rivers, as in Switzerland, Norway, the mountains of Asia, and the Pacific Coast; or in continuous mantling folds, as in portions of Alaska, Greenland, Franz-Joseph-Land, Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, and the lands about the South Pole. But in no country, as far as I know, may these majestic changes be studied to better advantage than in the plains and mountains of California.

Toward the close of the glacial period, when the snow-clouds became less fertile and the melting waste of sunshine became greater, the lower folds of the ice-sheet in California, discharging fleets of icebergs into the sea, began to shallow and recede from the lowlands, and then move slowly up the flanks of the Sierra in compliance with the changes of climate. The great white mantle on the mountains broke up into a series of glaciers more or less distinct and river-like, with many tributaries, and these again were melted and divided into still smaller glaciers, until now only a few of the smaller residual topmost branches of the grand system exist on the cool slopes of the summit peaks.

Plants and animals, biding their time, closely followed the retiring ice, bestowing quick and joyous animation on the new-born landscape. Pine-trees marched up the sun-warmed moraines in long, hopeful files, taking the ground and establishing themselves as soon as it was ready for them; brown-spiked sedges fringed the shores of the new-born lakes; young rivers roared in the abandoned channels of the glaciers; flowers bloomed around the feet of the great burnished domes, — while with quick fertility mellow beds of soil, settling and warming, offered food to multitudes of Nature's waiting children, great and small, animals as well as plants; mice, squirrels, marmots, deer, bears, elephants, etc. The ground burst into bloom with magical rapidity, and the young forests into bird-song: life in every form warming and sweetening and growing richer as the years passed away over the mighty Sierra so lately suggestive of death and consummate desolation only.

It is hard without long and loving study to realize the magnitude of the work done on these mountains during the last glacial period by glaciers, which are only streams of closely compacted snow-crystals. Careful study of the phenomena presented goes to show that the pre-glacial condition of the range was comparatively simple: one vast wave of stone in which a thousand mountains, domes, cañons, ridges, etc., lay concealed. And in the development of these Nature chose for a tool not the earthquake or lightning to rend and split asunder, not the stormy torrent or eroding rain, but the tender snow-flowers noiselessly falling through unnumbered centuries, the offspring of the sun and sea. Laboring harmoniously in united strength they crushed and ground and wore away the rocks in their march, making vast beds of soil, and at the same time developed and fashioned the landscapes into the delightful variety of hill and dale and lordly mountain that mortals call beauty. Perhaps more than a mile in average depth has the range been thus degraded during the last glacial period, — a quantity of mechanical work almost inconceivably great. And our admiration must be excited again and again as we toil and study and learn that this vast job of rockwork, so far-reaching in its influences, was done by agents so fragile and small as are these flowers of the mountain clouds. Strong only by force of numbers, they carried away entire mountains, particle by particle, block by block, and cast them into the sea; sculptured, fashioned, modeled all the range, and developed its predestined beauty. All these new Sierra landscapes were evidently predestined, for the physical structure of the rocks on which the features of the scenery depend was acquired while they lay at least a mile deep below the pre-glacial surface. And it was while these features were taking form in the depths of the range, the particles of the rocks marching to their appointed places in the dark with reference to the coming beauty, that the particles of icy vapor in the sky marching to the same music assembled to bring them to the light. Then, after their grand task was done, these bands of snow-flowers, these mighty glaciers, were melted and removed as if of no more importance than dew destined to last but an hour. Few, however, of Nature's agents have left monuments so noble and enduring as they. The great granite domes a mile high, the cañons as deep, the noble peaks, the Yosemite valleys, these, and indeed nearly

all other features of the Sierra scenery, are glacier monuments.

Contemplating the works of these flowers of the sky, one may easily fancy them endowed with life: messengers sent down to work in the mountain mines on errands of divine love. Silently flying through the darkened air, swirling, glinting, to their appointed places, they seem to have taken counsel together, saying, "Come, we are feeble; let us help one another. We are many, and together we will be strong. Marching in close, deep ranks, let us roll away the stones from these mountain sepulchers, and set the landscapes free. Let us uncover these clustering domes. Here let us carve a lake basin; there, a Yosemite Valley; here, a channel for a river with fluted steps and brows for the plunge of songful cataracts. Yonder let us spread broad sheets of soil, that man and beast may be fed; and here pile trains of boulders for pines and giant Sequoias. Here make ground for a meadow; there, for a garden and grove, making it smooth and fine for small daisies and violets and beds of heathy bryanthus, spicing it well with crystals, garnet feldspar, and zircon." Thus and so on it has oftentimes seemed to me sang and planned and labored the hearty snowflower crusaders; and nothing that I can write can possibly exaggerate the grandeur and beauty of their work. Like morning mist they have vanished in sunshine, all save the few small companies that still linger on the coolest mountain-sides, and, as residual glaciers, are still busily at work completing the last of the lake basins, the last beds of soil, and the sculpture of some of the highest peaks.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837–1920)

A DEFENSE OF DECENCY IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL*

One of the great newspapers the other day invited the prominent American authors to speak their minds upon a point in the theory and practice of fiction which had already vexed some of them. It was the question of how much or how little the American novel ought to deal with certain facts of life which are not usually talked of before young people, and especially young ladies. Of course the question was not decided, and I forget just how far the balance inclined to favor of a larger freedom in the matter. But it certainly inclined that way; one or two writers of the sex which is somehow supposed to have purity in its keeping (as if purity were a thing that did not practically concern the other sex, preoccupied with serious affairs) gave it a rather vigorous tilt to that side. In view of this fact it would not be the part of prudence to make an effort to dress the balance; and indeed I do not know that I was going to make any such effort. But there are some things to say, around and about the subject, which I should like to have some one else say, and which I may myself possibly be safe in suggesting.

One of the first of these is the fact, generally lost sight of by those who censure the Anglo-Saxon novel for its prudishness, that it is really not such a prude after all; and that if it is sometimes apparently anxious to avoid those experiences of life not spoken of before young people, this may be an appearance only. Sometimes a novel which has this shuffling air, this effect of truckling to propriety, might defend itself, if it could speak for itself, by saying that such experiences happened not to come within its scheme, and that, so far from maiming or mutilating itself in ignoring them, it was all the more faithfully representative of the tone of modern life in dealing with love that was chaste, and with passion so honest that it could be openly spoken of before the tenderest society bud at dinner. It might say that the guilty intrigue, the betrayal, the extreme flirtation even, was the exceptional thing in life, and unless the scheme of the story necessarily involved it, that it would be bad art to lug it in, and as bad taste as to introduce such topics in a mixed company. It could say very justly that the novel in our civilization now always addresses a mixed company, and that the vast majority of the company are ladies, and that very many, if not most, of these ladies are young girls. If the novel were written for men and for married women alone, as in continental Europe, it might be altogether different. But

* From *Criticism and Fiction*. Copyright by Harper & Brothers, 1891 — copyright by W. D. Howells, 1918.

the simple fact is that it is not written for them alone among us, and it is a question of writing, under cover of our universal acceptance, things for young girls to read which you would be put out-of-doors for saying to them, or frankly giving notice of your intention, and so cutting yourself off from the pleasure — and it is a very high and sweet one — of appealing to these vivid, responsible, intelligences, which are none the less brilliant and admirable because they are innocent.

One day a novelist who liked, after the manner of other men, to repine at his hard fate, complained to his friend, a critic, that he was tired of the restriction he had put upon himself in this regard; for it is a mistake, as can be readily shown, to suppose that others impose it. "See how free those French fellows are!" he rebelled. "Shall we always be shut up to our tradition of decency?"

"Do you think it's much worse than being shut up to their tradition of indecency?" said his friend.

Then that novelist began to reflect, and he remembered how sick the invariable motive of the French novel made him. He perceived finally that, convention for convention, ours was not only more tolerable, but on the whole was truer to life, not only to its complexion, but also to its texture. No one will pretend that there is not vicious love beneath the surface of our society; if he did, the fetid explosions of the divorce trials would refute him; but if he pretended that it was in any just sense characteristic of our society, he could be still more easily refuted. Yet it exists, and it is unquestionably the material of tragedy, the stuff from which intense effects are wrought. The question, after owning this fact, is whether these intense effects are not rather cheap effects. I incline to think they are, and I will try to say why I think so, if I may do so without offence. The material itself, the mere mention of it, has an instant fascination; it arrests, it detains, till the last word is said, and while there is anything to be hinted. This is what makes a love intrigue of some sort all but essential to the popularity of any fiction. Without such an intrigue the intellectual equipment of the author must be of the highest, and then he will succeed only with the highest class of readers. But any author who will deal with a guilty love intrigue holds all readers in his hand, the highest with the lowest, as long as he hints the slightest hope of the smallest potential naughtiness. He need not at all be a great author; he may be a very shabby wretch, if he has but the courage or the trick of that sort of thing. The critics will call him "virile" and "passionate"; decent people will be ashamed to have been limed by him; but the low average will only ask another chance of flocking into his net. If he happens to be an able writer, his really fine and costly work will be unheeded, and the lure to the appetite will be chiefly remembered. There may be other qualities which make reputations for other men, but in his case they will count for nothing. He pays this penalty for his success in that kind; and every one pays some such penalty who deals with some such material. It attaches in like manner to the triumphs of the writers who now almost form a school among us, and who may be said to have established themselves in an easy popularity simply by the study of erotic shivers and fervors. They may find their account in the popularity, or they may not; there is no question of the popularity.

But I do not mean to imply that their case covers the whole ground. So far as it goes, though, it ought to stop the mouths of those who complain that fiction is enslaved to propriety among us. It appears that of a certain kind of impropriety it is free to give us all it will, and more. But this is not what serious men and women writing fiction mean when they rebel against the limitations of their art in our civilization. They have no desire to deal with nakedness, as painters and sculptors freely do in the worship of beauty; or with certain facts of life, as the stage does, in the service of sensation. But they ask why, when the conventions of the plastic and histrionic arts liberate their followers to the portrayal of almost any phase of the physical or of the emotional nature, an American novelist may not write a story on the lines of Anna Karenina or Madame Bovary. Sappho they put aside, and from Zola's work they avert their eyes. They do not condemn him or Daudet, necessarily, or accuse their motives; they leave them out of the question; they do not want to do that kind of thing. But they do some-

times wish to do another kind, to touch one of the most serious and sorrowful problems of life in the spirit of Tolstoi and Flaubert, and they ask why they may not. At one time, they remind us, the Anglo-Saxon novelist did deal with such problems — De Foe in his spirit, Richardson in his, Goldsmith in his. At what moment did our fiction lose this privilege? In what fatal hour did the Young Girl arise and seal the lips of Fiction, with a touch of her finger, to some of the most vital interests of life?

Whether I wished to oppose them in their aspiration for greater freedom, or whether I wished to encourage them, I should begin to answer them by saying that the Young Girl had never done anything of the kind. The manners of the novel have been improving with those of its readers; that is all. Gentlemen no longer swear or fall drunk under the table, or abduct young ladies and shut them up in lonely country-houses, or so habitually set about the ruin of their neighbors' wives, as they once did. Generally, people now call a spade an agricultural implement; they have not grown decent without having also grown a little squeamish, but they have grown comparatively decent; there is no doubt about that. They require of a novelist whom they respect unquestionable proof of his seriousness, if he proposes to deal with certain phases of life; they require a sort of scientific decorum. He can no longer expect to be received on the ground of entertainment only; he assumes a higher function, something like that of a physician or a priest, and they expect him to be bound by laws as sacred as those of such professions; they hold him solemnly pledged not to betray them or abuse their confidence. If he will accept the conditions, they give him their confidence, and he may then treat to his greater honor, and not at all to his disadvantage, of such experiences, such relations of men and women as George Eliot treats in Adam Bede, in Daniel Deronda, in Romola, in almost all her books; such as Hawthorne treats in the Scarlet Letter; such as Dickens treats in David Copperfield; such as Thackeray treats in Pendennis, and glances at in every one of his fictions; such as most of the masters of English fiction have at some time treated more or less openly. It is quite false or quite mistaken to suppose that our novels have left untouched these most important realities of life. They have only not made them their stock in trade; they have kept a true perspective in regard to them; they have relegated them in their pictures of life to the space and place they occupy in life itself, as we know it in England and America. They have kept a correct proportion, knowing perfectly well that unless the novel is to be a map, with everything scrupulously laid down in it, a faithful record of life in far the greater extent could be made to the exclusion of guilty love and all its circumstances and consequences.

I justify them in this view not only because I hate what is cheap and meretricious, and hold in peculiar loathing the cant of the critics who require "passion" as something in itself admirable and desirable in a novel, but because I prize fidelity in the historian of feeling and character. Most of the critics who demand "passion" would seem to have no conception of any passion but one. Yet there are several other passions; the passion of grief, the passion of avarice, the passion of pity, the passion of ambition, the passion of hate, the passion of envy, the passion of devotion, the passion of friendship; and all these have a greater part in the drama of life than the passion of love, and infinitely greater than the passion of guilty love. Wittingly or unwittingly, English fiction and American fiction have recognized this truth, not fully, not in the measure it merits, but in greater degree than most other fiction.

HENRY JAMES (1843–1916)

SOME ASPECTS OF THE ART OF FICTION *

I should not have affixed so comprehensive a title to these few remarks, necessarily wanting in any completeness upon a subject the full consideration of which would carry us far, did I not seem to discover a pretext for my temerity in the interesting pamphlet lately published under this name by Mr. Walter Besant. Mr. Besant's lecture at the Royal Institution —

* From *Partial Portraits*. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company.

the original form of his pamphlet — appears to indicate that many persons are interested in the art of fiction, and are not indifferent to such remarks, as those who practise it may attempt to make about it. I am therefore anxious not to lose the benefit of this favourable association, and to edge in a few words under cover of the attention which Mr. Besant is sure to have excited. There is something very encouraging in his having put into form certain of his ideas on the mystery of story-telling.

* * * *

Mr. Besant has some remarks on the question of "the story" which I shall not attempt to criticise, though they seem to me to contain a singular ambiguity, because I do not think I understand them. I cannot see what is meant by talking as if there were a part of a novel which is the story and part of it which for mystical reasons is not — unless indeed the distinction be made in a sense in which it is difficult to suppose that any one should attempt to convey anything. "The story," if it represents anything, represents the subject, the idea, the *donnée* of the novel; and there is surely no "school" — Mr. Besant speaks of a school — which urges that a novel should be all treatment and no subject. There must assuredly be something to treat; every school is intimately conscious of that. This sense of the story being the idea, the starting-point, of the novel, is the only one that I see in which it can be spoken of as something different from its organic whole; and since in proportion as the work is successful the idea permeates and penetrates it, informs and animates it, so that every word and every punctuation-point contribute directly to the expression, in that proportion do we lose our sense of the story being a blade which may be drawn more or less out of its sheath. The story and the novel, the idea and the form, are the needle and thread, and I never heard of a guild of tailors who recommended the use of the thread without the needle, or the needle without the thread. Mr. Besant is not the only critic who may be observed to have spoken as if there were certain things in life which constitute stories, and certain others which do not. I find the same odd implication in an entertaining article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, devoted, as it happens, to Mr. Besant's lecture. "The story is the thing!" says this graceful writer, as if with a tone of opposition to some other idea. I should think it was, as every painter who, as the time for "sending in" his picture looms in the distance, finds himself still in quest of a subject — as every belated artist not fixed about his theme will heartily agree. There are some subjects which speak to us and others which do not, but he would be a clever man who should undertake to give a rule — an index expurgatorius — by which the story and the no-story should be known apart. It is impossible (to me at least) to imagine any such rule which shall not be altogether arbitrary. The writer in the *Pall Mall* opposes the delightful (as I suppose) novel of *Margot la Balafrée* to certain tales in which "Bostonian nymphs" appear to have "rejected English dukes for psychological reasons." I am not acquainted with the romance just designated, and can scarcely forgive the *Pall Mall* critic for not mentioning the name of the author, but the title appears to refer to a lady who may have received a scar in some heroic adventure. I am inconsolable at not being acquainted with this episode, but am utterly at a loss to see why it is a story when the rejection (or acceptance) of a duke is not, and why a reason, psychological or other, is not a subject when a cicatrix is. They are all particles of the multitudinous life with which the novel deals, and surely no dogma which pretends to make it lawful to touch the one and unlawful to touch the other will stand for a moment on its feet. It is the special picture that must stand or fall, according as it seem to possess truth or to lack it. Mr. Besant does not, to my sense, light up the subject by intimating that a story must, under penalty of not being a story, consist of "adventures." Why adventures more than of green spectacles? He mentions a category of impossible things, and among them he places "fiction without adventure." Why without adventure, more than without matrimony, or celibacy, or parturition, or cholera, or hydropathy, or Jansenism? This seems to me to bring the novel back to the hapless little *rôle* of being an artificial, ingenious thing — bring it down from its large, free character of an im-

mense and exquisite correspondence with life. And what *is* adventure, when it comes to that, and by what sign is the listening pupil to recognise it? It is an adventure — an immense one — for me to write this little article; and for a Bostonian nymph to reject an English duke is an adventure only less stirring, I should say, than for an English duke to be rejected by a Bostonian nymph. I see dramas within dramas in that, and innumerable points of view. A psychological reason is, to my imagination, an object adorably pictorial; to catch the tint of its complexion — I feel as if that idea might inspire one to Titianesque efforts. There are few things more exciting to me, in short, than a psychological reason, and yet, I protest, the novel seems to me the most magnificent form of art. I have just been reading, at the same time, the delightful story of *Treasure Island,* by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and, in a manner less consecutive, the last tale from M. Edmond de Goncourt, which is entitled *Chérie.* One of these works treats of murders, mysteries, islands of dreadful renown, hairbreadth escapes, miraculous coincidences and buried doubloons. The other treats of a little French girl who lived in a fine house in Paris, and died of wounded sensibility because no one would marry her. I call *Treasure Island* delightful, because it appears to me to have succeeded wonderfully in what it attempts; and I venture to bestow no epithet upon *Chérie,* which strikes me as having failed deplorably in what it attempts — that is in tracing the development of the moral consciousness of a child. But one of these productions strikes me as exactly as much of a novel as the other, and as having a "story" quite as much. The moral consciousness of a child is as much a part of life as the islands of the Spanish Main, and the one sort of geography seems to me to have those "surprises" of which Mr. Besant speaks quite as much as the other. For myself (since it comes back in the last resort, as I say, to the preference of the individual), the picture of the child's experience has the advantage that I can at successive steps (an immense luxury, near to the "sensual pleasure" of which Mr. Besant's critic in the *Pall Mall* speaks) say Yes or No, as it may be, to what the artist puts before me. I have been a child in fact, but I have been on a quest for a buried treasure only in supposition, and it is a simple accident that with M. de Goncourt I should have for the most part to say No. With George Eliot, when she painted that country with a far other intelligence, I always said Yes.

The most interesting part of Mr. Besant's lecture is unfortunately the briefest passage — his very cursory allusion to the "conscious moral purpose" of the novel. Here again it is not very clear whether he be recording a fact or laying down a principle; it is a great pity that in the latter case he should not have developed his idea. This branch of the subject is of immense importance, and Mr. Besant's few words point to considerations of the widest reach, not to be lightly disposed of. He will have treated the art of fiction but superficially who is not prepared to go every inch of the way that these considerations will carry him. It is for this reason that at the beginning of these remarks I was careful to notify the reader that my reflections on so large a theme have no pretension to be exhaustive. Like Mr. Besant, I have left the question of the morality of the novel till the last, and at the last I find I have used up my space. It is a question surrounded with difficulties, as witness the very first that meets us, in the form of a definite question, on the threshold. Vagueness, in such a discussion, is fatal, and what is the meaning of your morality and your conscious moral purpose? Will you not define your terms and explain how (a novel being a picture) a picture can be either moral or immoral? You wish to paint a moral picture or carve a moral statue: will you not tell us how you would set about it? We are discussing the Art of Fiction; questions of art are questions (in the widest sense) of execution; questions of morality are quite another affair, and will you not let us see how it is that you find it so easy to mix them up? These things are so clear to Mr. Besant that he has deduced from them a law which he sees embodied in English Fiction, and which is "a truly admirable thing and a great cause for congratulation." It is a great cause for congratulation indeed when such thorny problems become as smooth as silk. I may add that in so far as Mr. Besant perceives that in point of fact English Fiction has

addressed itself preponderantly to these delicate questions he will appear to many people to have made a vain discovery. They will have been positively struck, on the contrary, with the moral timidity of the usual English novelist; with his (or with her) aversion to face the difficulties with which on every side the treatment of reality bristles. He is apt to be extremely shy (whereas the picture that Mr. Besant draws is a picture of boldness), and the sign of his work, for the most part, is a cautious silence on certain subjects. In the English novel (by which of course I mean the American as well), more than in any other, there is a traditional difference between that which people know and that which they agree to admit that they know, that which they see and that which they speak of, that which they feel to be a part of life and that which they allow to enter into literature. There is the great difference, in short, between what they talk of in conversation and what they talk of in print. The essence of moral energy is to survey the whole field, and I should directly reverse Mr. Besant's remark and say not that the English novel has a purpose, but that it has a diffidence. To what degree a purpose in a work of art is a source of corruption I shall not attempt to inquire; the one that seems to me least dangerous is the purpose of making a perfect work. As for our novel, I may say lastly on this score that as we find it in England to-day it strikes me as addressed in a large degree to "young people," and that this in itself constitutes a presumption that it will be rather shy. There are certain things which it is generally agreed not to discuss, not even to mention, before young people. That is very well, but the absence of discussion is not a symptom of the moral passion. The purpose of the English novel — "a truly admirable thing, and a great cause for congratulation"— strikes me therefore as rather negative.

There is one point at which the moral sense and the artistic sense lie very near together; that is in the light of the very obvious truth that the deepest quality of a work of art will always be the quality of the mind of the producer. In proportion as that intelligence is fine will the novel, the picture, the statue partake of the substance of beauty and truth. To be constituted of such elements is, to my vision, to have purpose enough. No good novel will ever proceed from a superficial mind; that seems to me an axiom which, for the artist in fiction, will cover all needful moral ground: if the youthful aspirant take it to heart it will illuminate for him many of the mysteries of "purpose." There are many other useful things that might be said to him, but I have come to the end of my article, and can only touch them as I pass. The critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whom I have already quoted, draws attention to the danger, in speaking of the art of fiction, of generalising. The danger that he has in mind is rather, I imagine, that of particularising, for there are some comprehensive remarks which, in addition to those embodied in Mr. Besant's suggestive lecture, might without fear of misleading him be addressed to the ingenuous student. I should remind him first of the magnificence of the form that is open to him, which offers to sight so few restrictions and such innumerable opportunities. The other arts, in comparison, appear confined and hampered; the various conditions under which they are exercised are so rigid and definite. But the only condition that I can think of attaching to the composition of the novel is, as I have already said, that it be sincere. This freedom is a splendid privilege, and the first lesson of the young novelist is to learn to be worthy of it. "Enjoy it as it deserves," I should say to him; "take possession of it, explore it to its utmost extent, publish it, rejoice in it. All life belongs to you, and do not listen either to those who would shut you up into corners of it and tell you that it is only here and there that art inhabits, or to those who would persuade you that this heavenly messenger wings her way outside of life altogether, breathing a superfine air, and turning away her head from the truth of things. There is no impression of life, no manner of seeing it and feeling it, to which the plan of the novelist may not offer a place; you have only to remember that talents so dissimilar as those of Alexandre Dumas and Jane Austen, Charles Dickens and Gustave Flaubert have worked in this field with equal glory. Do not think too much about optimism and pessimism; try and catch the colour of life itself. In France to-day we see a

prodigious effort (that of Emile Zola, to whose solid and serious work no explorer of the capacity of the novel can allude without respect), we see an extraordinary effort, vitiated by a spirit of pessimism on a narrow basis. M. Zola is magnificent, but he strikes an English reader as ignorant; he has an air of working in the dark; if he had as much light as energy, his results would be of the highest value. As for the aberrations of a shallow optimism, the ground (of English fiction especially) is strewn with their brittle particles as with broken glass. If you must indulge in conclusions, let them have the taste of a wide knowledge. Remember that your first duty is to be as complete as possible — to make as perfect a work. Be generous and delicate and pursue the prize."

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENGLISH ESSAY

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ESSAYISTS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Amidst the crowd of British and American essayists which the first quarter of the present century has brought forth or brought to greater fruition, none has a better claim to the title of "representative" of the various types now cultivated than William Beebe, Max Beerbohm, Hilaire Belloc, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, Samuel McChord Crothers, Edward Verral Lucas, H. L. Mencken, Paul Elmer More, Christopher Morley, Agnes Repplier, Stuart P. Sherman, Edwin E. Slosson, Logan Pearsall Smith, and William Allen White.

William Beebe was born in Brooklyn; was educated at Columbia University; since 1899 has been Honorary Curator of Ornithology of the N. Y. Zoological Society and Director of the Department of Scientific Research, as well as a member of many scientific bodies in America and abroad; as director of the British Guiana Zoological Station has conducted noteworthy research in that region, as well as elsewhere; has published, in addition to numerous scientific papers and monographs, notable works on bird, animal, and sea life, including *Galápagos* (1923) and *The Arcturus Adventure* (1926). He has recently become widely and deservedly known for his charming nature essays, collected in such volumes as *Jungle Peace* (1918) and *The Edge of the Jungle* (1921).

Max Beerbohm was born in London; was educated at the Charterhouse School and at Oxford; devoted his early life chiefly to illustration, especially in caricature; published his first book, entitled his *Works,* in 1896; has spent his recent years in Italy. In addition to collected volumes of his drawings, notably *A Book of Caricatures* and *The Second Childhood of John Bull,* he has published several volumes of essays, including *More* (1899), *And Even Now* (1921), and *Yet Again* (1923). His writing is distinguished by grace, subtle humour, and delicacy both of perception and vocabulary.

Hilaire Belloc was born in France, of an English mother and a French father; was educated at Balliol College, Oxford (1893-5); served in the French field artillery; was a member of Parliament from 1906 to 1910. Besides an elaborate history of the World War, a number of books of social criticism, and several children's books, he has contributed several noteworthy volumes of essays, including *First and Last* (1911), *On Nothing* (1908), *On Everything* (1910), *On Anything* (1910), *On Something* (1910), and *On* (1923).

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born in London; was educated at St. Paul's School; studied art at the Slade School of Art; illustrated books with cartoons and reviewed art books for the *Bookman* and the *Speaker;* took up literature about 1900, has since written for twelve or fifteen periodicals, and has contributed a score of noteworthy books. These include history, poems, plays, novels and detective stories, literary biography and criticism, and several volumes of essays, notably *A Defense of Nonsense and other Essays* (1911), *Tremendous Trifles* (1909), *Alarms and Discursions* (1911), and *The Uses of Diversity* (1921). He is a master of paradox, a defender of the indefensible, a brilliant supporter of the Orthodox.

Samuel McChord Crothers was born in Oswego, Illinois; was educated at Wittenberg College and Princeton University, and has received many honorary degrees; prepared for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary and the Harvard Divinity School; serving first as a Presbyterian minister in Nevada and California, entered the Unitarian ministry in 1882 and since 1894 has been the pastor of the first Unitarian church of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he has also been pastor to Harvard University. A constant contributor to the magazines, he has published, in addition to other works, several volumes of genial essays, including *The Gentle Reader* (1903), *Among Friends* (1910), *Humanly Speaking* (1912), *The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord* (1916), *The Dame School of Experience* (1919), and *The Cheerful Giver* (1923).

Edward Verral Lucas was born in England; was educated at University College, London; entered journalism, writing for the *Globe* and serving for several years on the staff of *Punch.* In addition to many travel books and his notable edition of the works of Charles and Mary Lamb, he has contributed several volumes of essays in the vein of Lamb, including *Character and Comedy* (1907), *Adventures and Enthusiasms* (1920), and *Giving and Receiving* (1922). He is now the chairman of the publishing firm of Methuen and Company.

Henry Lewis Mencken was born in Baltimore, of German extraction; was educated at

Baltimore Polytechnic Institute; entered journalism in 1899 as a reporter on the *Baltimore Morning Herald,* advancing to the position of city editor (1903-5) and serving later on the staffs of the *Evening Herald, Baltimore Sun,* and *Evening Sun;* was literary critic of *The Smart Set* (1908-23) and editor of the same (with George Jean Nathan), 1908-23; since 1923 has been editor (with Mr. Nathan) of *The American Mercury;* has been contributing editor of *The Nation* since 1921. In addition to important works in the fields of philosophy and criticism, including *The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche* (1908), *In Defense of Women* (1917), and *The American Language* (1918, revised 1922), he has published several volumes of essays, notably the four series of *Prejudices* (1919, 1920, 1922, 1924), comprising chiefly criticism of various phases of the present social status.

Paul Elmer More was born in St. Louis, Missouri; was educated at Washington University and Harvard University, and has received several honorary degrees from various American institutions of learning; taught Sanskrit at Harvard (1894-5) and Sanskrit and classical literature at Bryn Mawr (1895-7); was literary editor of *The Independent* (1901-3) and of the *New York Evening Post* (1903-9); was editor of *The Nation* (1909-14); is a member of the National Academy of Arts and Letters. In addition to his work as a translator and biographer (*Life of Benjamin Franklin,* 1900) and his contribution of important works in philosophy (*Platonism,* 1917; *The Religion of Plato,* 1921; *Hellenistic Philosophies,* 1923), he is the author of a notable series of collections of critical essays entitled *Shelburne Essays* (11 vols., 1904-21). He is perhaps the most distinguished of living American critics.

Christopher Morley was born at Haverford, Pennsylvania; graduated from Haverford College in 1910 and spent the three years following as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford; was on the staff of Doubleday, Page and Company (1913-17), with the *Ladies' Home Journal* (1917-8), the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger* (1918-20), and the *New York Evening Post* (1920-24). In addition to several volumes of poetry, anthologies of essays, a volume of short stories, and several notable novels, including *Parnassus on Wheels* (1917) and *Thunder on the Left* (1925), he is the author of several volumes of humorous and genial essays, including *Shandygaff* (1918), *Mince Pie* (1919), *Pipefulls* (1920), *Plum Pudding* (1921), *The Powder of Sympathy* (1923), and *The Romany Stain* (1926).

Agnes Repplier was born in Philadelphia, of French extraction; was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent, Torresdale, Pa. and received the Litt.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania (1902), as well as the Laetare medal from the University of Notre Dame (1911); has spent much time abroad of late years but has always made Philadelphia her residence. Miss Repplier has devoted herself almost exclusively to the essay form and is one of its staunchest and most distinguished cultivators in America. Formerly concerned with literary subjects, as exemplified by *Books and Men* (1888), *Points of View* (1891), and *In the Dozy Hours* (1894), she has for the past twenty years, and especially since 1914, employed her keen critical facilities and her subtle irony in attacking the social problems raised by modern education, the status of women, the American standard of culture, and so forth, notably in such volumes as *Compromises* (1904), *Americans and Others* (1912), *Counter Currents* (1915), and *Points of Friction* (1920).

Stuart Pratt Sherman was born at Anita, Iowa; was educated at Williams College and Harvard University; taught English at Northwestern University (1906-7) and at the University of Illinois (1907-24), where he was the head of the English department for many years; was given the degree of L.H.D. from Williams College in 1922 and was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1923; from 1924 acted as literary editor of the *New York Herald Tribune.* In addition to serving as associate editor of the *Cambridge History of American Literature* and editing numerous important works, including separate works of Stevenson, Shakespeare, and Hawthorne, the poems of Emerson, Whitman, and Joaquin Miller, and the *Sand-Flaubert Letters* (with A. L. Mackenzie), he is the author of the following volumes of literary and social criticism: *Matthew Arnold* (1917), *On Contemporary Literature* (1917), *Americans* (1922), *The Genius of America* (1923), and *Critical Woodcuts* (1926).

Edwin Emery Slosson was born in Albany, Kansas; was educated at the University of Kansas and the University of Chicago; was professor of chemistry at the University of Wyoming and chemist at the Wyoming Agricultural Experiment Station (1891-1903); was literary editor of *The Independent* (1903-20) and associate in the Columbia School of Journalism (1912-20); has been for some time director of Science Service in Washington, D. C., and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His varied interests as a publicist are shown in works in the fields of education, literature, and science, including *Great American Universities* (1910), *Major Prophets of Today* (1914), *Six Major Prophets* (1917), *Creative Chemistry* (1919), *Easy Lessons in Einstein* (1920), *The American Spirit in Education* (1921), *Plots and Personalities* (1922), and *Chats on Science* (1923).

Logan Pearsall Smith was born at Melville, New Jersey; was educated at Haverford

College, Harvard, and Balliol College, Oxford, taking his degree in the last place in 1893; has lived in England since 1893. He is not a voluminous writer but prefers to double-distill his thoughts about life in such collections of sententious musings as *Trivia* (1917) and *More Trivia* (1921), which have been called his "inward gush of hilarious satirics."

William Allen White was born in Emporia, Kansas; was educated at the University of Kansas; has been proprietor and editor of the *Emporia Daily and Weekly Gazette* since 1895; was American Red Cross observer in France (1917) and a delegate to the Russian Congress at Prinkipo (1919); is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and has been associated in an important capacity with several foundations and organizations of national significance. He achieved distinction as a novelist and story-writer in such works as *The Court of Boyville* (1899), *A Certain Rich Man* (1909), *In the Heart of a Fool* (1918), and *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me* (1918). Equally significant, however, have been his contributions to higher standards of American journalism, signalized by his notable editorials of recent years, one of which, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" was awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

WILLIAM BEEBE (1877-)

JUNGLE NIGHT*

I

Within gun-reach in front of me trudged my little Akawai Indian hunter. He turned his head suddenly, his ears catching some sound which mine had missed, and I saw that his profile was rather like that of Dante. Instantly the thought spread and the simile deepened. Were we two not all alone? and this unearthly hour and light — Then I chuckled softly, but the silence that the chuckle shattered shrank away and made it a loud, coarse sound, so that I involuntarily drew in my breath. But it was really amusing, the thought of Dante setting out on a hunt for kinkajous and giant armadillos. Jeremiah looked at me wonderingly, and we went on in silence. And for the next mile Dante vanished from my thoughts and I mused upon the sturdy little red man. Jeremiah was his civilized name; he would never tell me his real one. It seemed so unsuited to him that I thought up one still less appropriate and called him Nupee — which is the three-toed sloth; and in his quiet way he saw the humor of it, for a more agile human being never lived.

Nupee's face was unclouded, but his position as hunter to our expedition had brought decisions and responsibilities which he had not known before. The simple life,— the unruffed existence in the little open *benab*, with hammock, cassava field, and an occasional hunt,— this was of the past. A wife had come, slipping quietly into his life, Indian-fashion; and now, before the baby arrived, decisions had to be made. Nupee longed for some store shoes and a suit of black clothes. He had owned a big *benab* which he himself had built; but a godmother, like the cowbird in a warbler's nest, had gradually but firmly ousted him and had filled it with diseased relatives, so that it was unpleasant to visit. He now, to my knowledge, owned a single shirt and a pair of short trousers.

The shoes were achieved. I detected in him qualities which I knew that I should find in some one, as I do on every expedition, and I made him perform some unnecessary labor and gave him the shoes. But the clothes would cost five dollars, a month's wages, and he had promised to get married — white-fashion — in another month, and that would consume several times five dollars. I did not offer to help him decide. His Akawai marriage ceremony seemed not without honor, and as for its sincerity — I had seen the two together. But my lips were sealed. I could not tell him that a recementing of the ritual of his own tribe did not seem quite the equal of a five-dollar suit of clothes. That was a matter for individual decision.

But to-night I think that we both had put all our worries and sorrows far away, and I memory as well; and I felt sympathy in the quiet, pliant gait which carried him so swiftly over the sandy trail. I knew Nupee now for what he was — the one for whom I am always on the lookout, the exceptional one, the superservant, worthy of friendship as an equal. I had seen his uncle and his cousins. They were Indians, nothing more. Nupee had slipped into the place left vacant for a

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time by Aladdin, and by Satán and Shimosaka, by Drojak and Trujillo — all exceptional, all faithful, all servants first and then friends. I say "for a time" — for they all hoped, and I think still hope with me, that we shall meet and travel and camp together again, whether in the Cinghalese thorn-bush, or Himalayan dâks, in Dyak canoes or among the camphor groves of Sakarajama.

Nupee and I had not been thrown together closely. This had proved a static expedition, settled in one place, with no dangers to speak of, no real roughing it, and we met only after each hunting trip. But the magic of a full moon had lured me from my laboratory table, and here we were, we two, plodding junglewards, becoming better acquainted in silence than I have often achieved with much talk.

It was nearly midnight. We traversed a broad trail of white sand, between lines of saplings of pale-barked rubber trees, flooded, saturated, with milky-gray light. Not a star appeared in the cloudless sky, which, in contrast to the great silver moon-plaque, was blue-black. These open sandy stretches, so recently etched into what had been primitive jungle, were too glowing with light for most of the nocturnal creatures who, in darkness, flew and ran and hunted about in them. And the lovers of twilight were already come and gone. The stage was vacant save for one actor — the nighthawk of the silvery collar, whose eerie *wheeeo!* or more leisurely and articulate *who-are-you?* was queried from stump and log. There was in it the same liquid tang, the virile ringing of skates on ice, which enriches the cry of the whip-poor-will in our country lanes.

Where the open trail skirted a hillside we came suddenly upon a great gathering of these goat-suckers, engaged in some strange midnight revel. Usually they roost and hunt and call in solitude, but here at least forty were collected on the white sand within an area of a few yards. We stopped and watched. They were dancing — or, rather, popping, as corn pops in a hopper. One after another, or a half dozen at a time, they bounced up a foot or two from the ground and flopped back, at the instant of leaving and returning uttering a sudden, explosive *wop!* This they kept up unceasingly for the five minutes we gave to them, and our passage interrupted them for only a moment. Later we passed single birds which popped and wopped in solitary state; whether practicing, or snobbishly refusing to perform in public, only they could tell. It was a scene not soon forgotten.

Suddenly before us rose the jungle, raw-edged, with border zone of bleached, ashamed trunks and lofty branches white as chalk, of dead and dying trees. For no jungle tree, however hardy, can withstand the blasting of violent sun after the veiling of emerald foliage is torn away. As the diver plunges beneath the waves, so, after one glance backward over the silvered landscape, I passed at a single stride into what seemed by contrast inky blackness, relieved by the trail ahead, which showed as does a ray of light through closed eyelids. As the chirruping rails climbed among the roots of the tall cat-tails out yonder, so we now crept far beneath the level of the moonlit foliage. The silvery landscape had been shifted one hundred, two hundred feet above the earth. We had become lords of creation in name alone, threading our way humbly among the fungi and toadstools, able only to look aloft and wonder what it was like. And for a long time no voice answered to tell us whether any creature lived and moved in the treetops.

The tropical jungle by day is the most wonderful place in the world. At night I am sure it is the most weirdly beautiful of all places outside the world. For it is primarily unearthly, unreal; and at last I came to know why. In the light of the full moon it was rejuvenated. The simile of theatrical scenery was always present to the mind, the illusion lying especially in the completeness of transformation from the jungle by daylight. The theatrical effect was heightened by the sense of being in some vast building. This was due to the complete absence of any breath of air. Not a leaf moved; even the pendulous air-roots reaching down their seventy-foot plummets for the touch of soil did not sway a hair's breadth. The throb of the pulse set the rhythm for one's steps. The silence, for a time, was as perfect as the breathlessness. It was a wonderfully ventilated amphitheatre; the air was as free from any feeling of tropical heat, as it lacked all crispness of the north. It was exactly the temperature of one's skin.

Heat and cold were for the moment as unthinkable as wind.

One's body seemed wholly negligible. In soft padding moccasins and easy swinging gait, close behind my Indian hunter, and in such khaki browns that my body was almost invisible to my own downward glance, I was conscious only of the play of my senses: of two at first, sight and smell; later, of hearing. The others did not exist. We two were unattached, impersonal, moving without effort or exertion. It was magic, and I was glad that I had only my Akawai for companion, for it was magic that a word would have shattered. Yet there was this wonderfully satisfying thing about it, that most magic lacks: it exists at present, to-day, perhaps, at least once a month, and I know that I shall experience it again. When I go to the window and look out upon the city night, I find all extraneous light emaciated and shattered by the blare of gas and electricity, but from one upreaching tower I can see reflected a sheen which is not generated in any power-house of earth. Then I know that within the twenty-four hours the *terai* jungles of Garhwal, the treeferns of Pahang, and the mighty *moras* which now surround us, were standing in silvery silence and in the peace which only the wilderness knows.

I soon took the lead and slackened the pace to a slow walk. Every few minutes we stood motionless, listening with mouth as well as ears. For no one who has not listened in such silence can realize how important the mouth is. Like the gill of old which gave it origin, our ear has still an entrance inward as well as outward, and the sweep of breath and throb of the blood are louder than we ever suspect. When at an opera or concert I see some one sitting rapt, listening with open mouth, I do not think of it as ill-bred. I know it for unconscious and sincere absorption based on an excellent physical reason.

It was early spring in the tropics; insect life was still in the gourmand stage, or that of pupal sleep. The final period of pipe and fiddle had not yet arrived, so that there was no hum from the underworld. The flow of sap and the spread of petals were no less silent than the myriad creatures which, I knew, slumbered or hunted on every side. It was as if I had slipped back one dimension in space and walked in a shadow world. But these shadows were not all colorless. Although the light was strained almost barren by the moon mountains, yet the glow from the distant lava and craters still kept something of color, and the green of the leaves, great and small, showed as a rich dark olive. The afternoon's rain had left each one filmed with clear water, and this struck back the light as polished silver. There was no tempered illumination. The trail ahead was either black, or a solid sheet of light. Here and there in the jungle on each side, where a tree had fallen, or a flue of clear space led moonwards, the effect was of cold electric light seen through trees in city parks. When such a shaft struck down upon us, it surpassed simile. I have seen old paintings in Belgian cathedrals of celestial light which now seems less imaginary.

At last the silence was broken, and like the first breath of the trade-wind which clouds the Mazaruni surface, the mirror of silence was never quite clear again — or so it seemed. My northern mind, stored with sounds of memory, never instinctively accepted a new voice of the jungle for what it was. Each had to go through a reference clearing-house of sorts. It was like the psychological reaction to words or phrases. Any strange wail or scream striking suddenly upon my ear instantly crystallized some vision of the past — some circumstance or adventure fraught with similar sound. Then, appreciably as a second thought, came the keen concentration of every sense to identify this new sound, to hear it again, to fix it in mind with its character and its meaning. Perhaps at some distant place and time, in utterly incongruous surroundings, it may in turn flash into consciousness — a memory-simile stimulated by some sound of the future.

II

I stood in a patch of moonlight listening to the baying of a hound — or so I thought: that musical ululation which links man's companion wolf-wards. Then I thought of the packs of wild hunting dogs, the dreaded "warracabra tigers," and I turned to the Indian at my elbow, full of hopeful expectation. With his quiet smile he whispered, "Kunama," and I knew I had heard the giant tree-frog

of Guiana — a frog of size and voice well in keeping with these mighty jungles. I knew these were powerful *beenas* with the Indians, tokens of good hunting, and every fortunate *benab* would have its dried mummy frog hung up with the tail of the giant armadillo and other charms. Well might these batrachians arouse profound emotions among the Indians, familiar as they are with the strange beings of the forest. I could imagine the great goggle-eyed fellow sprawled high near the roof of the jungle, clutching the leaves with his vacuum-cupped toes. The moonlight would make him ghostly — a pastel frog; but in the day he flaunted splashes of azure and green on his scarlet body.

At a turn in the trail we squatted and waited for what the jungle might send of sight or sound. And in whispers Nupee told me of the big frog *kunama,* and its ways. It never came to the ground, or even descended part way down the trees; and by some unknown method of distillation it made little pools of its own in deep hollows, and there lived. And this water was thick like honey and white like milk, and when stirred became reddish. Besides which, it was very bitter. If a man drank of it, forever after he hopped each night and clasped all the trees which he encountered, endlessly endeavoring to ascend them and always failing. And yet, if he could once manage to reach a pool of *kunama* water in an uncut tree and drink, his manhood would return and his mind be healed.

When the Indians desired this *beena,* they marked a tree whence a frog called at night, and in the daytime cut it down. Forming a big circle, they searched and found the frog, and forthwith smoked it and rubbed it on arrows and bow before they went out. I listened gravely and found that it all fitted in with the magic of the night. If an Indian had appeared down the trail, hopping endlessly and gripping the trunks, gazing upward with staring eyes, I should not have thought it more strange than the next thing that really happened.

We had settled on our toes in another squatting-place — a dark aisle with only scattered flecks of light. The silence and breathlessness of the moon-craters could have been no more complete than that which enveloped us. My eye wandered from spot to spot, when suddenly I began to think of that great owl-like goatsucker, the "poor-me-one." We had shot one at Kalacoon a month before and no others had called since, and I had not thought of the species again. Quite without reason I began to think of the bird, of its wonderful markings, of the eyes which years ago in Trinidad I had made to glow like iridescent globes in the light of a flash — and then a poor-me-one called behind us, not fifty feet away. Even this did not seem strange among these surroundings. It was an interesting happening, one which I have experienced many times in my life. It may have been just another coincidence. I am quite certain it was not. In any event it was a Dantesque touch, emphasized by the character of the call — the wail of a lost soul being as good a simile as any other. It started as a high, trembling wail, the final cry being lost in the depths of whispered woe: —

Oo ———— ooh!
oh!
oh!
oh!
oh!
oh!

Nupee never moved; only his lips formed the name by which he knew it — *kalawoe.* Whatever else characterized the sounds of the jungle at night, none became monotonous or common. Five minutes later the great bird called to us from far, far away, as if from another round of purgatory — an eerie lure to enter still deeper into the jungle depths. We never heard it again.

Nature seems to have apportioned the voices of many of her creatures with sensitive regard for their environment. Sombre voices seem fittingly to be associated with subdued light, and joyous notes with the blaze of sunlit twigs and open meadows. A bobolink's bubbling carol is unthinkable in a jungle, and the strain of a wood pewee on a sunny hillside would be like an organ playing dance-music. This is even more pronounced in the tropics where, quite aside from any mental association on my part, the voices and calls of the jungle reflect the qualities of that twilight world. The poor-me-one proves too much. He is the very essence of night, his wings edged with velvet silence, his plumage the mingled concentration of moss and lichens and dead wood.

I was about to rise and lead Nupee still farther into the gloom when the jungle showed another mood — a silent whimsy, the humor of which I could not share with the little red man. Close to my face, so near that it startled me for a moment, over the curved length of a long, narrow caladium leaf, there came suddenly two brilliant lights. Steadily they moved onward, coming up into view for all the world like two tiny headlights of a motor car. They passed, and the broadside view of this great elater was still absurdly like the profile of a miniature tonneau with the top down. I laughingly thought to myself how perfect the illusion would be if a red tail-light should be shown, when to my amazement a rosy red light flashed out behind, and my bewildered eyes all but distinguished a number! Naught but a tropical forest could present such contrasts in such rapid succession as the poor-me-one and this parody of man's invention.

I captured the big beetle and slid him into a vial, where in his disgust he clicked sharply against the glass. The vial went into my pocket and we picked up our guns and crept on. As we traversed a dark patch, dull gleams like heat lightning flashed over the leaves, and, looking down, I saw that my khaki was aglow from the illuminated insect within. This betrayed every motion, so I wrapped the vial in several sheets of paper and rolled it up in my handkerchief. The glow was duller but almost as penetrating. At one time or another I have had to make use of all my garments, from topee to moccasins, in order to confine captives armed with stings, beaks, teeth, or fangs, but now I was at a complete loss. I tried a gun-barrel with a handkerchief stopper, and found that I now carried an excellent, long-handled flashlight. Besides, I might have sudden use for the normal function of the gun. I had nothing sufficiently opaque to quench those flaring headlights, and I had to own myself beaten and release him. He spread his wings and flew swiftly away, his red light glowing derisively; and even in the flood of pure moonlight he moved within an aura which carried far through the jungle. I knew that killing him was of no use, for a week after death from chloroform I have seen the entire interior of a large insect box brilliantly lighted by the glow of these wonderful candles, still burning on the dead shoulders of the same kind of insect.

Twice, deeper in the jungle, we squatted and listened, and twice the silence remained unbroken and the air unmoved. Happening to look up through a lofty, narrow canyon of dark foliage, I was startled as by some sudden sound by seeing a pure white cloud, moon-lit, low down, pass rapidly across. It was first astounding, then unreal: a bit of exceedingly poor work on the part of the property man, who had mixed the hurricane scenery with that of the dog-days. Even the elements seemed to have been laved with magic. The zone of high wind, with its swift-flying clouds, must have been flowing like a river just above the motionless foliage of the tree-tops.

This piece of ultra-unnaturalism seemed to break part of the spell and the magic silence was lifted. Two frogs boomed again, close at hand, and now all the hound similitude was gone, and in its place another, still more strange, when we think of the goggle-eyed author far up in the trees. The sound now was identical with the short cough or growl of a hungry lion, and though I have heard the frogs many times since that night, this resemblance never changed or weakened. It seemed as if the volume, the roaring outburst, could come only from the throat of some large, full-lunged mammal.

A sudden tearing rush from the trail-side, and ripping of vines and shrubs, was mingled with deep, hoarse snorts, and we knew that we had disturbed one of the big red deer — big only in comparison with the common tiny brown brockets. A few yards farther the leaves rustled high overhead, although no breath of wind had as yet touched the jungle. I began a slow, careful search with my flashlight, and, mingled with the splotches and specks of moonlight high overhead, I seemed to see scores of little eyes peering down. But at last my faint electric beam found its mark and evolved the first bit of real color which the jungle had shown — always excepting the ruby tail-light. Two tiny red globes gleamed down at us, and as they gleamed, moved without a sound, apparently unattached, slowly through the foliage. Then came a voice, as wandering, as impersonal as the eyes — a sharp, incisive *wheeeeeat!* with a cat-like timber;

and from the eyes and voice I reconstructed a night monkey — a kinkajou.

Then another notch was slipped and the jungle for a time showed something of the exuberance of its life. A paca leaped from its meal of nuts and bounced away with quick, repeated pats; a beetle with wings tuned to the bass clef droned by; some giant tree-cricket tore the remaining intervals of silence to shreds with unmuted wing-fiddles, *cricks* so shrill and high that they well-nigh passed beyond the upper register of my ear out into silence again. The roar of another frog was comforting to my ear-drum.

Then silence descended again, and hours passed in our search for sound or smell of the animal we wished chiefest to find — the giant armadillo. These rare beings have a distinct odor. Months of work in the open had sharpened my nostrils so that on such a tramp as this they were not much inferior to those of Nupee. This sense gave me as keen pleasure as eye or ear, and furnished quite as much information. The odors of city and civilization seemed very far away: gasolene, paint, smoke, perfumery, leather — all these could hardly be recalled. And how absurd seemed society's unwritten taboo on discussion of this admirable but pitifully degenerate sense! Why may you look at your friend's books, touch his collection of *netsukés,* listen to his music, yet dare sniff at naught but his blossoms!

In the open spaces of the earth, and more than anywhere in this conservatory of unblown odors, we come more and more to appreciate and envy a dog's sensitive muzzle. Here we sniffed as naturally as we turned ear, and were able to recognize many of our nasal impressions, and even to follow a particularly strong scent to its source. Few yards of trail but had their distinguishable scent, whether violent, acrid smell or delectable fragrance. Long after a crab-jackal had passed, we noted the stinging, bitter taint in the air; and now and then the pungent wake of some big jungle-bug struck us like a tangible barrier.

The most tantalizing odors were the wonderfully delicate and penetrating ones from some great burst of blossoms, odors heavy with sweetness, which seeped down from vine or tree high overhead, wholly invisible from below even in broad daylight. These odors remained longest in memory, perhaps because they were so completely the product of a single sense. There were others, too, which were unforgettable, because, like the voice of the frog, they stirred the memory a fraction before they excited curiosity. Such I found the powerful musk from the bed of leaves which a fawn had just left. For some reason this brought vividly to mind the fearful compound of smells arising from the decks of Chinese junks.

III

Along the moonlit trail there came wavering whiffs of orchids, ranging from attar of roses and carnations to the pungence of carrion, the latter doubtless distilled from as delicate and as beautiful blossoms as the former. There were, besides, the myriad and bewildering smells of sap, crushed leaves, and decaying wood; acrid, sweet, spicy, and suffocating, some like musty books, others recalling the paint on the Noah's Ark of one's nursery.

But the scent of the giant armadillo eluded us. When we waded through some new, strange odor I looked back at Nupee, hoping for some sign that it was the one we sought. But that night the great armored creatures went their way and we ours, and the two did not cross. Nupee showed me a track at the trail-side made long ago, as wide and deep as the spoor of a dinosaur, and I fingered it reverently as I would have touched the imprint of a recently alighted pterodactyl, taking care not to spoil the outlines of the huge claw-marks. All my search for him had been in vain thus far, though I had been so close upon his trail as to have seen fresh blood. I had made up my mind not to give up, but it seemed as if success must wait for another year.

We watched and called the ghostly kinkajous and held them fascinated with our stream of light; we aroused unnamable creatures which squawked companionably at us and rustled the tree-top leaves; we listened to the whispered rush of passing vampires skimming our faces and were soothed by the hypnotic droning hum which beetles left in their swift wake. Finally we turned and circled through side trails so narrow and so dark that we walked with outstretched arms, feeling for the trunks and lianas, choosing a

sloth's gait and the hope of new adventures rather than the glare of my flash on our path.

When we entered Kalacoon trail, we headed toward home. Within sight of the first turn a great black branch of a tree had recently fallen across the trail in a patch of moonlight. Before we reached it, the branch had done something it should not have done — it had straightened slightly. We strained our eyes to the utmost but could not, in this eerie light, tell head from tail end of this great serpent. It moved very slowly, and with a motion which perfectly confounded our perception. Its progress seemed no faster than the hour hand of a watch, but we knew that it moved, yet so close to the white sand that the whole trail seemed to move with it. The eye refused to admit any motion except in sudden shifts, like widely separated films of a motion-picture. For minute after minute it seemed quiescent; then we would blink and realize that it was two feet higher up the bank. One thing we could see — a great thickening near the centre of the snake: it had fed recently and to repletion, and slowly it was making its way to some hidden lair, perhaps to lie motionless until another moon should silver the jungle. Was there any stranger life in the world?

Whether it was a giant bushmaster or a constrictor, we could not tell in the diffused light. I allowed it to go unharmed, for the spell of silence and the jungle night was too strongly woven to be shattered again by the crash of gun or rifle. Nupee had been quite willing to remain behind, and now, as so often with my savage friends, he looked at me wonderingly. He did not understand and I could not explain. We were at one in the enjoyment of direct phenomena; we could have passed months of intimate companionship in the wilds as I had done with his predecessors; but at the touch of abstract things, of letting a deadly creature live for any reason except for lack of a gun — then they looked at me always with that puzzled look, that straining to grasp the something which they knew must be there. And at once always followed instant acceptance, unquestioning, without protest. The transition was smooth, direct, complete: the sahib had had opportunity to shoot; he had not done so; what did the sahib wish to do now — to squat longer or go on?

We waited for many minutes at the edge of a small glade, and the event which seemed most significant to me was in actual spectacle one of the last of the night's happenings. I sat with chin on knees, coolie-fashion — a position which, when once mastered, and with muscles trained to withstand the unusual flexion for hour after hour, is one of the most valuable assets of the wilderness lover and the watcher of wild things. It enables one to spend long periods of time in the lowest of umbrella tents, or to rest on wet ground or sharp stones where actual sitting down would be impossible. Thus is one insulated from *bêtes rouges* and enthusiastic ants whose sole motto is eternal preparedness. Thus too one slips, as it were, under the visual guard of humanshy creatures, whose eyes are on the lookout for their enemy at human height. From such a position, a single upward leap prepares one instantly for advance or retreat, either of which manœuvres is well within instant necessity at times. Then there were always the two positions to which one could change if occasion required — flat-footed, with arm-pits on knees, or on the balls of the feet with elbows on knees. Thus is every muscle shifted and relaxed.

Squatting is one of the many things which a white man may learn from watching his *shikarees* and guides, and which, in the wilderness, he may adopt without losing caste. We are a chair-ridden people, and dare hardly even cross our knees in public. Yet how many of us delight in sitting Buddha-fashion, or as near to it as we can attain, when the ban of society is lifted! A chairless people, however, does not necessarily mean a more simple, primitive type. The Japanese method of sitting is infinitely more difficult and complex than ours. The characters of our weak-thighed, neolithic forbears are as yet too pronounced in our own bodies for us to keep an upright position for long. Witness the admirable admittance of this anthropological fact by the architects of our subway cars, who know that only a tithe of their patrons will be fortunate enough to find room on the cane-backed seats which have come to take the place of the stumps and fallen logs of a hundred thousand years ago. So

they have thoughtfully strung the upper reaches of the cars with imitation branches and swaying lianas, to which the last-comers cling jealously, and swing with more or less of the grace of their distant forbears. Their fur, to be sure, is rubbed thinner; nuts and fruits have given place to newspapers and novels, and the roar and odors are not those of the wind among the leaves and blossoms. But the simile is amusing enough to end abruptly, and permit individual imagination to complete it.

When I see an overtired waiter or clerk swaying from foot to foot like a rocking elephant, I sometimes place the blame further back than immediate impatience for the striking of the closing hour. It were more true to blame the gentlemen whose habits were formed before caste, whose activities preceded speech.

We may be certain that chairs will never go out of fashion. We are at the end of bodily evolution in that direction. But to see a white-draped, lanky Hindu, or a red-cloaked lama of the hills, quietly fold up, no matter where he may be, is to witness the perfection of chairless rest. One can read or write or doze comfortably, swaying slightly with a bird's unconscious balance, or, as in my case at present, wholly disarm suspicion on the part of the wild creatures by sinking from the height of a man to that of a jungle deer. And still I had lost nothing of the insulation which my moccasins provided from all the inconveniences of the forest floor. Looking at Nupee after this rush of chaotic thoughts which came between jungle happenings, I chuckled as I hugged my knees, for I knew that Nupee had noticed and silently considered my little accomplishment, and that he approved, and I knew that I had acquired merit in his sight. Thus may we revel in the approval of our super-servants, but they must never know it.

From this eulogy of squatting, my mind returned to the white light of the glade. I watched the motionless leaves about me, many of them drooping and rich maroon by day-light, for they were just unbudded. Reaching far into the dark mystery of the upper jungle stretched the air-roots, held so straight by gravity, so unheeding of the whirling of the planet through space. Only one mighty liana — a monkey-ladder — had revolted against this dominance of the earth's pull and writhed and looped upon itself in fantastic whorls, while along its length rippled ever the undulations which mark this uneasy growth, this crystallized Saint Vitus plant.

A momentary shiver of leaves drew our eyes to the left, and we began to destroy the optical images evolved by the moon-shadows and to seek the small reality which we knew lived and breathed somewhere on that long branch. Then a sharp crack like a rifle lost whatever it was to us forever, and we half leaped to our feet as something swept downward through the air and crashed length after length among the plants and fallen logs. The branches overhead rocked to and fro, and for many minutes, like the aftermath of a volcanic eruption, came a shower, first of twigs and swirling leaves, then of finer particles, and lastly of motes which gleamed like silver dust as they sifted down to the trail. When the air cleared I saw that the monkey-ladder had vanished and I knew that its yards upon yards of length lay coiled and crushed among the ferns and sprouting palms of the jungle floor. It seemed most fitting that the vegetable kingdom, whose silence and majesty gave to the jungle night its magic qualities, should have contributed this memorable climax.

Long before the first Spaniard sailed up the neighboring river, the monkey-ladder had thrown its spirals aloft, and through all the centuries, all the years, it had seen no change wrought beneath it. The animal trail was trod now and then by Indian hunters, and lately we had passed several times. The sound of our guns was less than the crashing fall of an occasional forest tree. Now, with not a leaf moved by the air, with only the two of us squatting in the moonlight for audience, the last cell had given way. The sap could no longer fight the decay which had entered its heart; and at the appointed moment, the moment set by the culmination of a greater nexus of forces than our human mind could ever hope to grasp, the last fibre parted and the massive growth fell.

In the last few minutes, as it hung suspended, gracefully spiraled in the moonlight, it had seemed as perfect as the new-sprouted *moras* at my feet. As I slowly walked out of the jungle I saw in this the explanation of the simile of

artificial scenery, of all the strange magic which had come to me as I entered. The alchemy of moonlight turned all the jungle to perfect growth, growth at rest. In the silvery light was no trace of gnawing worm, of ravening ant, or corroding fungus. The jungle was rejuvenated and made a place more wonderful than any fairyland of which I have read or which I have conceived. The jungle by day, as I have said — that, too, is wonderful. We may have two friends, quite unlike in character, whom we love each for his own personality, and yet it would be a hideous, an unthinkable thing to see one transformed into the other.

So, with the mist settling down and tarnishing the great plaque of silver, I left the jungle, glad that I could be far away before the first hint of dawn came to mar the magic. Thus in memory I can keep the dawn away until I return.

And sometime in the future, when the lure of the full moon comes, and I answer, I shall be certain of finding the same silence, the same wonderful light, and the waiting trees and the magic. But Nupee may not be there. He will perhaps have slipped into memory, with Drojak and Aladdin. And if I find no one as silently friendly as Nupee, I shall have to watch alone through my jungle night.

MAX BEERBOHM (1872–)

A CLOUD OF PINAFORES*

The modish appanage of Beauty in her barouche is not a spaniel, now, but a little child. The wooden wicket which, even in my day, barred the topmost of the stairs, has been taken off its hinges, and the Jewels roll down into Cornelia's drawing-room at will. Cornelia's callers are often privileged to a place at nursery-tea. The bread-and-butter is not cut thick, as in their day, and that old law, which made it precedent of cake, seems to have been rescinded. Nor is any curb set on little tongues. Cornelia and her callers grow glad in the frolic of artless *aperçus*. They are sick of *sèvres* and scandal. Only the fresh air of the nursery can brace their frail bodies and keep up their weary eyelids.

Yet! A casual optimist might proclaim that the Victorian Era is harking back to its first simplicity. At the risk of saddening him, I must suggest that he examine his opinion. I fear there are flaws in it. Between the Georgian and Victorian Eras came an interval of transition. Society was tired of its old pleasures, but did not quite abandon them. It still masked and gambled, but only a little, in a quiet way, as by force of habit. It was really resting. And when William died and was succeeded by a young Queen, herself a symbol of all simplicity, it was ready for renunciation. It had regained its old strength, was strong enough to be simple. In the gradual years, after the Queen-widow had withdrawn herself, ceding the supremacy to her eldest son, Society slipped into its old ways. Surfeit came in due course. Men and women sought refuge in bizarre fashions: æstheticism, slumming, Buddhism. But now surfeit has come again. They look around. What is left to them? Simplicity! But they are tired. There is no interval for rest. Also, they are less strong physically, intellectually stronger, than were their grandparents; not strong enough, not weak enough, to be simple. But ah! there is one thing left to them. They can, at least, contemplate simplicity. There is a nursery somewhere at the top of most houses. "Let the children be brought down to lunch! Let us have tea with the children!"

One may trace, in the evolution of modern literature, a fairly exact parallel. But the cross-lines which connect the corresponding points on either side of this parallel are uniformly oblique. It may be too much to say that Life always copies Literature, yet certainly Literature is always a little ahead of Life. Thus we find that Pre-Raphælite poets were at work before 1880, that Sir Walter Besant, too, was already bustling about the slums, and Buddha peeping from many a first, second, and third volume. Nor did Stevenson write his *Child's Garden*, nor Pater his *Child in the House*, to meet a demand which was as yet uncreated; nor, indeed, did either work attract any attention. But, now that children are booming, the publishers and the reviewers are all agog. Stevenson and Mr. Walter Crane are honoured with reprints. "Mr. Pater's most exquisite achievement in *The Child in the*

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House" — "*Sentimental Tommy* is the supreme outcome of Mr. Barrier's genius" — "Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age* is indeed a Golden Book." Yes! Children are in vogue. The clear carillon of the coral-and-bells has penetrated even to the back-benches of the Divorce Court, and the assiduous, unimportant authors, who sat scribbling there, have torn up their flimsies and scuttled forth at the summons. *Faut être dans le mouvement*, poor creatures! For a while, they will make the scrap-screen their background. And if their heroine wear a pinafore, not a strange tea-gown "of some clinging green material," and prefers jam to laudanum and make-believe to introspection, I, for one, shall see nothing lamentable in the difference. Save as a guide to tendencies of the period, such writers do not interest me much.

I find a far subtler and more amusing guide in a little book entitled *The Children*, and written by a lady whose talent is preeminently, almost painfully, adult. Here, indeed, is a perfect example of our tecnolatry, our delight in the undirected oddities of children, our wistful effort to understand them as they are. We are told of a boy who, at the sea-side, "assumes a deep, strong, and ultra-masculine note, and a swagger in his walk, and gives himself the name of his father's tallest friend. The tone is not wholly manly; it is a tone of affairs, and withal careless; it is intended to suggest business, and also the possession of a top-hat and a pipe, and is known in the family as his 'official voice.'" How nicely sympathetic is this analysis of a mood which, in my day, was called "showing-off," and was invariably discouraged! "'Listen to him, mother,'" says a little girl, "'he's trying to talk like God. He often does.'" In the unkind 'sixties this little girl would have been sent to bed as a blasphemer. In my day, she would have been told that what she said was irreverent, and that irreverence was a very terrible thing. She "seemed thoroughly to understand the situation" is our author's comment. Indeed, the modern feeling is that the child can do no wrong. Its very slips in grammar, its inconsequence, its confusion of names, are all treasured with a loving care and imbued with an exquisite significance. "A nut-brown child of five was persuading another to play. 'Oh come,' she said, 'and play with me at new maid.'" Formerly, no amount of nut-brownness would have saved her from an explanation that the game was called "old" maid; as it is, I am quite sure she was kissed for her mistake by whatever grown-up person overheard it.

Certainly, I should be the last to deprecate the vogue of children, if I were to regard it from a selfish and superficial standpoint. For if there be one thing which people love more than to read about children, now, it is to read what children write. Had I not been *parmi les jeunissimes*, I should not have made the little success I have. The public does not, I suppose, care greatly whether I write well nor whether my premises and conclusions be correct. But it knows me to be a child-author, and likes to picture me at my desk, dressed in black velveteen, with legs dangling towards the floor. If I filled this book with the pot-hooks and hangers which were, till recently, my sole literary output, the public would be just as well pleased. But, though this sparkling tide flows all in my favour, I cannot quite approve of it. To me, there seems some danger in the prevalent desire to observe children in their quiddity, to leave them all to their own devices and let them develop their own natures, swiftly or slowly, at will. Perhaps I am bigoted and old-fashioned, out of touch with the time. But I must confess that, sometimes, my heart does even hark back to those stern old Georgian or Early Victorian days when nurseries were governed in a spirit of blind despotism. Children were not then recognized as human creatures. They were a race apart; savages that must be driven from the gates; beasts to be kept in cages; devils to whose voices one must not listen. Indeed, the very nature of children was held to be sinful. Lies and sloth, untidiness and irreverence, and a tendency to steal black currant jam, were taken to be its chief constituents. And so all nurseries, as one may learn from old books or from the oral tradition, were the darkened scene of temporal oppression, fitfully lighted with the gaunt reflections of hell-fire. How strange a picture is to be found in those books of "cautionary verses for children," irrelevantly entitled *The Daisy* and *The Cowslip*. Anything less flower-

like than their tone could not be easily conceived. The good children who move through their pages are the merest puppets, worked by the monstrous autocrat, Mamma, whilst the bad children, placed there as foils, are the most mechanical of drones and dunces. Never once does the authoress betray the briefest wish to treat children objectively. Yet, curious though it seem to modern ideas, she typifies the parents of her period.

Children were not neglected in those days. Their parents' sedulous endeavour was to force them up to a standard of mature conduct. They were taught that only their elders were good, and they were punished always in so far as they behaved childishly. See, even, how they were dressed! Miss Caroline, when she walked out, was framed in a crinoline, and she shaded her ringlets with a minute parasol, whilst Master Richard, her brother, in nankeen trousers, was a small replica of his papa. Later, in the 'seventies and 'eighties, before the Child, as such, was cared for, we see the little girl still tricked out in the latest fashion of maturity, and the little boy masquerading as a highlander or a sailor. Nowadays, they are both put into the limpest, simplest "things." The 'nineties wish children to be children, and nothing more. If — to take but one of the many pregnant comparisons suggested by *The Daisy* or *The Cowslip* — a little girl of this period be suffering toothache, she is coaxed, by all manner of sweet means, to the dentist's chair. Her fears could not anger any one. She is a child. But read the "cautionary verses" about two sisters, Miss Clara and Miss Sophie, who "both had faded teeth." Miss Clara, like a good grown-up lady, realised that a short wrench were as nothing to such prolonged agony. Miss Sophie held back, trembling. No one reasoned with her. She was suffered to be a foil to the adult fortitude of her sister, whose

teeth returned quite fresh and bright,
Whilst Sophie's ached both day and night.

These are a type of the verses that were written for children of the last generation, as *The Fairchild Family* is a type of the prose. Even in books like *Struwelpeter* the elements of terror were lurking everywhere. When children came into the scheme of a novel, they were, with few exceptions, prigs like Little Nell and Paul Dombey; dreary abstractions, foredoomed to the earliest of death-beds. In fact, real children were pariahs. That, you will say, was horrible and inhuman of their elders. It was. But I am inclined to think that, for the children themselves, it was a far more wholesome state of things. For the inherent nature of childhood is far brighter than the inherent nature of maturity. Childhood has no alien responsibilities, it is free from all the bitterness of knowledge and of memory, is careless and hopeful. So that, if the nursery be turned into a free republic and be rid of its old gloom and vigilant authority, it must be the scene of absolute happiness, and its children, when the time comes for them to leave it, will be appalled by the serious side of life. Finding no pleasure in a freedom which they have always had, incapable of that self-control which long discipline produces, they will become neurotic, ineffectual men and women. In the old days there could have been no reaction of this kind. The strange sense of freedom was a recompense for less happiness of heart. Children were fit for life.

Even from the standpoint of those elders, to whose jaded longing for simplicity the new form of education must be traced, there is great reason for misgiving. For it is probable that the effort to keep children simple by leaving them free, will but exterminate simplicity, at last. It is only oppression that can keep human beings as they are. Oppression never crushes natural instincts. All history proves that it does but intensify them. Wronged races are always primitive. Left to themselves, they develop. If Home Rule were granted, the Irish would soon lose their irresponsible gaiety, which centuries of oppression have preserved for them. Indeed, that is perhaps the most valid argument against Home Rule. Miss Caroline, likewise, and Master Richard, driven to bay by their elders, set their backs against the nursery wall and were simple to the last. But Jock and Millicent, encouraged in all their childishness, having but their own natures to think of, will very soon become self-conscious. "Whenever I can't stop laughing I have only to think of home." These words were written by a little boy from

his first boarding-school, and are quoted in *The Children.* So you see that introspection has set in already, and soon every high-chair will hold its lisping Rousseau or Marie Bashkirtseff. And soon there will be no more simplicity to contemplate. And what will a jaded world, straining at its tether, do then? Personally, I should like to think that this passion for simplicity was the sign of a lessening complexity. But wishes beget poor thoughts. I write what I believe to be true about the Victorian era. Good has been followed by evil, evil by the love of mysteries, the love of mysteries by the love of simple things. Observe that I write no fool's prattle about *le fin du siècle.* A phase of social evolution happens to coincide with a certain point in the kalendar. That, of course, is a mere chance. But we may be allowed to laugh, when we see that this century, for which Science promised a mature perfection, is vanishing in a white cloud of pinafores.

HILAIRE BELLOC (1870–)

ON A GREAT WIND*

It is an old dispute among men, or rather a dispute as old as mankind, whether Will be a cause of things or no; nor is there anything novel in those moderns who affirm that Will is nothing to the matter, save their ignorant belief that their affirmation is new.

The intelligent process whereby I know that Will not seems but is, and can alone be truly and ultimately a cause, is fed with stuff and strengthens sacramentally as it were, whenever I meet, and am made the companion of, a great wind.

It is not that this lively creature of God is indeed perfected with a soul; this it would be superstitious to believe. It has no more a person than any other of its material fellows, but in its vagary of way, in the largeness of its apparent freedom, in its rush of purpose, it seems to mirror the action of mighty spirit. When a great wind comes roaring over the eastern flats towards the North Sea, driving over the Fens and the Wringland, it is like something of this island that must go out and wrestle with the water, or play with it in a game or a battle; and when, upon the western shores, the clouds come bowling up from the horizon, messengers, outriders, or comrades of a gale, it is something of the sea determined to possess the land. The rising and falling of such power, its hesitations, its renewed violence, its fatigue and final repose — all these are symbols of a mind; but more than all the rest, its exultation! It is the shouting and the hurrahing of the wind that suits a man.

Note you, we have not many friends. The older we grow and the better we can sift mankind, the fewer friends we count, although man lives by friendship. But a great wind is every man's friend, and its strength is the strength of good-fellowship; and even doing battle with it is something worthy and well chosen. If there is cruelty in the sea, and terror in high places, and malice lurking in profound darkness, there is no one of these qualities in the wind, but only power. Here is strength too full for such negations as cruelty, as malice, or as fear; and that strength in a solemn manner proves and tests health in our own souls. For with terror (of the sort I mean — terror of the abyss or panic at remembered pain, and in general, a losing grip of the succours of the mind), and with malice, and with cruelty, and with all the forms of that Evil which lies in wait for men, there is the savour of disease. It is an error to think of such things as power set up in equality against justice and right living. We were not made for them, but rather for influences large and soundly poised; we are not subject to them but to other powers that can always enliven and relieve. It is health in us, I say, to be full of heartiness and of the joy of the world, and of whether we have such health our comfort in a great wind is a good test indeed. No man spends his day upon the mountains when the wind is out, riding against it or pushing forward on foot through the gale, but at the end of his day feels that he has had a great host about him. It is as though he had experienced armies. The days of high winds are days of innumerable sounds, innumerable in variation of tone and of intensity, playing upon and awakening innumerable powers in man. And the days of high wind are days in which a physical

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compulsion has been about us and we have met pressure and blows, resisted and turned them; it enlivens us with the simulacrum of war by which nations live, and in the just pursuit of which men in companionship are at their noblest.

It is pretended sometimes (less often perhaps now that a dozen years ago) that certain ancient pursuits congenial to man will be lost to him under his new necessities; thus men sometimes talk foolishly of horses being no longer ridden, houses no longer built of wholesome wood and stone, but of metal; meat no more roasted, but only baked; and even of stomachs grown too weak for wine. There is a fashion of saying these things, and much other nastiness. Such talk is (thank God!) mere folly; for man will always at last tend to his end, which is happiness, and he will remember again to do those things which serve that end. So it is with the uses of the wind, and especially the using of the wind with sails.

No man has known the wind by any of its names who has not sailed his own boat and felt life in the tiller. Then it is that a man has most to do with the wind, plays with it, coaxes or refuses it, is wary of it all along; yields when he must yield, but comes up and pits himself again against its violence; trains it, harnesses it, calls it if it fails him, denounces it if it will try to be too strong, and in every manner conceivable handles this glorious playmate.

As for those who say that men did but use the wind as an instrument for crossing the sea, and that sails were mere machines to them, either they have never sailed or they were quite unworthy of sailing. It is not an accident that the tall ships of every age of varying fashions so arrested human sight and seemed so splendid. The whole of man went into their creation, and they expressed him very well; his cunning, and his mastery, and his adventurous heart. For the wind is in nothing more capitally our friend than in this, that it has been, since men were men, their ally in the seeking of the unknown and in their divine thirst for travel which, in its several aspects — pilgrimage, conquest, discovery, and, in general, enlargement — is one prime way whereby man fills himself with being.

I love to think of those Norwegian men who set out eagerly before the north-east wind when it came down from their mountains in the month of March like a god of great stature to impel them to the West. They pushed their Long Keels out upon the rollers, grinding the shingle of the beach at the fjord-head. They ran down the calm narrows, they breasted and they met the open sea. Then for days and days they drove under this master of theirs and high friend, having the wind for a sort of captain, and looking always out to the sea line to find what they could find. It was the springtime; and men feel the spring upon the sea even more surely than they feel it upon the land. They were men whose eyes, pale with the foam, watched for a landfall, that unmistakable good sight which the wind brings us to, the cloud that does not change and that comes after the long emptiness of sea days like a vision after the sameness of our common lives. To them the land they so discovered was wholly new.

We have no cause to regret the youth of the world, if indeed the world were ever young. When we imagine in our cities that the wind no longer calls us to such things, it is only our reading that blinds us, and the picture of satiety which our reading breeds is wholly false. Any man to-day may go out and take his pleasure with the wind upon the high seas. He also will make his landfalls to-day, or in a thousand years; and the sight is always the same, and the appetite for such discoveries is wholly satisfied even though he be only sailing, as I have sailed, over seas that he has known from childhood, and come upon an island far away, mapped and well known, and visited for the hundredth time.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874-)

A DEFENCE OF NONSENSE*

There are two equal and eternal ways of looking at this twilight world of ours: we may see it as the twilight of evening or the twilight of morning; we may think of anything, down to a fallen acorn, as a descendant or as an ancestor. There are

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times when we are almost crushed, not so much with the load of the evil as with the load of the goodness of humanity, when we feel that we are nothing but the inheritors of a humiliating splendour. But there are other times when everything seems primitive, when the ancient stars are only sparks blown from a boy's bonfire, when the whole earth seems so young and experimental that even the white hair of the aged, in the fine biblical phrase, is like almond-trees that blossom, like the white hawthorn grown in May. That it is good for a man to realize that he is "the heir of all the ages" is pretty commonly admitted; it is a less popular but equally important point that it is good for him sometimes to realize that he is not only an ancestor, but an ancestor of primal antiquity; it is good for him to wonder whether he is not a hero, and to experience ennobling doubts as to whether he is not a solar myth.

The matters which most thoroughly evoke this sense of the abiding childhood of the world are those which are really fresh, abrupt and inventive in any age; and if we were asked what was the best proof of this adventurous youth in the nineteenth century we should say, with all respect to its portentous sciences and philosophies, that it was to be found in the rhymes of Mr. Edward Lear and in the literature of nonsense. "The Dong with the Luminous Nose," at least, is original, as the first ship and the first plough were original.

It is true in a certain sense that some of the greatest writers the world has seen — Aristophanes, Rabelais and Sterne — have written nonsense; but unless we are mistaken, it is in a widely different sense. The nonsense of these men was satiric — that is to say, symbolic; it was a kind of exuberant capering round a discovered truth. There is all the difference in the world between the instinct of satire, which, seeing in the Kaiser's moustaches something typical of him, draws them continually larger and larger; and the instinct of nonsense which, for no reason whatever, imagines what those moustaches would look like on the present Archbishop of Canterbury if he grew them in a fit of absence of mind. We incline to think that no age except our own could have understood that the Quangle-Wangle meant absolutely nothing, and the Lands of the Jumblies were absolutely nowhere. We fancy that if the account of the knave's trial in "Alice in Wonderland" had been published in the seventeenth century it would have been bracketed with Bunyan's "Trial of Faithful" as a parody on the State prosecutions of the time. We fancy that if "The Dong with the Luminous Nose" had appeared in the same period every one would have called it a dull satire on Oliver Cromwell.

It is altogether advisedly that we quote chiefly from Mr. Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes." To our mind he is both chronologically and essentially the father of nonsense; we think him superior to Lewis Carroll. In one sense, indeed, Lewis Carroll has a great advantage. We know what Lewis Carroll was in daily life: he was a singularly serious and conventional don, universally respected, but very much of a pedant and something of a Philistine. Thus his strange double life in earth and in dreamland emphasizes the idea that lies at the back of nonsense — the idea of *escape*, of escape into a world where things are not fixed horribly in an eternal appropriateness, where apples grow on pear-trees, and any odd man you meet may have three legs. Lewis Carroll, living one life in which he would have thundered morally against any one who walked on the wrong plot of grass, and another life in which he would cheerfully call the sun green and the moon blue, was, by his very divided nature, his one foot on both worlds, a perfect type of the position of modern nonsense. His Wonderland is a country populated by insane mathematicians. We feel the whole is an escape into a world of masquerade; we feel that if we could pierce their disguises, we might discover that Humpty Dumpty and the March Hare were Professors and Doctors of Divinity enjoying a mental holiday. This sense of escape is certainly less emphatic in Edward Lear, because of the completeness of his citizenship in the world of unreason. We do not know his prosaic biography as we know Lewis Carroll's. We accept him as a purely fabulous figure, on his own description of himself:

> "His body is perfectly spherical,
> He weareth a runcible hat."

While Lewis Carroll's Wonderland is purely intellectual, Lear introduces quite

another element — the element of the poetical and even emotional. Carroll works by the pure reason, but this is not so strong a contrast; for, after all, mankind in the main has always regarded reason as a bit of a joke. Lear introduces his unmeaning words and his amorphous creatures not with the pomp of reason, but with the romantic prelude of rich hues and haunting rhythms.

"Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live,"

is an entirely different type of poetry to that exhibited in "Jabberwocky." Carroll, with a sense of mathematical neatness, makes his whole poem a mosaic of new and mysterious words. But Edward Lear, with more subtle and placid effrontery, is always introducing scraps of his own elvish dialect into the middle of simple and rational statements, until we are almost stunned into admitting that we know what they mean. There is a genial ring of common sense about such lines as,

"For his aunt Jobiska said 'Every one knows
That a Pobble is better without his toes,'"

which is beyond the reach of Carroll. The poet seems so easy on the matter that we are almost driven to pretend that we see his meaning, that we know the peculiar difficulties of a Pobble, that we are as old travellers in the "Gromboolian Plain" as he is.

Our claim that nonsense is a new literature (we might almost say a new sense) would be quite indefensible if nonsense were nothing more than a mere æsthetic fancy. Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere art, any more than anything essentially reasonable has ever arisen out of the pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any great æsthetic growth. The principle of *art for art's sake* is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its roots in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air. Every great literature has always been allegorical — allegorical of some view of the whole universe. The "Iliad" is only great because all life is a battle, the "Odyssey" because all life is a journey, the Book of Job because all life is a riddle. There is one attitude in which we think that all existence is summed up in the word "ghosts"; another, and somewhat better one, in which we think it is summed up in the words "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Even the vulgarest melodrama or detective story can be good if it expresses something of the delight in sinister possibilities — the healthy lust for darkness and terror which may come on us any night in walking down a dark lane. If, therefore, nonsense is really to be the literature of the future, it must have its own version of the Cosmos to offer; the world must not only be the tragic, romantic, and religious, it must be nonsensical also. And here we fancy that nonsense will, in a very unexpected way, come to the aid of the spiritual view of things. Religion has for centuries been trying to make men exult in the "wonders" of creation, but it has forgotten that a thing cannot be completely wonderful so long as it remains sensible. So long as we regard a tree as an obvious thing, naturally and reasonably created for a giraffe to eat, we cannot properly wonder at it. It is when we consider it as a prodigious wave of the living soil sprawling up to the skies for no reason in particular that we take off our hats, to the astonishment of the park-keeper. Everything has in fact another side to it, like the moon, the patroness of nonsense. Viewed from that other side, a bird is a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk, a man a quadruped begging on its hind legs, a house a gigantesque hat to cover a man from the sun, a chair an apparatus of four wooden legs for a cripple with only two.

This is the side of things which tends most truly to spiritual wonder. It is significant that in the greatest religious poem existent, the Book of Job, the argument which convinces the infidel is not (as has been represented by the merely rational religionism of the eighteenth century) a picture of the ordered beneficence of the Creation; but, on the contrary, a picture of the huge and undecipherable unreason of it. "Hast Thou sent the rain upon the desert where no man is?" This simple sense of wonder at the shapes of things, and at their exuberant independence of our intellectual standards

and our trivial definitions, is the basis of spirituality as it is the basis of nonsense. Nonsense and faith (strange as the conjunction may seem) are the two supreme symbolic assertions of the truth that to draw out the soul of things with a syllogism is as impossible as to draw out Leviathan with a hook. The well-meaning person who, by merely studying the logical side of things, has decided that "faith is nonsense," does not know how truly he speaks; later it may come back to him in the form that nonsense is faith.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS
(1857–)

EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE

Several years ago a young man came to my study with a manuscript which he wished me to criticize.

"It is only a little bit of my work," he said modestly, "and it will not take you long to look it over. In fact it is only the first chapter, in which I explain the Universe."

I suppose that we have all had moments of sudden illumination when it occurred to us that we had explained the Universe, and it was so easy for us that we wondered why we had not done it before, Some thought drifted into our mind and filled us with vague forebodings of omniscience. It was not an ordinary thought, that explained only a fragment of existence. It explained everything. It proved one thing and it proved the opposite just as well. It explained why things are as they are, and if it should turn out that they are not that way at all, it would prove that fact also. In the light of our great thought chaos seems rational.

Such thoughts usually occur about four o'clock in the morning. Having explained the Universe, we relapse into satisfied slumber. When, a few hours later, we rise, we wonder what the explanation was.

Now and then, however, one of these highly explanatory ideas remains to comfort us in our waking hours. Such a thought is that which I here throw out, and which has doubtless at some early hour occurred to most of my readers. It is that every man has a natural desire to be somebody else.

This does not explain the Universe, but it explains that perplexing part of it which we call Human Nature. It explains why so many intelligent people, who deal skillfully with matters of fact, make such a mess of it when they deal with their fellow creatures. It explains why we get on as well as we do with strangers, and why we do not get on better with our friends. It explains why people are so often offended when we say nice things about them, and why it is that, when we say harsh things about them, they take it as a compliment. It explains why people marry their opposites and why they live happily ever afterwards. It also explains why some people don't. It explains the meaning of tact and its opposite.

The tactless person treats a person according to a scientific method as if he were a thing. Now, in dealing with a thing, you must find out what it is, and then act accordingly. But with a person, you must first find out what he is and then carefully conceal from him the fact that you have made the discovery. The tactless person can never be made to understand this. He prides himself on taking people as they are without being aware that that is not the way they want to be taken.

He has a keen eye for the obvious, and calls attention to it. Age, sex, color, nationality, previous condition of servitude, and all the facts that are interesting to the census-taker, are apparent to him and are made the basis of his conversation. When he meets one who is older than he, he is conscious of the fact, and emphasizes by every polite attention the disparity in years. He has an idea that at a certain perod in life the highest tribute of respect is to be urged to rise out of one chair and take another that is presumably more comfortable. It does not occur to him that there may remain any tastes that are not sedentary. On the other hand, he sees a callow youth and addresses himself to the obvious callowness, and thereby makes himself thoroughly disliked. For, strange to say, the youth prefers to be addressed as a person of precocious maturity.

The literalist, observing that most people talk shop, takes it for granted that they like to talk shop. This is a mistake.

They do it because it is the easiest thing to do, but they resent having attention called to their limitations. A man's profession does not necessarily coincide with his natural aptitude or with his predominant desire. When you meet a member of the Supreme Court you may assume that he is gifted with a judicial mind. But it does not follow that that is the only quality of mind he has; nor that when, out of court, he gives you a piece of his mind, it will be a piece of his judicial mind that he gives.

My acquaintance with royalty is limited to photographs of royal groups, which exhibit a high degree of domesticity. It would seem that the business of royalty when pursued as a steady job becomes tiresome, and that when they have their pictures taken they endeavor to look as much like ordinary folks as possible — and they usually succeed.

The member of one profession is always flattered by being taken for a skilled practitioner of another. Try it on your minister. Instead of saying, "That was an excellent sermon of yours this morning," say, "As I listened to your cogent argument, I thought what a successful lawyer you would have made." Then he will say, "I did think of taking to the law."

If you had belonged to the court of Frederick the Great you would have proved a poor courtier indeed if you had praised His Majesty's campaigns. Frederick knew that he was a Prussian general, but he wanted to be a French literary man. If you wished to gain his favor you should have told him that in your opinion he excelled Voltaire.

We do not like to have too much attention drawn to our present circumstances. They may be well enough in their way, but we can think of something which would be more fitting for us. We have either seen better days or we expect them.

Suppose you had visited Napoleon in Elba and had sought to ingratiate yourself with him.

"Sire," you would have said, "this is a beautiful little empire of yours, so snug and cozy and quiet. It is just such a domain as is suited to a man in your condition. The climate is excellent. Everything is peaceful. It must be delightful to rule where everything is arranged for you and the details are taken care of by others. As I came to your dominion I saw a line of British frigates guarding your shores. The evidences of such thoughtfulness are everywhere."

Your praise of his present condition would not have endeared you to Napoleon. You were addressing him as the Emperor of Elba. In his own eyes he was Emperor, though in Elba.

It is such a misapprehension which irritates any mature human being when his environment is taken as the measure of his personality.

The man with a literal mind moves in a perpetual comedy of errors. It is not a question of two Dromios. There are half a dozen Dromios under one hat.

How casually introductions are made, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to make two human beings acquainted! Your friend says "I want you to know Mr. Stifflekin," and you say that you are happy to know him. But does either of you know the enigma that goes under the name of Stifflekin? You may know what he looks like and where he resides and what he does for a living. But that is all in the present tense. To really know him you must not only know what he is but what he used to be; what he used to think he was; what he used to think he ought to be and might be if he worked hard enough. You must know what he might have been if certain things had happened otherwise, and you must know what might have happened otherwise if he had been otherwise. All these complexities are a part of his own dim apprehension of himself. They are what make him so much more interesting to himself than he is to any one else.

It is this consciousness of the inadequacy of our knowledge which makes us so embarrassed when we offer any service to another. Will he take it in the spirit in which it is given?

That was an awkward moment when Stanley, after all his hardships in his search for Dr. Livingstone, at last found the Doctor by a lake in Central Africa. Stanley held out his hand and said stiffly, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Stanley had heroically plunged through the equatorial forests to find Livingstone and to bring him back to civilization. But Livingstone was not particularly anxious to be found, and had a decided objection to being brought back to civilization. What he

wanted was a new adventure. Stanley did not find the real Livingstone till he discovered that the old man was as young at heart as himself. The two men became acquainted only when they began to plan a new expedition to find the source of the Nile.

The natural desire of every man to be somebody else explains many of the minor irritations of life. It prevents that perfect organization of society in which every one should know his place and keep it. The desire to be somebody else leads us to practice on work that does not strictly belong to us. We all have aptitudes and talents that overflow the narrow bounds of our trade or profession. Every man feels that he is bigger than his job, and he is all the time doing what theologians called "works of supererogation."

The serious-minded housemaid is not content to do what she is told to do. She has an unexpended balance of energy. She wants to be a general household reformer. So she goes to the desk of the titular master of the house and gives it a thorough reformation. She arranges the papers according to her idea of neatness. When the poor gentleman returns and finds his familiar chaos transformed into a hateful order, he becomes a reactionary.

The serious manager of a street railway company is not content with the simple duty of transporting passengers cheaply and comfortably. He wants to exercise the functions of a lecturer in an ethical culture society. While the transported victim is swaying precariously from the end of a strap he reads a notice urging him to practice Christian courtesy and not to push. While the poor wretch pores over this counsel of perfection, he feels like answering as did Junius to the Duke of Grafton, "My Lord, injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation."

A man enters a barber shop with the simple desire of being shaved. But he meets with the more ambitious desires of the barber. The serious barber is not content with any slight contribution to human welfare. He insists that his client shall be shampooed, manicured, massaged, steamed beneath boiling towels, cooled off by electric fans, and, while all this is going on, that he shall have his boots blacked.

Have you never marveled at the patience of people in having so many things done to them that they don't want, just to avoid hurting the feelings of professional people who want to do more than is expected of them? You watch the stoical countenance of the passenger in a Pullman car as he stands up to be brushed. The chances are that he does not want to be brushed. He would prefer to leave the dust on his coat rather than to be compelled to swallow it. But he knows what is expected of him. It is a part of the solemn ritual of traveling. It precedes the offering.

The fact that every man desires to be somebody else explains many of the aberrations of artists and literary men. The painters, dramatists, musicians, poets, and novelists are just as human as housemaids and railway managers and porters. They want to do "all the good they can to all the people they can in all the ways they can." They get tired of the ways they are used to and like to try new combinations. So they are continually mixing things. The practitioner of one art tries to produce effects that are proper to another art.

A musician wants to be a painter and use his violin as if it were a brush. He would have us see the sunset glories that he is painting for us. A painter wants to be a musician and paint symphonies, and he is grieved because the uninstructed cannot hear his pictures, although the colors do swear at each other. Another painter wants to be an architect and build up his picture as if it were made of cubes of brick. It looks like brick-work, but to the natural eye it doesn't look like a picture. A prose-writer gets tired of writing prose, and wants to be a poet. So he begins every line with a capital letter, and keeps on writing prose.

You go to the theater with the simple-minded Shakespearean idea that the play's the thing. But the playwright wants to be a pathologist. So you discover that you have dropped into a gruesome clinic. You sought innocent relaxation, but you are one of the non-elect and have gone to the place prepared for you. You must see the thing through. The fact that you have troubles of your own is not a sufficient claim for exemption.

Or you take up a novel expecting it to be a work of fiction. But the novelist has other views. He wants to be your spiritual adviser. He must do something to your mind, he must rearrange your fundamental

ideas, he must massage your soul, and generally brush you off. All this in spite of the fact that you don't want to be brushed off and set to rights. You don't want him to do anything to your mind. It 's the only mind you have and you need it in your own business.

But if the desire of every man to be somebody else accounts for many whimsicalities of human conduct and for many aberrations in the arts, it cannot be lightly dismissed as belonging only to the realm of comedy. It has its origin in the nature of things. The reason why every man wants to be somebody else is that he can remember the time when he was somebody else. What we call personal identity is a very changeable thing, as all of us realize when we look over old photographs and read old letters.

The oldest man now living is but a few years removed from the undifferentiated germ-plasm, which might have developed into almost anything. In the beginning he was a bundle of possibilities. Every actuality that is developed means a decrease in the rich variety of possibilities. In becoming one thing it becomes impossible to be something else.

The delight in being a boy lies in the fact that the possibilities are still manifold. The boy feels that he can be anything that he desires. He is conscious that he has capacities that would make him a successful banker. On the other hand, there are attractions in a life of adventure in the South Seas. It would be pleasant to lie under a bread-fruit tree and let the fruit drop into his mouth, to the admiration of the gentle savages who would gather about him. Or he might be a saint — not a commonplace modern saint who does chores and attends tiresome committee meetings, but a saint such as one reads about, who gives away his rich robes and his purse of gold to the first beggar he meets, and then goes on his carefree way through the forest to convert interesting robbers. He feels that he might practice that kind of unscientific charity, if his father would furnish him with the money to give away.

But by and by he learns that making a success in the banking business is not consistent with excursions to the South Seas or with the more picturesque and unusual forms of saintliness. If he is to be in a bank he must do as the bankers do.

Parents and teachers conspire together to make a man of him, which means making a particular kind of man of him. All mental processes which are not useful must be suppressed. The sum of their admonitions is that he must pay attention. That is precisely what he is doing. He is paying attention to a variety of things that escape the adult mind. As he wriggles on the bench in the schoolroom, he pays attention to all that is going on. He attends to what is going on out-of-doors; he sees the weak points of his fellow pupils, against whom he is planning punitive expeditions; and he is delightfully conscious of the idiosyncrasies of the teacher. Moreover, he is a youthful artist and his sketches from life give acute joy to his contemporaries when they are furtively passed around.

But the schoolmaster says sternly, "My boy, you must learn to pay attention; that is to say, you must not pay attention to so many things, but you must pay attention to one thing, namely, the second declension."

Now the second declension is the least interesting thing in the room, but unless he confines his attention to it he will never learn it. Education demands narrowing of attention in the interest of efficiency.

A man may, by dint of application to a particular subject, become a successful merchant or real-estate man or chemist or overseer of the poor. But he cannot be all these things at the same time. He must make his choice. Having in the presence of witnesses taken himself for better for worse, he must, forsaking all others, cleave to that alone. The consequence is that, by the time he is forty, he has become one kind of a man, and is able to do one kind of work. He has acquired a stock of ideas true enough for his purposes, but not so transcendentally true as to interfere with his business. His neighbors know where to find him, and they do not need to take a spiritual elevator. He does business on the ground floor. He has gained in practicality, but has lost in the quality of interestingness.

The old prophet declared that the young men dream dreams and the old men see visions, but he did not say anything about the middle-aged men. *They* have to look after the business end.

But has the man whose working hours are so full of responsibilities changed so much as he seems to have done? When he is talking shop is he "all there"? I

think not. There are elusive personalities that are in hiding. As the rambling mansions of the old Catholic families had secret panels opening into the "priest's hole," to which the family resorted for spiritual comfort, so in the mind of the most successful man there are secret chambers where are hidden his unsuccessful ventures, his romantic ambitions, his unfulfilled promises. All that he dreamed of as possible is somewhere concealed in the man's heart. He would not for the world have the public know how much he cares for the selves that have not had a fair chance to come into the light of day. You do not know a man until you know his lost Atlantis, and his Utopia for which he still hopes to set sail.

When Dogberry asserted that he was "as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina" and "one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him," he was pointing out what he deemed to be quite obvious. It was in a more intimate tone that he boasted, "and a fellow that hath had losses."

When Julius Cæsar rode through the streets of Rome in his chariot, his laurel crown seemed to the populace a symbol of his present greatness. But gossip has it that Cæsar at that time desired to be younger than he was, and that before appearing in public he carefully arranged his laurel wreath so as to conceal the fact that he had *had* losses.

Much that passes for pride in the behavior of the great comes from the fear of the betrayal of emotions that belong to a simpler manner of life. When the sons of Jacob saw the great Egyptian officer to whom they appealed turn away from them, they little knew what was going on. "And Joseph made haste, for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself." Joseph didn't want to be a great man. He wanted to be human. It was hard to refrain himself.

What of the lost arts of childhood, the lost audacities and ambitions and romantic admirations of adolescence? What becomes of the sympathies which make us feel our kinship to all sorts of people? What becomes of the early curiosity in regard to things which were none of our business? We ask as Saint Paul asked of the Galatians, "Ye began well; who did hinder you?"

The answer is not wholly to our discredit. We do not develop all parts of our nature because we are not allowed to do so. Walt Whitman might exult over the Spontaneous Me. But nobody is paid for being spontaneous. A spontaneous switchman on the railway would be a menace to the traveling public. We prefer some one less temperamental.

As civilization advances and work becomes more specialized, it becomes impossible for any one to find free and full development for all his natural powers in any recognized occupation. What then becomes of the other selves? The answer must be that playgrounds must be provided for them outside the confines of daily business. As work becomes more engrossing and narrowing the need is more urgent for recognized and carefully guarded periods of leisure.

The old Hebrew sage declared, "Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure." It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure classes. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves. If he cannot have a Sabbath rest of twenty-four hours, he must learn to sanctify little Sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?

To realize that men are not satisfied with themselves requires imagination, and we have had a terrible example of what misfortunes come from the lack of imagination. The Prussian militarists had a painstaking knowledge of facts, but they had a contempt for human nature. Their tactlessness was almost beyond belief. They treated persons as if they were things. They treated facts with deadly seriousness, but had no regard for feelings. They had spies all over the world to report all that could be seen, but they took no account of what could not be seen. So, while they were dealing scientifically with the obvious

facts and forces, all the hidden powers of the human soul were being turned against them. Prussianism insisted on highly specialized men who have no sympathies to interfere with their efficiency. Having adopted a standard, all variation must be suppressed. It was against this effort to suppress the human variations that the world fought. We did not want all men to be reduced to one pattern. And against the effort to produce a monotonous uniformity we must keep on fighting. It was of little use to dethrone the Kaiser if we submit to other tyrants of our own making.

EDWARD VERRAL LUCAS (1868–)

"MY COUSIN THE BOOKBINDER" *

"Oh, I am so poorly! I waked it at my cousin's, the bookbinder, who is now with God." — *Charles Lamb to P. G. Patmore, 1827.*

"So you 've been reading that, sir, have you? I have a copy too. I 'll fetch it and show you. . . . The inscription? Oh yes, that 's all right. He 's my cousin, true enough: his real name 's not Elia, of course; his real name 's Lamb — Charles Lamb. He 's a clerk at the East India Company's in Leadenhall Street — a little dark man with a large head. Must be nearly fifty by this time.

"'Genius,' you say? Well, I 've heard others say that too — one or two persons, that is: customers of mine; but I don't know. Perhaps I 'm no judge of such things. I 'm a bookbinder. The outside of books is my line, not the inside. Oh yes, I 've read Elia's Essays — not all through, perhaps, but here and there. Quite enough to tell, anyway.

"'Genius,' you say? My idea of genius is not that. I like a straightforward thing. Did you ever read the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard,* by Thomas Gray? Now, there 's genius. So beautifully it goes — never a trip in the tongue from beginning to end, and everything so clear a child could understand it, and yet it 's literature too. My little girl used to say it. *Rasselas,* too — do you know that? The Happy Valley and all the rest of it. That 's genius, I think. But not this twisted stuff going backwards and forwards and one never feeling quite sure how to take it. I like a plain man with a plain mind.

"It 's just the same with my cousin when you meet him. You never know what he 's at. He 's so nice sometimes, all heart, and friendly — and then the next time I have a notion that everything he says means something else. He leads me on to talk — just as I am talking now to you, sir, — and he seems to agree with what I say so warmly; and then all of a sudden I see that he 's just making fun of me all the time. He must have his joke. He comes in here sometimes on his way from the office, and precious little he does there, I can tell you. Oh, they 're an easy lot, those East India clerks.

"But with all his odd ways and that mischievous mouth of his, his heart 's in the right place. Very different from his brother, who died a year or so back. He was nothing to boast of; but the airs that man used to put on! I remember his father well — a little brisk man, wonderfully like Garrick, full of jokes and bright, quick ways. He was really a scrivener, but he did n't do much of that in those days, having fallen into an easy place with old Mr. Salt, the member of Parliament, and a great man in the law. This Mr. Salt lived in the Temple, and little John Lamb — that is your Elia's father — he was his servant: did everything for him and lived in clover; Mrs. Lamb, she cooked. Mr. Salt was the generous kind — sent the boys to school and all the rest of it. They had it all their own way till the old gentleman died, and then things went wrong one after the other. It 's too sad to talk about. . . .

"Except that Mrs. Lamb and her husband's sister, Miss Sarah — 'Aunt Hetty' they used to call her — never quite hit it off, it was as happy a family as you 'd ask for. But there came terrible times. . . . It 's too sad. Where was I? — Oh yes, so you see that Mr. John Lamb, Esquire, who died the other day, had little enough to boast of, but he walked about as if he owned the earth. He used to come in here now and then to give me

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an order, and he threw it to me as if it was a bone and I was a dog. Many 's the time I had it on my tongue to remind him what his father was, but I kept it back. A word unsaid is still to say. He was at the South Sea House, near his brother in Leadenhall Street, but they did n't have much to say to each other. Mr. John, he was a big, blustering, happy man, while this little one who calls himself Elia is all for quietness and not being seen, and having his own thoughts and his own jokes. They had n't much in common. . . .

"Besides, there was another thing. There 's a sister, you must know, sir, a wonderful wise woman, but she 's not always quite right in her head, poor dear; and when it was a question of whether someone had to promise to be responsible for her, or she must go to an asylum for the rest of her life, her younger brother, the writer of that book there, under your arm, said he would; and he gave up everything, and has kept her — it was thirty years ago very nearly — ever since. Well, it was thought in the family and by their friends that John, who was a grown man at the time and a bachelor, and beginning to be prosperous, ought to have done more than he did, and I think that sometimes he thought so too, although he was usually pretty well satisfied with himself. Anyway, he did n't go to see his brother and sister much, and when he did I 've heard that there was often trouble, because he would have his own way and argufy until he lost his temper. I was told as how he once had a dispute with Mr. Hazlitt the writer over something to do with painting, and knocked him down. Just think of knocking a man down about a matter of paint! But there 's some high-handed men that would quarrel over anything.

"Like his little brother, he tried writing too, but he could n't do it. He wrote a little tract on kindness to animals, and brought it here to be bound in morocco. Not to give away, mind, but to keep. 'Author's Copy' I had to letter it. . . . 'Kindness to animals,' I nearly said to him; 'what about kindness to sisters?' But I did n't say it.

"The sister? Ah yes, she 's the pick. She 's a great woman, if ever there was one. I know her better than any of them, because when they were living near here, and her brother — your Mr. Lamb, the author — was at his office, I often looked in with a pork chop or some little thing like that. There 's no jokes about her, no saying things that she does n't mean, or anything like that. She 's all gold, my cousin Mary is. She understands everything, too. I 've taken lots of troubles to her — little difficulties about my children, and what not — and she understands directly, for all she 's an old maid, and tells me just what I want to know. She 's the clever one. She can write, too. I 've got a little book of her stories and some poetry for children — here they are — I bound them myself: that 's the best binding I can do — real russia, and hand tooling, every bit of it. Did she write all of them? No, she did n't write all, but she wrote the best. Her brother Charles did something to each, but I don't mind that. I think of them as her books — Mary's. If only she had better health, she would write much better than he does; but her poor head. . . . Every year, you must know, she goes out of her mind for a little while. Oh, it's too sad. . . .

"Have they many friends? Oh yes, a good many. Most of them are too clever for me; but there are some old-fashioned ones too, that they like for old sake's sake. They 're the best. One or two of them are very good customers of mine. There 's Mr. Robinson, the barrister, he brings me lots of books to mend, and I 've had work for Mr. Aders, too. But as for your Mr. Lamb, — Elia, — never a stitch will he let you put into any book, even if it 's dropping to pieces. Why, he won't even take the dealer's tickets off them. He never thinks of the outside of a book, but you should see him tearing the heart out of them by the light of one candle. I 'm told he knows more about what books are worth reading than anyone living. That 's odd, is n't it, and his father a little serving-man! Life 's full of surprises. They say he knows all about poetry, too, and helped the great poets. There 's Mr. Wordsworth, why, he dedicated a book to my cousin, — I 've got it here, *The Waggoner*, a pretty book it is, too — and Mr. Coleridge, who wrote about the old sailor man and the albatross, he let my cousin put some little poems of his own into one of his books. It turns one inside out when one thinks of this, and then of the old days and his father powdering Mr. Salt's wig. But I suppose everyone 's father had

to work once. Still, it 's funnier when one belongs to the same family.

" Now I come to remember it, his father used to write a little too — free and easy pieces for a charitable society he belonged to, and so on. It 's odd how writing runs in a family. But there won't be any more Lambs to write — John left no children, only a step-daughter, and Charles and Mary are single. This is the end. Well . . .

" Yes, they 've moved from London now. They 're living in Islington. They used to live in the Temple, for years, and then they went to Covent Garden, over a tin-man's. Miss Lamb liked that better than the Temple, but her brother liked the Temple best. It gave her more to do, poor dear, during the day, because her sitting-room window looked over Bow Street, and she could see all that was going on. I 'm afraid Islington is very dull after that. She could see the two great theatres, too, and they both love the play.

" He wrote a farce once. I went to see it. Nearly twenty years ago, at the Lane, when Elliston had it. We had orders for the pit, my wife and I, and the house was full of clerks from the South Sea House and the East India House. But it would n't do. *Mr. H.* it was called, and the whole joke was about the man's full name. But it would n't do. No one really minds names, and his was n't so monstrously bad — only Hogsflesh when all was said and done. All his friends did what we could for it, and the gentlemen from the great offices cheered and clapped, but the Noes got it. I never heard such hissing. I climbed up on the seat to see how poor Miss Lamb and her brother were taking it, — they were right in front, just by the orchestra, — and there was he, hissing away louder than anyone. Think of it, hissing his own play! It 's one of the best jokes I ever heard. But she, poor dear, she was just crying.

" No, he never tried the stage again, not to my knowledge. But I always say it was n't a bad little play. If he 'd only have let his sister touch it up, it would have been all right. She would have told him that Hogsflesh was n't a good enough joke. She knows. . . .

" I went up to Islington to see them only last week, but he was out. A nice little cottage, but very quiet for her. Nothing to see but the houses over the way, and the New River, and the boys fishing for sticklebacks all day long. The river 's absolutely in front of the house: nothing between you and it. Have you ever heard of Mr. Dyer, the writer? An old man, nearly blind. Well, he was coming away from my cousin's one day last year, and he walked bang into the water before anyone could stop him. Plump in. It 's a wonder he was n't drowned. There was an account of it in the *London Magazine* for December; for my cousin 's a terrible man to serve up his friends and have jokes against them. He writes about everything just as it happens. I 'm always expecting he 'll have me in one of his essays. In fact, to tell you a secret, sir, that 's why I read them. But I don't think he 's got me yet.

" Yes, Islington 's very different from Covent Garden, and the Temple too; for though the Temple is quiet enough, you 've only got to pop into Fleet Street to be in the thick of everything. When they lived there she used to like doing her shopping in Fetter Lane, because it was at the top of the lane that she used to go to school years and years ago. For she 's getting to be an old woman, you know. Let me see, how old is she? — Why, let 's see, when was Mary born? It must have been 1763; no, it was 1764. Why, she 'll be sixty this year.

" What does she do all day? Well, she reads a great deal, stories for the most part. And she sews. She 's very good with her needle. And then she has her thoughts. And at night they play cards. He gets back pretty soon, you know. Those East India gentlemen they don 't do too much, I can tell you, and I 'm told he 's one of the laziest Always either talking or writing letters, I hear. There 's a good story of him down there. One of the superiors met him coming in at about half-past ten, and he said to him, sharp-like, ' Mr. Lamb,' he said, ' you come very late.' And what do you think my cousin said, the impudent little fellow? ' Yes,' he said, as cool as you like, ' yes,' he said, ' but see how early I go,' he said. I can 't say it as he did, because he stammers and stutters and I 'm no mimic: but the brass of it shut the gentleman up. My cousin told me himself. He likes to tell you his good things; but I can 't understand a lot of them. Everyone has a dif-

ferent idea of what's funny. I'm with him, though, about old Munden: I could laugh at him all night.

"I'm troubled about them up there, so far from London and the theatres and the noise. It's a mistake to give up so much all at once. And they've given up their regular evenings, too, when people came in to play cards and talk. You can't ask busy folks to go to Islington.

"My cousin told me some bad news last week. She says that your Mr. Lamb, — Elia, — although he has such an easy time and a large salary, wants to leave the East India House and do nothing. I hope they won't let him. I know enough of life and of him to see what a mistake it would be. It was a mistake to go to Islington: it will be a worse mistake to retire. He says he wants to live in the country; but he doesn't really. Authors don't know what they want. I always say that every author ought to have a bookbinder to advise him.

"She knows it's all wrong, poor dear, but what can she do? He worries so. She sees him all miserable, and after she's said all she can against his plans, she agrees with them. That's like good women. When they see that what must be must be, they do their best. But it is very sad . . . It's her I'm sorry for. He's the kind of man that ought to go to business every day.

"Well, sir, good-night to you. I hope I haven't been tedious with all my talk.

"No, sir, not quite a genius; but very clever, I grant you."

P.S. — Of Lamb's cousin, the bookbinder (now with God), to whom there are two or three references in the *Letters*, nothing is really known, save that he died in 1827, and Lamb "waked it" at his funeral to some purpose. He may have been (and it is my theory that he was) only a distant cousin. But if he were a first cousin, he was probably the son of that aunt of whom we have no information save that she gave the little Charles Lamb the cake which he gave to a beggar. It is known that John Lamb had two sisters — Aunt Hetty, who was unmarried and lived with the Lambs for twenty years, and one other. This may have been the bookbinder's mother. I assume this aunt to be distinct from Aunt Hetty, because Lamb says that she gave him the cake on a holiday, and he returned to school by way of London Bridge. This would locate her in Southwark, where the Lamb family never lived; but of course Aunt Hetty may have sojourned in Southwark for a little, and her nephew may have visited her there. I feel certain that when he made London Bridge the scene of the adventure with the beggar, he meant it: it was not over such reminiscences that he mystified his readers. On the other hand, the bookbinder — if we are to entertain the first-cousin theory — may have been a son of a brother or sister of Lamb's mother; but nothing is ever said of any such relations of hers. Most probably, I think, the bookbinder was not a first cousin, and belonged to an older generation. In 1827 Lamb was fifty-two; probably the bookbinder was seventy. I have chosen early 1824 as the time of this conversation, because *Elia* was just published.

H. L. MENCKEN (1880–)

THE CULT OF HOPE*

Of all the sentimental errors which reign and rage in this incomparable republic, the worst, I often suspect, is that which confuses the function of criticism, whether æsthetic, political or social, with the function of reform. Almost invariably it takes the form of a protest: "The fellow condemns without offering anything better. Why tear down without building up?" So coo and snivel the sweet ones: so wags the national tongue. The messianic delusion becomes a sort of universal murrain. It is impossible to get an audience for an idea that is not "constructive" — *i.e.*, that is not glib, and uplifting, and full of hope, and hence capable of tickling the emotions by leaping the intermediate barrier of the intelligence.

In this protest and demand, of course, there is nothing but a hollow sound of words — the empty babbling of men who constantly mistake their mere feelings for thoughts. The truth is that criticism, if it were thus confined to the proposing of alternative schemes, would quickly cease

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to have any force or utility at all, for in the overwhelming majority of instances no alternative scheme of any intelligibility is imaginable, and the whole object of the critical process is to demonstrate it. The poet, if the victim is a poet, is simply one as bare of gifts as a herring is of fur: no conceivable suggestion will ever make him write actual poetry. The cancer cure, if one turns to popular swindles, is wholly and absolutely without merit — and the fact that medicine offers us no better cure does not dilute its bogusness in the slightest. And the plan of reform, in politics, sociology or what not, is simply beyond the pale of reason; no change in it or improvement of it will ever make it achieve the downright impossible. Here, precisely, is what is the matter with most of the notions that go floating about the country, particularly in the field of governmental reform. The trouble with them is not only that they won't and don't work; the trouble with them, more importantly, is that the thing they propose to accomplish is intrinsically, or at all events most probably, beyond accomplishment. That is to say, the problem they are ostensibly designed to solve is a problem that is insoluble. To tackle them with a proof of that insolubility, or even with a colorable argument of it, is sound criticism; to tackle them with another solution that is quite as bad, or even worse, is to pick the pocket of one knocked down by an automobile.

Unluckily, it is difficult for a certain type of mind to grasp the concept of insolubility. Thousands of poor dolts keep on trying to square the circle; other thousands keep pegging away at perpetual motion. The number of persons so afflicted is far greater than the records of the Patent Office show, for beyond the circle of frankly insane enterprise there lie circles of more and more plausible enterprise, and finally we come to a circle which embraces the great majority of human beings. These are the optimists and chronic hopers of the world, the believers in men, ideas and things. These are the advocates of leagues of nations, wars to make the world safe for democracy, political mountebanks, "clean-up" campaigns, laws, raids, Men and Religion Forward Movements, eugenics, sex hygiene, education, newspapers. It is the settled habit of such credulous folk to give ear to whatever is comforting; it is their settled faith that whatever is desirable will come to pass. A caressing confidence — but one, unfortunately, that is not borne out by human experience. The fact is that some of the things that men and women have desired most ardently for thousands of years are not nearer realization to-day than they were in the time of Rameses, and that there there is not the slightest reason for believing that they will lose their coyness on any near to-morrow. Plans for hurrying them on have been tried since the beginning; plans for forcing them overnight are in copious and antagonistic operation to-day; and yet they continue to hold off and elude us, and the chances are that they will keep on holding off and eluding us until the angels get tired of the show, and the whole earth is set off like a gigantic bomb, or drowned, like a sick cat, between two buckets.

But let us avoid the grand and chronic dreams of the race and get down to some of the concrete problems of life under the Christian enlightenment. Let us take a look, say, at the so-called drink problem, a small sub-division of the larger problem of saving men from their inherent and incurable hoggishness. What is the salient feature of the discussion of the drink problem, as one observes it going on eternally in these States? The salient feature of it is that very few honest and intelligent men ever take a hand in the business — that the best men of the nation, distinguished for their sound sense in other fields, seldom show any interest in it. On the one hand it is labored by a horde of obvious jackasses, each confident that he can dispose of it overnight. And on the other hand it is sophisticated and obscured by a crowd of oblique fellows, hired by interested parties, whose secret desire is that it be kept unsolved. To one side, the professional gladiators of Prohibition; to the other side, the agents of the brewers and distillers. But why do all neutral and clear-headed men avoid it? Why does one hear so little about it from those who have no personal stake in it, and can thus view it fairly and accurately? Is it because they are afraid? Is it because they are not intrigued by it? I doubt that it would be just to accuse them in either way. The real reason why they steer clear of the gabble is simpler and more creditable. It

is this: that none of them — that no genuinely thoughtful and prudent man — can imagine any solution which meets the tests of his own criticism — that no genuinely intelligent man believes the thing is soluble at all.

Here, of course, I generalize a bit heavily. Honest and intelligent men, though surely not many of them, occasionally come forward with suggestions. In the midst of so much debate it is inevitable that even a man of critical mind should sometimes lean to one side or the other — that some salient imbecility should make him react toward its rough opposite. But the fact still remains that not a single complete and comprehensive scheme has ever come from such a man, that no such man has ever said, in so many words, that he thought the problem could be solved, simply and effectively. All such schemes come from idiots or from sharpers disguised as idiots to win the public confidence. The whole discussion is based upon assumptions that even the most casual reflection must reject as empty balderdash.

And as with the drink problem, so with most of the other great questions that harass and dismay the helpless human race. Turn, for example, to the sex problem. There is no half-baked ecclesiastic, bawling in his galvanized-iron temple on a suburban lot, who doesn't know precisely how it ought to be dealt with. There is no fantoddish old suffragette, sworn to get her revenge on man, who has n't a sovereign remedy for it. There is not a shyster of a district attorney, ambitious for higher office, who does n't offer to dispose of it in a few weeks, given only enough help from the city editors. And yet, by the same token, there is not a man who has honestly studied it and pondered it, bringing sound information to the business, and understanding of its inner difficulties and a clean and analytical mind, who doesn't believe and has n't stated publicly that it is intrinsically and eternally insoluble. I can't think of an exception, nor does a fresh glance through the literature suggest one. The latest expert to tell the disconcerting truth is Dr. Maurice Parmelee, the criminologist. His book, "Personality and Conduct," is largely devoted to demonstrating that the popular solutions, for all the support they get from vice crusaders, complaisant legislators and sensational newspapers, are unanimously imbecile and pernicious — that their only effect in practice is to make what was bad a good deal worse. His remedy is — what? An alternative solution? Not at all. His remedy, in brief, is to abandon all attempts at a solution, to let the whole thing go, to cork up all the reformers and try to forget it.

And in this proposal he merely echoes Havelock Ellis, undoubtedly the most diligent and scientific student of the sex problem that the world has yet seen — in fact, the one man who, above all others, has made a decorous and intelligent examination of it possible. Ellis' remedy is simply a denial of all remedies. He admits that the disease is bad, but he shows that the medicine is infinitely worse, and so he proposes going back to the plain disease, and advocates bearing it with philosophy, as we bear colds in the head, marriage, the noises of the city, bad cooking and the certainty of death. Man is inherently vile — but he is never so vile as when he is trying to disguise and deny his vileness. No prostitute was ever so costly to a community as a prowling and obscene vice crusader, or as the dubious legislator or prosecuting officer who jumps as he pipes.

Ellis, in all this, falls under the excommunication of the sentimentalists. He demolishes one scheme without offering an alternative scheme. He tears down without making any effort to build up. This explains, no doubt, his general unpopularity; into mouths agape for peruna, he projects only paralyzing streams of ice-water. And it explains, too, the curious fact that his books, the most competent and illuminating upon the subject that they discuss, are under the ban of the Comstocks in both England and America, whereas the hollow treatises of ignorant clerics and smutty old maids are merchanted with impunity, and even commended from the sacred desk. The trouble with Ellis is that he tells the truth, which is the unsafest of all things to tell. His crime is that he is a man who prefers facts to illusions, and knows what he is talking about. Such men are never popular. The public taste is for merchandise of a precisely opposite character. The way to please is to proclaim in a confident manner, not what is true, but what is merely comforting. This is what is called building up. This is constructive criticism.

PAUL ELMER MORE (1864-)

THE NEW MORALITY

Some ten or twelve years ago a certain young woman, then fresh from the hands of an esteemed but erratic professor of English literature, wrote a novel the plot of which was roughly as follows. A college graduate suddenly finds himself the inheritor of a shoe factory in a New England town. Filled with the benevolent ideas absorbed in the academic contemplation of economics, he undertakes to introduce profit-sharing with his employees and otherwise to conduct his business for the benefit of the community. So far, good. But hard times follow, and his competitors by lowering wages and reducing labour are able to undersell him. Now there is in his control a considerable sum of money which a widow had entrusted to his father to invest for her, and the question arises whether he shall shut down his mills and inflict suffering upon his men, or shall divert this trust fund to his business and so try to tide over the period of stress. He yields to his sympathies and virtually embezzles the trust fund; but fails nevertheless, and with his own loss brings ruin upon the widow. The story was called *The Burden of Christopher,* with the implication that the hero was a bearer of Christ in his misfortune, and the author indicates pretty clearly her sentiment that in surrendering his personal integrity for the expected good of his working people he was following the higher of two conflicting codes of ethics.

The book no doubt has gone its own way to the "limbo large and broad," where the heroes of ancient fiction wander with

> Embrios and idiots, eremites and friars;

but it made a lasting impression on one reader at least as the first popular presentation to come under his notice of a theory which now confronts him wherever he turns his eyes. There has, in fact, been an astonishing divulgation in the past decade of what is called, with magnificent audacity, the New Morality.

Perhaps the most honored teacher of this code is the mistress of Hull House, who by her devoted life and her services to the people of Chicago in various times of need has won the right to speak with a certain authority for the striving generation of the day. And in one of her books, the *Newer Ideals of Peace,* Miss Addams tells of an actual occurrence and infers a moral which points in the same direction as the novel of *Christopher.* A family of five children is left motherless. The father, a drunkard, disappears, and the household is left to the care of a feeble old grandmother. Thereupon work is found for the oldest boy, "a fine, manly little fellow" of twelve, who feels keenly "his obligation to care for the family." But after a time he becomes "listless and indifferent," and at sixteen turns to professional tramping. "It was through such bitter lessons as these," observes Miss Addams, "we learned that good intentions and the charitable impulse do not always work for righteousness." As the story is told there is a plain implication that to find work for a boy under such circumstances is "cruel and disastrous" (her own comment), and that society, and not his own nature, was responsible for his relapse. One would suppose that scarcely an honest workman, or prosperous merchant, or successful professional man had ever taken up the burden of a family in youth or childhood. Doubtless hardships and waste often come from the exigencies of life, but there is not a single word in Miss Addams' account to indicate that she has felt the need of developing in the future citizen a sensitiveness to the peculiar duties that will confront him, or has reflected on the evil that might have been done the boy if he had been relieved of his natural obligations and supported by society. "Our democracy," as she says with approval, "is making inroads upon the family, the oldest of human institutions."

This is not an isolated case in Miss Addams' works, nor does it in any wise misrepresent her. In another book, *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets,* the thesis is maintained and reiterated, that crime is for the most part merely the result of repressing a wholesome "love for excitement" and "desire for adventure." In the year 1909 "there were arrested and brought into court [in Chicago] fifteen thousand young people under the age of twenty, who had failed to keep even the common law of the land. Most of these young people had broken the law in their blundering efforts to find adventure." The inference to be drawn here and throughout

the book is that one need only relieve the youth of the land from the necessity of "assuming responsibility prematurely," affording them meanwhile abundant amusement, and the instincts of lawlessness and the pursuit of criminal pleasure will vanish, or almost vanish, of themselves — as if there were no Harry Thaws and the sons of the rich were all virtuous.

But it must not be supposed that Hull House occupies a place of lonely isolation as the fountain of these ideas. From every self-authorized centre of civic virtue in which a type-writer is at work, the stream proceeds. The very presses groan, as we used to say when those machines were still in the mythological stage, at their labour of supplying the world with the new intellectual pabulum. At this moment there lies before the writer of this essay a pile of books, all recently published, which are devoted more or less specifically to the subject, and from all of which, if he had courage to go through them, he might cull abundant examples and quotations. He was, indeed, about to enter this "hollow cave, amid the thickest woods," when, an unvaliant knight, he heard the warning of the lady Una:

> Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
> I better wot then you, though now too late
> To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
> Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
> To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.

We have in fact to deal with the consummation of a long and deep-seated revolution, and there is no better way to understand the true character of the movement than by turning aside a moment to glance at its historical sources. This attempt to find some basis of conduct to take the place of the older conception of personal integrity, as we see it exemplified in the works of Miss Jane Addams and a host of other modern writers, is in fact only one aspect of the slow drift from medieval religion to humanitarianism. For a thousand years and well into the second thousand the ethical feeling of Christian Europe may be said to have taken its colour from the saying, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" — which in extreme cases was interpreted as if it read, If he *reform* the whole world; and on the other, kindred saying, "Sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and thou shall have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me" — in which the command of charity was held to be not so much for the benefit of the poor as for the liberation of the giver's own soul from the powers of this world. Such was the law, and its binding force was confirmed by the conception of a final day of wrath when the souls of men should stand before a merciless tribunal and be judged to everlasting joy or everlasting torment. The vivid reality of the fear that haunted men, at least in their moments of reflection, may be understood from the horrors of such a picture as Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment,* or from the meditations of one of the most genial of English cavaliers. In his little treatise on *Man in Darkness* — appropriate title — Henry Vaughan puts the frank question to himself:

> And what madness then is it, for the enjoying of one minute's pleasure for the satisfaction of our sensual corrupt appetite, to lie forever in a bed of burning brass, in the lake of eternal and unquenchable fire? "Suppose," saith the same writer [Drexelius], "that this whole globe of earth were nothing else but a huge mass or mountain of sand, and that a little wren came but once in every thousand years to fetch away but one grain of that huge heap; what an innumerable number of years would be spent before that world of sand could be so fetched away! And yet, alas! when the damned have lain in that fiery lake so many years as all those would amount to, they are no nearer coming out than the first hour they entered in."

No doubt practice and precept were at variance then, as to a certain extent they are at all times, and there were many texts in the Bible which might be taken to mitigate the harsher commands; but such in its purest, highest form was the law, and in the more sensitive minds this conception of the soul naked before a judging God must have created a tremendous anxiety. Morality was obedience and integrity; it scorned the world for an ideal of inner righteousness; it created a sense of individual responsibility for every word and deed; and, say what we will, there is something magnificent in this contempt for the reckoning of other men beside that eternal fame which

> . . . lives and speaks aloft by those pure eyes,
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.

But there was also in this law something repellent and even monstrous. Who has not shuddered with amazement at the inscription which Dante set over the portal of Hell: E 'L PRIMO AMORE? Was it Love that prepared those winding coils of torture to enclose for endless time the vast majority of mankind? Was it even justice to make the everlasting doom of a soul depend on its grasp of truth in these few years spent in a world of shadows and illusions? There is something repulsively irrational in the notion of an unchanging eternity suspended on the action in a moment of time — *ex hoc momento pendet æternitas.* It should seem to be unthinkable, if it had not actually been thought. As a matter of fact the rigour and crudity of this doctrine had been mitigated in the Middle Ages by the interposition between man and God of the very human institution of the Church, with its substitution of temporal penances and pardons and an interposed Purgatory in place of the terrible paradox of irrevocable judgment. It remained for the Reformation, and particularly for the Calvinistic Puritans, to tear away those veils of compromise and bring man face to face with the awful abstraction he had created. The result was for a while a great hardening and strengthening of character, salutary indeed after what may be called the almost hypocritical compromise of Catholicism; but in the end human nature could not endure the rigidity of its own logic, and in revolting turned not to another compromise but to questioning the very hypothesis of its faith.

The inevitable reaction from the intolerable logic of the Protestants was Deism, in which God was stript altogether of his judicial and moral attributes and reduced to a kind of immanent, all-benevolent force in nature. "But now comes a modern Sage," says Warburton of Bolingbroke, "... who tells us 'that they made the Basis of Religion far too wide; that men have no further concern with GOD than TO BELIEVE THAT HE IS, which his *physical attributes* make fully manifest; but, that he is *a rewarder of them who diligently seek him,* Religion doth not require us to believe, since this depends on God's MORAL ATTRIBUTES, of which we have no conception.'" But the deistic position was manifestly untenable, for it left no place for the undeniable existence of evil in this world and life. From the unaccountable distribution of wrong and suffering the divine had argued the certainty of adjustment in a future state; the deist had flown in the face of facts by retaining the belief in a benevolent Providence while taking from it the power of supernatural retribution; the atheist was more logical, he denied the existence of Providence altogether and turned the universe over to chance or blind law. Such was the progress of thought from Baxter to Bolingbroke and from Bolingbroke to Hume.

The positive consequences of this evolution are written large in the literature of the eighteenth century. With the idea of an avenging deity and a supernatural test there disappeared also the sense of deep personal responsibility; the very notion of a radical and fundamental difference between good and evil was lost. The evil that is apparent in character comes to be regarded merely as the result of the restraining and thwarting institutions of society as these exist — why, no one can explain. Envy and jealousy and greed and the sheer lust of power, all those traits which were summed up in the single Greek word *pleonexia, the desire to have more,* are not inherent in the human heart, but are artificially introduced by property and a false civilization. Change these institutions or release the individual entirely from restrictions, and his nature will recoil spontaneously to its natural state of virtue. He needs only follow the impulse of his instinctive emotions to be sound and good. And as a man feels of himself, so he feels of others. There is no real distinction between the good and the evil, but all are naturally good and the superficial variations we see are caused by the greater or less freedom of development. Hence we should condemn no man even as we do not condemn ourselves. There is no place for sharp judgment, and the laws which impose penalties and restrictions and set up false discriminations between the innocent and the criminal are subject to suspicion and should be made as flexible as possible. In place of judgment we are to regard all mankind with sympathy; a sort of emotional solidarity becomes the one great virtue, in which are included, or rather sunk, all the law and the prophets.

It was the great work of the eighteenth century, beginning in England and developing in France, to formulate this change and indoctrinate with it the mind of the

unthinking masses. Here is not the place to follow the development in detail, and those who care to see its outcome may be referred to the keen and unjustly neglected chapters on the *philosophes* in La Harpe's *Lycée*. To those, indeed, who are acquainted with the philosophical writings that preceded and introduced the French Revolution, the epithet "new" as it is attached to our present-day morality may seem a bit presumptuous; for it would be difficult to find a single fundamental idea in current literature on this subject which could not be closely paralleled by a quotation from Rousseau, or Diderot, or Helvétius, or one of their compeers. Thus, in our exaltation of sympathy above judgment and of the unrestrained emotions generally as the final rule of character, we are but following Diderot's philosophy of the heart: "Les passions amorties dégradent les hommes extraordinaires"; and when we read in Ellen Key and a host of other feminist liberators the apotheosis of love as higher than any divine or human obligations, we are but meeting again with Toussaint's religion a little disguised: "On aime de même Dieu et sa maîtresse." Our revolt from constitutional law as a power imposed by the slower reflection of men upon their own immediate desires and opinions is essentially the same as the restlessness consecrated by the French *économistes* in the phrase, "le despotisme légal." And, to return whence we began, the economics of Hull House flow only too easily from Helvétius' definition of virtue as "le désir du bien public," and from his more specific statement: "The integrity which is related to an individual or to a small society is not the true integrity; integrity considered in relation to the public is the only kind that really deserves and generally obtains the name."

Miss Addams herself has been disturbed by these reminiscences. Thus she quotes from one of the older humanitarians a characteristic saying: "The love of those whom a man does not know is quite as elemental a sentiment as the love of those whom a man does know," and repudiates it as vague and unpractical beside the New Morality. She ought to know, and may be right; yet it is not easy to see wherein her own ethics are any less vague when she deplores the act of a boy who goes to work for his starving grandmother because in doing so he is unfitting himself for future service to society. And as for effectiveness, it might seem that the French Revolution was a practical result fairly equivalent in magnitude to what has been achieved by our college settlements. But Miss Addams is by no means peculiar in this assumption of originality. Nothing is more notable in the humanitarian literature of the day than the feeling that our own age is severed from the past and opens an entirely new epoch in history. *"The race has now crossed the great divide of human history!"* exclaims an hysterical doctor of divinity in a book just published. "The tendency of the long past has been toward *diversity*, that of the longer future will be toward *oneness*. The change in this stream of tendency is not a temporary deviation from its age-long course — a new bend in the river. It is an actual reversal of the current, which beyond a peradventure will prove permanent." To this ecstatic watcher the sudden reversal took place at no remote date, but yesterday; and by a thousand other watchers the same miracle is vociferously heralded. Beyond a peradventure! Not a little of this flattering assumption is due to the blind and passionate hope of the human heart clamouring against the voice of experience. So many prophets before now have cried out, looking at the ever-flowing current of time, and having faith in some Thessalian magic:

> Cessavere vices rerum.
> . . . Amnisque cucurrit
> Non qua pronus erat.

So often the world has been disappointed; but at last we have seen — beyond a peradventure. If the vicissitudes of fate have not ceased, yet at least we have learned to look with complacency on the very law of mutation from which the eyes of men had hitherto turned away in bewildered horror, at last the stream has turned back upon its sources, and change itself is carrying us no longer towards diversity, but towards the consummation of a divine oneness.

But it would equally be an error to insist too dogmatically on the continuity of the present-day movement with that of the eighteenth century; for one generation is never quite as another. We must not forget that for a hundred years or thereabout there was a partial reaction against the

doctrines of the *philosophes,* during which time the terrors of the Revolution lay like a warning nightmare in the imagination of the more thoughtful men. A hundred years is a long period for the memory to bridge, particularly in a time when the historical sense has been weakened. Superficially, too, the application of the theory is in some respects different from what it was; the law of social sympathy has been developed into different conceptions of socialism, and we have devised fresh schemes for giving efficacy to the immediate will of the people. Even deeper is the change that has come over the attitude of religious organizations towards the movement. In the age of the Revolution the Church, both Catholic and Protestant, was still strongly entrenched in the old beliefs and offered a violent resistance to the substitutions of humanitarianism for responsibility to the priest and to God. Now this last barrier has been almost swept away. Indeed, not the least remarkable feature of this literature is the number of clergymen who are contributing to it, with their constant appeal to the New Morality as the test of faith. Open one of these books before us — let us take *The Christian Reconstruction of Modern Life,* for the promise of its title — and you will be pretty likely to come upon such a passage as this: "Faith's fellowship with Jesus is one with the realization of our fellowship in humanity"; or, on another page: "If the fundamental of the true philosophy cannot be found by common men, what advantage in any man's finding it? If life's secret, direction, and power . . . is not attainable by the lowliest, then a man of this age, living in the social passion of our time, is forced to be indifferent to that which would be the monopoly of a few gifted souls." If such a social passion means anything, it means the reconstruction of life to the level of the gutter. It is the modern sham righteousness which would have called from Jesus the same utter scorn as that which he poured upon the Pharisaical cant of his own day. Yet it is not in religious books alone that you will meet with this sort of religion. For one sermon you will hear on the obligation of the individual soul to its maker and judge, and on the need of personal regeneration and the beauty of holiness, you will hear a score on the relation of a man to his fellows and on the virtue of social sympathy. In effect, the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind," has been almost forgotten for the second, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Worship in the temple is no longer a call to contrition and repentance, but an organized flattery of our human nature, and the theological seminary is fast becoming a special school for investigating poverty and spreading agnosticism. In this sense, or degree, that humanitarianism is no longer opposed by organized religion, but has itself usurped the place of the Church, the New Morality may really justify its name.

What are the results of this glorification of humanity? What does the New Morality mean in life and conduct? Well, of such matters it is wise to speak cautiously. The actual morals of an age are an extremely complicated and elusive network of facts, and it is only too easy to generalize from incomplete observation. On the other hand we must guard against allowing ourselves to be deceived by the fallacy everywhere heard, that, because the preacher has always, even from the remotest record of Egypt, bewailed his own times as degenerate, therefore no age has fallen off in morality from its predecessor. Such an argument is a complete *non-sequitur;* there have been periods of degeneration, and there may yet be. As for our own age, only a fool would dogmatize; we can only balance and surmise. And in the first place a certain good must almost certainly be placed to the credit of humanitarianism. It has softened us and made us quicker to respond to the sufferings of others; the direct and frightful cruelty that runs through the annals of history like a crimson line has been largely eliminated from civilization, and with it a good deal of the brutality of human nature. We sometimes hear the present age compared with the later Roman Republic and the Empire, and in some respects speciously, but the callousness of the greater Romans to human misery and their hardness are almost unthinkable to-day. Consider a sentence or two from Appian: "The head and hand of Cicero were suspended for a long time from the rostra in the forum where formerly he had been accustomed to make public speeches, and more people came together to behold this spectacle than

had previously come to listen to him. It is said that even at his meals Antony placed the head of Cicero before his table, until he became satiated with the horrid sight." Such an episode scarcely stands out from the hideous story of the Civil Wars; to the modern reader it brings a feeling almost of physical sickness. So much we seem to have gained, and the change in this respect even from our own seventeenth century shows that the credit is due in no small part to the general trend of humanitarianism.

But in other directions the progress is not so clear. Statistics are always treacherous witnesses, but so far as we can believe them and interpret them we can draw no comfort from the prevalence of crime and prostitution and divorce and insanity and suicide. At least, whatever may be the cause of this inner canker of society, our social passion seems to be powerless to cure it. Some might even argue that the preaching of any doctrine which minimizes personal responsibility is likely to increase the evil. Certainly a teacher who, like Miss Jane Addams, virtually attributes the lawless and criminal acts of our city hoodlums to a wholesome desire of adventure which the laws unrighteously repress, would appear to be encouraging the destructive and sensual proclivities which are too common in human nature, young and old. Nor are the ways of honesty made clear by a well-known humanitarian judge of Denver, who refused to punish a boy for stealing a Sunday-School teacher's pocketbook, for the two good reasons, as his honour explained in a public address, "that the boy was not responsible, and, secondly, that there were bigger thieves in the pews upstairs." So, too, a respectable woman of New York who asks whether it may not be a greater wrong for a girl to submit to the slavery of low wages than to sell herself in the street, is manifestly not helping the tempted to resist. She is even doing what she can with her words to confuse the very bounds of moral and physical evil.

There is, in fact, a terrible confusion hidden in the New Morality, an ulcerous evil that is ever working inward. Sympathy, creating the desire for even-handed justice, is in itself an excellent motive of conduct, and the stronger it grows, the better the world shall be. But sympathy, spoken with the word "social" prefixed, as it commonly is on the platforms of the day, begins to take on a dangerous connotation. And "social sympathy" erected into a theory which leaves out of account the responsibility of the individual and seeks to throw the blame of evil on the laws and on society, though it may effect desirable reforms here and there in institutions, is bound to leave the individual weakened in his powers of resistance against the temptations which can never be eliminated from human life. The whole effect of calling sympathy justice and putting it in the place of judgment is to relax the fibre of character and nourish the passions at the expense of reason and the will. And undoubtedly the conviction is every day gaining ground among cool observers of our life that the manners and morals of the people are beginning to suffer from this relaxation in many insidious ways apart from acts which come into the cognizance of the courts. The sensuality of the prevailing music and dancing, the plays that stir the country as organs of moral regeneration, the exaggeration of sex in the clothing seen in the street, are but symptoms more or less ominous to our mind as we do or do not connect them with the regnant theory of ethics. And in the end this form of social sympathy may itself quite conceivably bring back the brutality and cruelty from which it seems to have delivered us. The Roman who gloated over the head of his and the people's enemy lived two thousand years ago, and we think such bloodthirstiness is no longer possible in public life. Yet not much more than a century ago the preaching of social sympathy could send a Lebon and his kind over France with an insatiable lust for killing, complicated with Sadism, while in Paris the leader of the government of the most civilized country of Europe was justifying such a régime on the pious principle that, "when the sovereign people exercise its power, we can only bow before it; in all it does all is virtue and truth, and no excess, error, or crime is possible." The animal is not dead within us, but only asleep. If you think he has been really conquered, read what he has been doing in Congo and to the Putumayo Indians, or among the redeemers of the Balkan States. Or if you wish to get a glimpse of what he

may yet do under the spur of social sympathy, consider the callous indifference shown by the labour unions to the revelation, if it deserves the name, of the system of dynamiting and murder employed in the service of "class-consciousness." These things are to be taken into account, not as bugbears, for society at large is no doubt sound at heart and will arouse itself at last against its false teachers, but as symptoms to warn and prepare.*

To some few the only way out of what seems a state of moral blindness is through a return to an acknowledgment of the responsibility of the individual soul to its maker and inflexible judge. They may be right. Who can tell what reversal of belief may lie before us or what religious revolution may be preparing in the heart of infidelity? But for the present, at least, that supernatural control has lost its general efficacy and even from the pulpit has only a slight and intermittent appeal. Nor does such a loss appear without its compensations when we consider the harshness of medieval theology or the obliquities of superstition that seem to be inherent in the purest of religions. Meanwhile, the troubled individual, whatever his scepticism may be, need not be withheld from confirming his moral faith by turning from the perverted doctrine of the "Enlightenment" and from its recrudescence in modern humanitarianism to a larger and higher philosophy. For there is a faith which existed long before the materialism of the eighteenth century and before the crude earlier anthropomorphism, and which persisted unchanged, though often half-concealed, through those ages and still persists as a kind of shamefast inheritance of truth. It is not necessary to go to ancient books to recover that faith. Let a man cease for a moment to look so strenuously upon what is right for his neighbours. Let him shut out the voices of the world and disregard the stream of informing books which pour upon him from the modern press, as the "floud of poyson" was spewed upon Spenser's Knight from "Errours den":

Her fruitful cursed spawne of serpents small.

Let him retire into himself, and in the silence of such recollection examine his own motives and the sources of his self-approval and discontent. He will discover there in that dialogue with himself, if his abstraction is complete and sincere, that his nature is not simple and single, but dual, and the consequences to him in his judgment of life and in his conduct will be of incalculable importance. He will learn, with a conviction which no science or philosophy falsely so-called can shake, that beside the passions and wandering desires and blind impulses and the cravings for pleasure and the prod of sensations there is something within him and a part of him, rather in some ways his truer self, which controls and checks and knows and pronounces judgment, unmoved amid all motion, unchanged amid continual change, of everlasting validity above the shifting valuations of the moment. He may not be able to express this insight in terms that will satisfy his own reason or will convince others, but if his insight is true he will not waver in loyalty to it, though he may sin against it times without number in spoken word and impulsive deed. Rather, his loyalty will be confirmed by experience. For he will discover that there is a happiness of the soul which is not the same as the pleasure of fulfilled desires, whether these be for good or for ill, a happiness which is not dependent upon the results of this or that choice among our desires, but upon the very act itself of choice and self-control, and which grows with the habit of staying the throng of besetting and conflicting impulses always until the judicial *fiat* has been pronounced. It is thus that happiness is the final test of morality, bringing with it a sense of responsibility to the supernatural command within the soul of the man himself, as binding as the laws of religion and based on no disputable revelation or outer authority. Such a morality is neither old nor new, and stands above the varying customs of society. It is not determined essentially by the relation of a man to his fellows or by their approval, but by the consciousness of rightness in the man's own breast, — in a word, by character. Its works are temperance, truth, honesty, trustworthiness, fortitude, magnanimity, elevation; and its crown is joy.

Then, under the guidance of this in-

* All this was written and printed, I need scarcely say, before the outbreak of the European war. I should not to-day refer to the Congo and the Putumayo Indians for the savagery underlying civilization.

tuition, a man may turn his eyes upon the world with no fear of being swayed by the ephemeral winds of doctrine. Despite the clamour of the hour he will know that the obligation to society is not the primal law and is not the source of personal integrity, but is secondary to personal integrity. He will believe that social justice is in itself desirable, but he will hold that it is far more important to preach first the responsibility of each man to himself for his own character. He will admit that equality of opportunity is an ideal to be aimed at, but he will think this a small thing in comparison with the universality of duty. In his attitude towards mankind he will not deny the claims of sympathy, but he will listen first to the voice of judgment:

Away with charity that soothes a lie,
And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by.

He will be sensitive to the vast injustices of life and its wide-spread sorrows, but he will not be seduced by that compassion into the hypocrisy of saying that "the love of those whom a man does not know is quite as elemental a sentiment as the love of those whom a man does know." Nor, in repudiating such a falsehood, will he, like the mistress of Hull Hall, lose his power of discrimination under the stress of "those vast and dominant suggestions of a new peace and holiness," that is "to issue forth from broken human nature itself, out of the pathetic striving of ordinary man." Rather, he will, at any cost, strive to clear away the clouds of cant, and so open his mind to the dictates of the everlasting morality.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY (1890–)

THE AUTOGENESIS OF A POET*

The mind trudges patiently behind the senses. Day by day a thousand oddities and charms outline themselves tenderly upon consciousness, but it may be long before understanding comes with brush and colour to fill in the tracery. One learns nothing until he rediscovers it for himself. Every now and then, in reading, I have come across something which has given me the wild surmise of pioneering mingled with the faint magic of familiarity — for instance, some of the famous dicta of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shelley about poetry. I realized, then, that a teacher had told me these things in my freshman year at college — fifteen years ago. I jotted them down at that time, but they were mere catchwords. It had taken me fifteen years of vigorous living to overhaul those catchwords and fill them with a meaning of my own. The two teachers who first gave me some suspicion of what lies in the kingdom of poetry — who gave "so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it" — are both dead. May I mention their names? — Francis B. Gummere and Albert Elmer Hancock, both of Haverford College. I cannot thank them as, now, I would like to. For I am (I think) approaching a stage where I can somewhat understand and relish the things of which they spoke. And I wonder afresh at the patience and charity of those who go on lecturing, unabated in zest, to boys of whom one in ten may perhaps, fifteen years later, begin to grasp their message.

In so far as any formal or systematic discipline of thought was concerned, I think I may say my education was a complete failure. For this I had only my own smattering and desultory habit of mind to blame and also a vivid troublesome sense of the beauty of it all. The charm of the prismatic fringe round the edges made juggling with the lens too tempting, and a clear persistent focus was never attained. Considered (oddly enough) by my mates as the pattern of a diligent scholar, I was in reality as idle as the idlest of them, which is saying much; though I confess that my dilettantism was not wholly disreputable. My mind excellently exhibited the Heraclitean doctrine: a constant flux of information passed through it, but nothing remained. Indeed, my senses were so continually crammed with new enchanting impressions, and every field of knowledge seemed so alluring, it was not strange I made little progress in any.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that both in America and in England I found my-

* From *Plum Pudding* by Christopher Morley, published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

self in a college atmosphere of extraordinary pictorial charm. The Arcadian loveliness of the Haverford campus and the comfortable simplicity of its routine; and then the hypnotizing beauty and curiosity and subtle flavour of Oxford life (with its long, footloose, rambling vacations) — these were aptly devised for the exercise of the imagination, which is often a gracious phrase for loafing. But these surroundings were too richly entertaining, and I was too green and soft and humorous (in the Shakespercan sense) to permit any rational continuous plan of study. Like the young man to whom Coleridge addressed a poem of rebuke, I was abandoned, a greater part of the time, to "an Indolent and Causeless Melancholy"; or to its partner, an excessive and not always tasteful mirth. I spent hours upon hours, with little profit, in libraries, flitting aimlessly from book to book. With something between terror and hunger I contemplated the opposite sex. In short, I was discreditable and harmless and unlovely as the young Yahoo can be. It fills me with amazement to think that my preceptors must have seen, in that ill-conditioned creature, some shadow of human semblance, or how could they have been so uniformly kind?

Our education — such of it as is of durable importance — comes haphazard. It is tinged by the enthusiasm of our teachers, gleaned by suggestions from our friends, prompted by glimpses and footnotes and margins. There was a time, I think, when I hung in tender equilibrium among various possibilities. I was enamoured of mathematics and physics: I went far enough in the latter to be appointed undergraduate assistant in the college laboratory. I had learned, by my junior year, exploring the charms of integral calculus, that there is no imaginable mental felicity more serenely pure than suspended happy absorption in a mathematical problem. Of course I attained no higher than the dregs of the subject; on that grovelling level I would still (in Billy Sunday's violent trope) have had to climb a tree to look a snake in the eye; but I could see that for the mathematician, if for any one, Time stands still withal; he is winnowed of vanity and sin. French, German, and Latin, and a hasty tincture of Xenophon and Homer (a mere lipwash of Helicon) gave me a zeal for philology and the tongues. I was a member in decent standing of the college classical club, and visions of life as a professor of languages seemed to me far from unhappy. A compulsory course in philosophy convinced me that there was still much to learn; and I had a delicious hallucination in which I saw myself compiling a volume of commentaries on the various systems of this queen of sciences. "The Grammar of Agnostics," I think it was to be called: it would be written in a neat and comely hand on thousands of pages of pure white foolscap: I saw myself adding to it night by night, working *ohne Hast, ohne Rast.* And there were other careers, too, as statesman, philanthropist, diplomat, that I considered not beneath my horoscope. I spare myself the careful delineation of these projects, though they would be amusing enough.

But beneath these preoccupations another influence was working its inward way. My paramount interest had always been literary, though regarded as a gentle diversion, not degraded to a bread-and-butter concern. Ever since I had fallen under the superlative spell of R. L. S., in whom the cunning enchantment of the written word first became manifest, I had understood that books did not grow painlessly for our amusement, but were the issue of dexterous and intentional skill. I had thus made a stride from Conan Doyle, Cutcliffe Hyne, Anthony Hope, and other great loves of my earliest teens; those authors' delicious mysteries and picaresques I took for granted, not troubling over their method; but in Stevenson, even to a schoolboy the conscious artifice and nicety of phrase were puzzlingly apparent. A taste for literature, however, is a very different thing from a determination to undertake the art in person as a means of livelihood. It takes brisk stimulus and powerful internal fevers to reduce a healthy youth to such a contemplation. All this is a long story, and I telescope it rigorously, thus setting the whole matter, perhaps, in a false proportion. But the central and operative factor is now at hand.

There was a certain classmate of mine (from Chicago) whose main devotion was to scientific and engineering studies. But since his plan embraced only two years

at college before "going to work," he was (in the fashion traditionally ascribed to Chicago) speeding up the cultural knick-knacks of his education. So, in our freshman year, he was attending a course on "English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," which was, in the regular schedule of things, reserved for sophomores (supposedly riper for matters of feeling). Now I was living in a remote dormitory on the outskirts of the wide campus (that other Eden, demi-paradise, that happy breed of men, that little world!) some distance from the lecture halls and busy heart of college doings. It was the custom of those quartered in this colonial and sequestered outpost to make the room of some central classmate a base for the day, where books might be left between lectures, and so on. With the Chicagoan, whom we will call "J——," I had struck up a mild friendship; mostly charitable on his part, I think, as he was from the beginning one of the most popular and influential men in the class, whereas I was one of the rabble. So it was, at any rate; and often in the evening, returning from library or dining hall on the way to my distant Bœotia, I would drop in at his room, in a lofty corner of old Barclay Hall, to pick up note-books or anything else I might have left there.

What a pleasant place is a college dormitory at night! The rooms with their green-hooded lights and boyish similarity of decoration, the amiable buzz and stir of a game of cards under festoons of tobacco smoke, the wiry tinkle of a mandolin distantly heard, sudden clatter subsiding again into a general humming quiet, the happy sense of solitude in multitude, these are the partial ingredients of that feeling no alumnus ever forgets. In his pensive citadel, my friend J—— would be sitting, with his pipe (one of those new "class pipes" with inlaid silver numerals, which appear among every college generation toward Christmas time of freshman year). In his lap would be the large green volume ("British Poets of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Professor Curtis Hidden Page) which was the text-book of that sophomore course. He was reading Keats. And his eyes were those of one who has seen a new planet swim into his ken.

I don't know how many evenings we spent there together. Probably only a few. I don't recall just how we communed, or imparted to one another our juvenile speculations. But I plainly remember how he would sit beside his desk-lamp and chuckle over the Ode to a Nightingale. He was a quizzical and quickly humorous creature, and Keats' beauties seemed to fill him not with melancholy or anguish, but with a delighted prostration of laughter. The "wormy-circumstance" of the Pot of Basil, the Indian Maid nursing her luxurious sorrow, the congealing Beadsman and the palsied beldame Angela — these and a thousand quaintnesses of phrase moved him to a gush of glorious mirth. It was not that he did not appreciate the poet, but the unearthly strangeness of it all, the delicate contradiction of laws and behaviours known to freshmen, tickled his keen wits and emotions until they brimmed into puzzled laughter. "Away! Away!" he would cry —

> For I will fly to thee,
> Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
> But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
> Though the dull brain perplexes and retards —

and he would shout with merriment. Beaded bubbles winking at the brim; Throbbing throats' long, long melodious moan; Curious conscience burrowing like a mole; Emprison her soft hand and let her rave; Men, slugs and human serpentry; Bade her steep her hair in weird syrops; Poor weak palsy-stricken churchyard thing; Shut her pure sorrow-drops with glad exclaim — such lines were to him a constant and exhilarating excitement. In the very simplicity and unsophistication of his approach to the poet was a virgin naïveté of discernment that an Edinburgh Reviewer would rarely attain. Here, he dimly felt, was the great key

> To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
> . . . aye, to all the mazy world
> Of silvery enchantment.

And in line after line of Endymion, as we pored over them together, he found the clear happiness of a magic that dissolved everything into lightness and freedom. It is agreeable to remember this man, preparing to be a building contractor, who loved Keats because he made him laugh. I wonder if the critics have not too in-

sistently persuaded us to read our poet in a black-edged mood? After all, his nickname was "Junkets."

So it was that I first, in any transcending sense, fell under the empire of a poet. Here was an endless fountain of immortal drink: here was a history potent to send a young mind from its bodily tenement. The pleasure was too personal to be completely shared; for the most part J—— and I read not together, but each by each, he sitting in his morris chair by the desk, I sprawled upon his couch, reading, very likely, different poems, but communicating, now and then, a sudden discovery. Probably I exaggerate the subtlety of our enjoyment, for it is hard to review the unself-scrutinizing moods of freshmanhood. It would be hard, too, to say which enthusiast had the greater enjoyment: he, because these glimpses through magic casements made him merry; I, because they made me sad. Outside, the snow sparkled in the pure winter night; the long lance windows of the college library shone yellow-panelled through the darkness, and there would be the occasional interruption of light-hearted classmates. How perfectly it all chimed into the mood of St. Agnes' Eve! The opening door would bring a gust of lively sound from down the corridor, a swelling jingle of music, shouts from some humorous "rough-house" (probably those sophomores on the floor below) —

> The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion
> The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet
> Affray his ears, though but in dying tone —
> The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

It did not take very long for J—— to work through the fifty pages of Keats reprinted in Professor Hidden Page's anthology; and then he, a lone and laughing faun among that pack of stern sophomores — so flewed, so sanded, out of the Spartan kind, crook-knee'd and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls — sped away into thickets of Landor, Tennyson, the Brownings. There I, an unprivileged and unsuspecting hanger-on, lost their trail, returning to my own affairs. For some reason — I don't know just why — I never "took" that course in Nineteenth Century Poets, in the classroom at any rate. But just as Mr. Chesterton, in his glorious little book, "The Victorian Age in Literature," asserts that the most important event in English history was the event that never happened at all (you yourself may look up his explanation) so perhaps the college course that meant most to me was the one I never attended. What it meant to those sophomores of the class of 1909 is another gentle speculation. Three years later, when I was a senior, and those sophomores had left college, another youth and myself were idly prowling about a dormitory corridor where some of those same sophomores had previously lodged. An unsuspected cupboard appeared to us, and rummaging in it we found a pile of books left there, forgotten, by a member of that class. It was a Saturday afternoon, and my companion and I had been wondering how we could raise enough cash to go to town for dinner and a little harmless revel. To shove those books into a suitcase and hasten to Philadelphia by trolley was the obvious caper; and Leary's famous old bookstore ransomed the volumes for enough money to provide an excellent dinner at Lauber's, where, in those days, the thirty-cent bottle of sour claret was considered the true, the blushful Hippocrene. But among the volumes was a copy of Professor Page's anthology which had been used by one of J——'s companions in that poetry course. This seemed to me too precious to part with, so I retained it; still have it; and have occasionally studied the former owner's marginal memoranda. At the head of The Eve of St. Agnes he wrote: "Middle Ages. N. Italy. Guelph, Guibilline." At the beginning of Endymion he recorded: "Keats tries to be spiritualized by love for celestials." Against Sleep and Poetry: "Desultory. Genius in the larval state." The Ode on a Grecian Urn, he noted: "Crystallized philosophy of idealism. Embalmed anticipation." The Ode on Melancholy: "Non-Gothic. Not of intellect or disease. Emotions."

Darkling I listen to these faint echoes from a vanished lecture room, and ponder. Did J—— keep his copy of the book, I wonder, and did he annotate it with lively commentary of his own? He left college at the end of our second year, and I have not seen or heard from him these thirteen years. The last I knew — six years ago — he was a contractor in an Ohio city; and (is this not significant?) in a letter written then to another class-

mate, recalling some waggishness of our own sophomore days, he used the phrase "Like Ruth among the alien corn."

In so far as one may see turning points in a tangle of yarn, or count dewdrops on a morning cobweb, I may say that a few evenings with my friend J—— were the decisive vibration that moved one more minor poet toward the privilege and penalty of Parnassus. One cannot nicely decipher such fragile causes and effects. It was a year later before the matter became serious enough to enforce abandoning library copies of Keats and buying an edition of my own. And this, too, may have been not unconnected with the gracious influence of the other sex as exhibited in a neighbouring athenæum; and was accompanied by a gruesome spate of florid lyrics: some (happily) secret, and some exposed with needless hardihood in a college magazine. The world, which has looked leniently upon many poetical minorities, regards such frenzies with tolerant charity and forgetfulness. But the wretch concerned may be pardoned for looking back in a mood of lingering enlargement. As Sir Philip Sidney put it, "Self-love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties."

There is a vast deal of nonsense written and uttered about poetry. In an age when verses are more noisily and fluently circulated than ever before, it might seem absurd to plead in the Muse's defence. Yet poetry and the things poets love are pitifully weak to-day. In essence, poetry is the love of life — not mere brutish tenacity of sensation, but a passion for all the honesties that make life free and generous and clean. For two thousand years poets have mocked and taunted the cruelties and follies of men, but to what purpose? Wordsworth said: "In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time." Sometimes it seems as though "things violently destroyed," and the people who destroy them, are too strong for the poets. Where, now, do we see any cohesive binding together of humanity? Are we nearer these things than when Wordsworth and Coleridge walked and talked on the Quantock Hills or on that immortal road "between Porlock and Linton?" Hardy writes "The Dynasts," Joseph Conrad writes his great preface to "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*," but do the destroyers hear them? Have you read again, since the war, Gulliver's "Voyage to the Houyhnhnms," or Herman Melville's "Moby Dick"? These men wrote, whether in verse or prose, in the true spirit of poets; and Swift's satire, which the textbook writers all tell you is so gross and savage as to suggest the author's approaching madness, seems tender and suave by comparison with what we know to-day.

Poetry is the log of man's fugitive cast-away soul upon a doomed and derelict planet. The minds of all men plod the same rough roads of sense; and in spite of much knavery, all win at times "an ampler ether, a diviner air." The great poets, our masters, speak out of that clean freshness of perception. We hear their voices —

> I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
> Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air.

So it is not in vain, perhaps, to try clumsily to tell how this delicious uneasiness first captured the spirit of one who, if not a poet, is at least a lover of poetry. Thus he first looked beyond the sunset; stood, if not on Parnassus, tiptoe upon a little hill. And overhead a great wind was blowing.

AGNES REPPLIER (1858–)

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY"

Mrs. James Gordon Harrington Balderston to Mrs. Lapham Shepherd

My Dear Mrs. Shepherd,—

Will you pardon me for this base encroachment on your time? Busy women are the only ones who ever *have* any time, so the rest of the world is forced to steal from them. And then all that you organize is so successful that every one turns naturally to you for advice and assistance, as I am turning now. A really charming woman, a Miss Alexandrina

Ramsay, who has lived for years in Italy, is anxious to give a series of lectures on Dante. I am sure they will be interesting, for she can put so much local colour into them, and I understand she is a fluent Italian scholar. Her uncle was the English consul in Florence or Naples, I don't remember which, so she has had unusual opportunities for study; and her grandfather was Dr. Alexander Ramsay, who wrote a history of the Hebrides. Unfortunately her voice is not very strong, so she would be heard to the best advantage in a drawing-room. I am wondering whether you would consent to lend yours, which is so beautiful, or whether you could put Miss Ramsay in touch with the Century Club or the Spalding School. You will find her attractive, I am sure. The Penhursts knew her well in Munich, and have given her a letter to me.

Pray allow me to congratulate you on your new honours as a grandmother. I trust that both your daughter and the baby are well.

Very sincerely yours,
IRENE BALDERSTON.

I forgot to tell you that Miss Ramsay's lectures are on

Dante, the Lover.
Dante, the Poet.
Dante, the Patriot.
Dante, the Reformer.

There was a fifth on Dante, the Prophet, but I persuaded her to leave it out of the course.

I. B.

Mrs. Lapham Shepherd to Mrs. Wilfred Ward Hamilton

DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—

Mrs. James Balderston has asked me to do what I can for a Miss Alexandrina Ramsay (granddaughter of the historian), who wants to give four lectures on Dante in Philadelphia. She has chopped him up into poet, prophet, lover, etc. I cannot have any lectures or readings in my house this winter. Jane is still far from strong, and we shall probably go South after Christmas. Please don't let me put any burden on your shoulders; but if Dr. Hamilton could persuade those nice Quakers at Swarthmore that there is nothing so educational as a course of Dante, it would be the best possible opening for Miss Ramsay. Mrs. Balderston seems to think her voice would not carry in a large room, but as students never listen to anybody, this would make very little difference. The Century Club has been suggested, but I fancy the classes there have been arranged for the season. There are preparatory schools, aren't there, at Swarthmore, which need to know about Dante? Of would there be any chance at all at Miss Irington's?

Miss Ramsay has been to see me, and I feel sorry for the girl. Her uncle was the English Consul at Milan, and the poor thing loved Italy (who doesn't!) and hated to leave it. I wish she could establish herself as a lecturer, though there is nothing I detest more ardently than lectures.

I missed you sorely at the meeting of the Aubrey Home house-committee yesterday. Harriet Maline and Mrs. Percy Brown had a battle royal over the laying of the new water-pipes, and over *my* prostrate body, which still aches from the contest. I wish Harriet would resign. She is the only creature I have ever known, except the Bate's parrot and my present cook, who is perpetually out of temper. If she were not my husband's stepmother's niece, I am sure I could stand up to her better.

Cordially yours,
ALICE LEIGH SHEPHERD.

Mrs. Wilfred Ward Hamilton to Miss Violet Wray

DEAR VIOLET,—

You know Margaret Irington better than I do. Do you think she would like to have a course of Dante in her school this winter? A very clever and charming woman, a Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, has four lectures on the poet which she is anxious to give before schools, or clubs, or — if she can — in private houses. I have promised Mrs. Shepherd to do anything in my power to help her. It occurred to me that the Contemporary Club might like to have one of the lectures, and you are on the committee. That would be the making of Miss Ramsay, if only she could be heard in that huge Clover Room. I understand she has a pleasant cultivated voice, but is not accustomed to public speaking. There must be plenty of smaller clubs at Bryn Mawr, or Haverford, or Chestnut Hill, for which she would be just the thing. Her grandfather wrote a history of England, and I have a vague impression that I studied it at school. I should write to the Drexel Institute, but don't know anybody connected with it. Do you? It would be a real kindness to give Miss Ramsay a start, and I know you do not begrudge trouble in a good cause. You did such wonders for Fräulein Breitenbach last winter.

Love to your mother,

Affectionately yours,
HANNAH GALE HAMILTON.

Miss Violet Wray to Mrs. J. Lockwood Smith

DEAR ANN,—

I have been requested by Hannah Hamilton — may Heaven forgive her! — to find lecture engagements for a Miss Ramsay, Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, who wants to tell the

American public what she knows about Dante. Why a Scotchwoman should be turned loose in the Inferno, I cannot say; but it seems her father or her grandfather wrote school-books, and she is carrying on the educational traditions of the family. Hannah made the unholy suggestion that she should speak at the Contemporary Club, and offered as an inducement the fact that she couldn't be heard in so large a room. But we are supposed to discuss the topics of the day, and Dante happened some little while ago. He has no bearing upon aviation, or National Insurance Bills (that is our subject next Monday night); but he is brimming over with ethics, and it is the duty of your precious Ethical Society to grapple with him exhaustively. I always wondered what took you to that strange substitute for church; but now I see in it the hand of Providence pointing the way to Miss Ramsay's lecture field. Please persuade your fellow Ethicals that four lectures — or even one lecture — on Dante will be what Alice Hunt calls an "uplift." I feel that I must try and find an opening for Hannah's protégée, because she helped me with Fräulein Breitenbach's concert last winter,— a circumstance she does not lightly permit me to forget. Did I say, "May Heaven forgive her" for saddling me with this Scotch schoolmaster's daughter? Well, I take back that devout supplication. May jackals sit on her grandmother's grave! Meantime here is Miss Ramsay to be provided for. If your Ethicals (disregarding their duty) will have none of her, please think up somebody with a taste for serious study, and point out that Dante, elucidated by a Scotchwoman, will probably be as serious as anything that has visited Philadelphia since the yellow fever.

If you want one of Grisette's kittens, there are still two left. The handsomest of all has gone to live in regal splendour at the Bruntons, and I have promised another to our waitress who was married last month. Such are the vicissitudes of life.

Ever yours,
VIOLET WRAY.

Mrs. J. Lockwood Smith to Mrs. James Gordon Harrington Balderston

DEAR MRS. BALDERSTON,—

I want to enlist your interest in a clever young Scotchwoman, a Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, who hopes to give four lectures on Dante in Philadelphia this winter. Her father was an eminent teacher in his day, and I understand she is thoroughly equipped for her work. Heaven knows I wish fewer lecturers would cross the sea to enlighten our ignorance, and so will you when you get this letter; but I remember with what enthusiasm you talked about Italy and Dante at Brown's Mills last spring, and I trust that your ardour has not waned. The Century Club seems to me the best possible field for Miss Ramsay. Do you know any one on the entertainment committee, and do you think it is not too late in the season to apply? Of course there are always the schools. Dear Mrs. Balderston, I should feel more shame in troubling you, did I not know how capable you are, and how much weight your word carries. Violet Wray and Mrs. Wilfred Hamilton are tremendously interested in Miss Ramsay. May I tell Violet to send her to you, so that you can see for yourself what she is like, and what chances she has of success? Please be quite frank in saying yes or no, and believe me always,

Yours very cordially,
ANN HAZELTON SMITH.

STUART P. SHERMAN (1881-1926)

TRADITION *

To lengthen the childhood of the individual, at the same time bringing to bear upon it the influences of tradition, is the obvious way to shorten the childhood of races, nations, classes, and so to quicken the general processes of civilization. Yet in the busy hum of self-approbation which accompanies the critical activities of our young people, perhaps the dominant note is their satisfaction at having emancipated themselves from the fetters of tradition, the oppression of classical precedent, the burden of an inherited culture. By detaching the new literature from its learned past they are confident that they are assuring it a popular future. Turn to any one of half a dozen books which discuss the present movement, and you will learn that people are now discovering, for example, "often to their own surprise," that they can read and enjoy poetry. That is because poetry has been subjected to "democratization." The elder writers, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, and Longfellow, constantly gravelled them with strange and obsolete phrases, like "multitudinous seas incarnadine," and like "tumultuous privacy of storm." The ancient writers sent them to out-of-the-way reference books to look up obscure legends about Troy, not the city where collars are made, and old stuff about war

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in heaven, and the landing at Plymouth Rock. It is therefore a relief to countless eager young souls that Mr. Mencken has dismissed all this as "the fossil literature taught in colleges," and that Mary Austin insists that native verse rhythms must be "within the capacity of the democratically bred." It is a joy to hear from Mr. Untermeyer that modern readers of poetry may now come out from the "lifeless and literary storehouse" and use life itself for their glossary, as indeed they may — or the morning's newspaper.

Those who encourage us to hope for crops without tillage, learning without study, and literary birth without gestation or travail are doubtless animated by a desire to augment the sum of human felicity; but one recalls Burke's passionate ejaculation: "Oh! no, sir, no. Those things which are not practicable are not desirable." To the new mode of procuring a literary renascence there may be raised one objection, which, to minds of a certain temper, will seem rather grave: all experience is against it. Such is the thesis recently argued by an English critic, Mr. H. J. Massingham, who reviews with mingled amusement and alarm the present "self-conscious rebellion against tradition." In the eyes of our excited young "cosmopolitans," whose culture has a geographic rather than an historical extension, Mr. Massingham's opinions will of course appear to be hopelessly prejudiced by his Oxford breeding, his acquaintance with the classics, his saturation in Elizabethan literature, and his avowed passion for old books in early editions, drilled by the bibliomaniac worm, "prehistoric" things, like Nares' *Glossary* and Camden's *Remains*. But it is not merely the opinion of our critic that is formidable: "The restoration of the traditional link with the art of the past is a conservative and revolutionary necessity." It is not the supporting opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds: "The only food and nourishment of the mind of an artist is the great works of his predecessors." Sir Joshua, too, was prejudiced by his position as a pillar of the robust English classicism of George III's time. It is not even the opinion of Henry James, whom Mr. Massingham proclaims the profoundest critic since Coleridge, and who even our own irreverent youth seem to suspect, should be mentioned respectfully: "It takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste and an endless amount of taste, by the same token, to make even a little tranquillity."

The formidable arguments against the radical engineers of renascence are just the notorious facts of literary history. The fact that a bit of the "fossil literature taught in colleges," the story of Arthur, written in Latin by a Welsh monk in the twelfth century, has flowered and fruited in poetry, painting, and music generation after generation pretty much over the civilized world. The fact that Chaucer and his contemporaries, in whom poetry had a glorious rebirth, had previously devoured everything in what Mr. Untermeyer would call the "lifeless and literary storehouse" of the Middle Ages. The fact that the Elizabethans, to quote Mr. Massingham's vigorous phrase, flung themselves on tradition "like a hungry wolf, not only upon the classics but upon all the tradition open to them." The fact that Restoration comedy is simply a revival of late Caroline in the hands of men who had studied Molière. The fact that the leaders of the new movement in the eighteenth century, when they wished to break from the stereotyped classicism, did not urge young people to slam the door on the past, but, on the contrary, harked back over the heads of Pope and Dryden to the elder and more central tradition of Milton, Shakespeare, and Spenser; and sluiced into the arid fields of common sense, grown platitudinous, the long-damned or subterranean currents of mediæval romance. The fact that "Childe Harold," "Adonais," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "The Castle of Indolence" were all written by imitators of Spenser or by imitators of his imitators. The fact, to omit the Victorians, that Mr. W. B. Yeats, the most skilful living engineer of literary renascence, set all his collaborators to digging around the roots of the ancient Celtic tree before we enjoyed the blossoming of the new spring in Ireland. The fact that John Masefield, freshest and most tuneful voice in England, is obviously steeped to the lips in the poetry of Byron, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer.

Why is it that the great poets, novelists, and critics, with few exceptions, have

been, in the more liberal sense of the word, scholars — masters of several languages, students of history and philosophy, antiquarians? First of all because the great writer conceives of his vocation as the most magnificent and the most complex of crafts. He is to be his own architect, master-builder, carpenter, painter, singer, orator, poet and dramatist. His materials, his tools, his methods are, or may be, infinite. To him, then, the written tradition is a school and a museum in which, if he has a critical and inventive mind, he learns, from both the successes and the failures of his predecessors, how to set to work upon his own problems of expression. As Mr. Yeats is fond of pointing out, the young poet may find Herbert and Vaughan more helpful to him than the work of his own contemporaries, because the faults in the elder poets, the purple patches that failed to hold their color, will not attract and mislead him.

But tradition is more than a school of crafts. It is a school of mood and manners. The artist who is also a scholar cannot fail to discover that what distinguishes all the golden periods of art, what constitutes the perpetual appeal of the masters, is a kind of innermost poise and serenity, tragic in Sophocles, heroic in Michelangelo, skeptical in Montaigne, idyllic in Sidney, ironic in Fielding. This enviable tranquillity reigns only in a mind that, looking before and after, feels itself the representative of something outlasting time, some national ideal, some religious faith, some permanent human experience, some endless human quest. Nothing begets this mood and manner, the sovereign mark of good breeding in letters, like habitual association with those who have it, the majority of whom are, in the vulgar sense of the word, dead. Izaak Walton, a minor writer in whose work there is a golden afterglow of the great age, calls, in one of his Angler's Dialogues, for "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago," and for the answer to it "which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." If some of our modern imitators of the auctioneer and the steam calliope would now and then, instead of reading one another, step into the "lifeless and literary storehouse" and compare these "fossils" conscientiously with their own recent efforts to make verse popular! "They were old-fashioned poetry," says Piscator apologetically, "but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."

Out of the tranquillity induced by working in a good literary tradition develops form. The clever theorists who insist that form alone matters, that form is the only preservative element in literature, forget that form is not "self-begotten" but a product of the formative spirit. Mr. Massingham is a bit fastidious in his use of this word. He denies form, for example, to Pope and to Swinburne. Though both have technique, that is another matter. "Form," he declares, "is a vision contained and made manifest." He attributes the unproductiveness of our age in the field of satire to a vision without a traditional base, reeling and shifting in the choppy waters of contemporary opinion. His remarks on the deficiencies of Gilbert Cannan as a satirist and novelist further elucidate his idea; and they may serve also as a comment upon many of the younger writers in America:

> The works of Mr. Cannan seem to say, "That is what life is — a surge of base and beautiful forces, intensified in the consciousness of man." But that is a fallacy. Life is like that to the layman, but it is the business of the artist to see a clue in it, to give it shape and order, to weld its particles into congruity. Here is where his lack of a constructive or satiric purpose growing out of and controlling the material tells to his hurt. He knows life in the raw, but the satirist would put it in the oven and dish it up. So he wanders in the dark, and we blunder after him. But we want light, if it be only from a tallow candle.

Now, many of the young writers in America are disposed to reject the English tradition as unserviceable lumber. They scorn equally the greater part of the American tradition as puritanical, effeminate, or over-intellectualized. If they seek foreign allies, it is with those who help them forget our national characteristics, our native bent and purposes, our discovered special American "genius." In what measure is the revolt due to the conduct of the movement by writers whose blood and breeding are as hostile to the English strain as a cat to water? Whatever the answer, I suspect that the young people who are being congratulated right

and left on their emancipation from tradition are rather open to condolence than to felicitation. They have broken away from so much that was formative, and they suffer so obviously in consequence of the break. Their poets have lost a skill which Poe had: though they paint a little, and chant a little, and speak a great deal of faintly rhythmical prose, they have not learned how to sing. Their novelists have lost a vision which Howells had: though they have shaken off the "moralistic incubus" and they have released their "suppressed desires," they have not learned how to conceive or to present a coherent picture of civilized society. Their leaders have lost a constructiveness which a critic so laden with explosives as Emerson exhibited: though they have blown up the old highways they have not made new roads.

Am I doing the "young people" an injustice? I turn from their anthologies of verse, where I keep searching in vain for such music as the angler's milkmaid sang; and from the novels of Mr. Cabell, in whom I have not discovered that ascending sun heralded by the lookouts; to *A Modern Book of Criticism,* recently collected and put forth by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn. The editor's desire is to show us that "a group of critics, young men or men who do not grow old, are at work upon the creation of a civilized cultural atmosphere in America." The idea resembles that, does it not? of Mr. Waldo Frank, who recently informed us that literature began in America in 1900 — or was it 1910? — at Mr. Stieglitz's place in New York. It is related also to that recent comprehensive indictment edited by Mr. Harold Stearns and ironically entitled *Civilization in the United States.* The implication is clearly that the country which developed Bradford, Franklin, Emerson, Lincoln, Thoreau, Whitman, Mark Twain, here and there in villages and backwoods, had no "civilized cultural atmosphere" worth mentioning. It does not seem quite plausible.

But let us proceed with Mr. Lewisohn. His critics: — "Like a group of shivering young Davids — slim and frail but with a glimpse of morning sunshine on their foreheads — they face an army of Goliaths." The slim and shivering young Davids turn out on investigation to be Mr. Huneker, Mr. Spingarn, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewisohn, Mr. Hackett, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and Randolph Bourne. It is not a group, taken as a whole, however it may be connected with the house of Jesse, which should be expected to hear any profound murmuring of ancestral voices or to experience any mysterious inflowing of national experience in meditating on the names of Mark Twain, Whitman, Thoreau, Lincoln, Emerson, Franklin, and Bradford. One does n't blame our Davids for their inability to connect themselves vitally with this line of Americans, for their inability to receive its tradition or to carry it on. But one cannot help asking whether this inability does not largely account for the fact that Mr. Lewisohn's group of critics are restless impressionists, almost destitute of doctrine, and with no discoverable unifying tendency except to let themselves out into a homeless happy land where they may enjoy the "colorful" cosmic weather, untroubled by business men, or middle-class Americans, or Congressmen, or moralists, or humanists, or philosophers, or professors, or Victorians, or Puritans, or New Englanders, or Messrs. Tarkington and Churchill. A jolly lot of Goliaths to slay before we get that "civilized cultural atmosphere."

By faithfully studying the writings of Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewisohn, and other "shivering young Davids," I have obtained a fairly clear conception of what a "civilized cultural atmosphere" is not. It consists of none of those heart-remembered things — our own revenue officers probing our old shoes for diamond necklaces, our own New York newspapers, and Maryland chicken on the Albany boat — which cause a native American returning from a year in Europe to exclaim as he sails up the tranquil bosom of the Hudson and rushes by a standard steel Pullman, back to the great warm embrace of his own land, "Thank Heaven, we are home again." No, it is none of these things. If, without going to Munich, you wish to know what a "civilized cultural atmosphere" really is, you must let Mr. Lewisohn describe it for you as it existed, till the passage of the Volstead act, in one or two odd corners of old New York: "The lamps of the tavern had orange-colored shades, the wainscoting was black with age. The place was filled with a soothing dusk and the

blended odor of beer and tobacco and Wiener Schnitzel. *I was, at least, back in civilization.* That tavern is gone now, swept away by the barbarism of the Neo-Puritans."

To the book from which this quotation is made, Mr. Lewisohn's recently published autobiographical record, *Up Stream,* students of contemporary critical currents and eddies are much indebted. The author, like many of the other belligerent young writers who have shown in recent years a grave concern for the state of civilization in America, has ostensibly been directing his attack against our national culture from a very elevated position. He has professed himself one of the enlightened spirits who from time to time rise above the narrowing prejudices of nationality into the free air of the republic of letters, the grand cosmopolis of the true humanist. From his watch-tower — apparently "in the skies" — he has launched lightnings of derision at those who still weave garlands for their Lares and Penates, at the nationalist with his "selective sympathies," at the traditionalist with his sentimental fondness for folk-ways. Those who feel strongly attracted, as I do myself, to the Ciceronian and Stoic conception of a universal humanity and by the Christian and Augustinian vision of a universal City of God, may easily have mistaken Mr. Lewisohn for a "sharpshooter" of the next age, an outpost from the land of their heart's desire. But in *Up Stream,* Mr. Lewisohn drops the mask and reveals himself, for all his Jewish radicalism,* as essentially a sentimental and homesick German, longing in exile for a Germany which exists only in his imagination.

Even the purified and liberated mind of a Child of Light, living according to nature and reason, is unable to rid itself wholly of "selective sympathies." It betrays under provocation a merely "traditional emotion" for a cultural atmosphere compounded of the odors of beer, tobacco, and Wiener Schnitzel, with perhaps a whiff of Kant and a strain of Hungarian music floating through it, while two or three high philosophical spirits discuss what a poet can do when his wife grows old and stringy. I do not think it necessary to remonstrate with a man merely because his affective nature responds powerfully to a vision of felicity thus composed; but I think it a bit impractical to ask "a nation of prohibitionists and Puritans" to accept this vision as the goal of cultural efforts in America. It is a help to fruitful controversy, however, when a man abandons his absurdly insincere professions of "universal sympathy" — his purring protestation that he desires "neither to judge nor to condemn" — and frankly admits that he likes the German life, what he knows of it, and that he regards American life, what he knows of it, as "ugly and mean."

The militant hostility of alien-minded critics towards what they conceive to be the dominant traits of the national character is, on the whole, to be welcomed as provocative of reflection and as a corrective to national conceit. But the amendment of that which is really ugly and mean and basely repressive in our contemporary society is less likely to be achieved by listening to the counsels of exiled emancipators from Munich than by harking back to our own liberative tradition, which long antedates the efforts of these bewildered impressionists.

When we grow dull and inadventurous and slothfully content with our present conditions and our old habits, it is not because we are "traditionalists"; it is, on the contrary, because we have ceased to feel the formative spirit of our own traditions. It is not much in the American vein, to be sure, to construct private little anarchies in the haze of a smoking-room; but practical revolt, on a large scale and sagaciously conducted, is an American tradition, which we should continue to view with courage and the tranquillity which is related to courage. America was born because it revolted. It revolted because it condemned. It condemned because its sympathies were not universal but selective. Its sympathies were selective because it had a vision of a better

* In a notably competent article on "The Case of Mr. Lewisohn," which appeared in *The Menorah Journal,* of June, 1922, Professor Jacob Zeitlin writes: "Whether entirely just or strongly colored, it is evident that Mr. Lewisohn's criticism of State Universities has little relevance to his character as a Jew. It indicates nothing more than that his sensitive æsthetic organism recoiled in pain from an environment that was uncongenial. And the same observation holds concerning his reaction toward American life in general. He but adds his voice to a chorus of growing volume, reiterating the now familiar burden of the crudeness and narrowness of our political and social ideas. There is ample ground for such a protest as he makes, but it is not a protest that can be identified with any recognizably Jewish outlook."

life, pressing for fulfilment. That vision, and not a conception of life as a meaningless "surge of base and beautiful forces" liberated its chief men of letters. Thence their serenity, in place of that "gentle but chronic dizziness" which a critic of Young Germany, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, says "vibrates among us." Thence, too, their freedom from ancestor-worship and bondage to the letter. Listen to Emerson:

> Ask not me, as Muftis can,
> To recite the Alcoran;
> Well I love the meaning sweet;
> I tread the book beneath my feet.

Thence, too, the traditional bent of the American spirit toward modernity, toward realism. It was nearly a hundred years ago that our then-leading critic wrote in his journal: "You must exercise your genius in some form that has essential life now; do something which is proper to the hour and cannot but be done." Did he not recognize what was to be done? I quote once more from him a finer sentence than any of our impressionists has ever written: "A wife, a babe, a brother, poverty, and a country, which the Greeks had, I have." The grip and the beauty of that simple sentence are due to a union in it of an Athenian vision with Yankee self-reliance. It is the kind of feeling that comes to a man who has lived in a great tradition.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON (1865-)

THREE PERIODS OF PROGRESS

The story of Robinson Crusoe is an allegory of human history. Man is a castaway upon a desert planet, isolated from other inhabited worlds — if there be any such — by millions of miles of untraversable space. He is absolutely dependent upon his own exertions, for this world of his, as Wells says, has no imports except meteorites and no exports of any kind. Man has no wrecked ship from a former civilization to draw upon for tools and weapons, but must utilize as best he may such raw materials as he can find. In this conquest of nature by man there are three stages distinguishable:

1. The Appropriative Period
2. The Adaptive Period
3. The Creative Period

These eras overlap, and the human race, or rather its vanguard, civilized man, may be passing into the third stage in one field of human endeavor while still lingering in the second or first in some other respect. But in any particular line this sequence is followed. The primitive man picks up whatever he can find available for his use. His successor in the next stage of culture shapes and develops this crude instrument until it becomes more suitable for his purpose. But in the course of time man often finds that he can make something new which is better thany anything in nature or naturally produced. The savage discovers. The barbarian improves. The civilized man invents. The first finds. The second fashions. The third fabricates.

The primitive man was a troglodyte. He sought shelter in any cave or crevice that he could find. Later he dug it out to make it more roomy and piled up stones at the entrance to keep out the wild beasts. This artificial barricade, this false façade, was gradually extended and solidified until finally man could build a cave for himself anywhere in the open field from stones he quarried out of the hill. But man was not content with such materials and now puts up a building which may be composed of steel, brick, terra cotta, glass, concrete and plaster, none of which materials are to be found in nature.

The untutored savage might cross a stream astride a floating tree trunk. By and by it occurred to him to sit inside the log instead of on it, so he hollowed it out with fire or flint. Later, much later, he constructed an ocean liner.

Cain, or whoever it was first slew his brother man, made use of a stone or stick. Afterward it was found a better weapon could be made by tying the stone to the end of the stick, and as murder developed into a fine art the stick was converted into the bow and this into the catapult and finally into the cannon, while the stone was developed into the high explosive projectile.

The first music to soothe the savage breast was the soughing of the wind through the trees. Then strings were stretched across a crevice for the wind to play upon and there was the Æolian

harp. The second stage was entered when Hermes strung the tortoise shell and plucked it with his fingers and when Athena, raising the wind from her own lungs, forced it through a hollow reed. From these beginnings we have the organ and the orchestra, producing such sounds as nothing in nature can equal.

The first idol was doubtless a meteorite fallen from heaven or a fulgurite or concretion picked up from the sand, bearing some slight resemblance to a human being. Later man made gods in his own image, and so sculpture and painting grew until now the creations of futuristic art could be worshipped — if one wanted to — without violation of the second commandment, for they are not the likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the waters under the earth.

In the textile industry the same development is observable. The primitive man used the skins of animals he had slain to protect his own skin. In the course of time he — or more probably his wife, for it is to the women rather than to the men that we owe the early steps in the arts and sciences — fastened leaves together or pounded out bark to make garments. Later fibers were plucked from the sheepskin, the cocoon and the cotton-ball, twisted together and woven into cloth. Nowadays it is possible to make a complete suit of clothes, from hat to shoes, of any desirable texture, form and color, and not include any substance to be found in nature. The first metals available were those found free in nature such as gold and copper. In a later age it was found possible to extract iron from its ores and today we have artificial alloys made of multifarious combinations of rare metals. The medicine man dosed his patients with decoctions of such roots and herbs as had a bad taste or queer look. The pharmacist discovered how to extract from these their medicinal principle such as morphine, quinine and cocaine, and the creative chemist has discovered how to make innumerable drugs adapted to specific diseases and individual idiosyncrasies.

In the later or creative stages we enter the domain of chemistry, for it is the chemist alone who possesses the power of reducing a substance to its constituent atoms and from them producing substances entirely new. But the chemist has been slow to realize his unique power and the world has been still slower to utilize his invaluable services. Until recently indeed the leaders of chemical science expressly disclaimed what should have been their proudest boast. The French chemist Lavoisier in 1793 defined chemistry as "the science of analysis." The German chemist Gerhardt in 1844 said: "I have demonstrated that the chemist works in opposition to living nature, that he burns, destroys, analyzes, that the vital force alone operates by synthesis, that it reconstructs the edifice torn down by the chemical forces."

It is quite true that chemists up to the middle of the last century were so absorbed in the destructive side of their science that they were blind to the constructive side of it. In this respect they were less prescient than their contemned predecessors, the alchemists, who, foolish and pretentious as they were, aspired at least to the formation of something new.

It was, I think, the French chemist Berthelot who first clearly perceived the double aspect of chemistry, for he defined it as "the science of analysis *and synthesis*," of taking apart and of putting together. The motto of chemistry, as of all the empirical sciences, is *savoir c'est pouvoir*, to know in order to do. This is the pragmatic test of all useful knowledge. Berthelot goes on to say:

> Chemistry creates its object. This creative faculty, comparable to that of art itself, distinguishes it essentially from the natural and historical sciences. . . . These sciences do not control their object. Thus they are too often condemned to an eternal impotence in the search for truth of which they must content themselves with possessing some few and often uncertain fragments. On the contrary, the experimental sciences have the power to realize their conjectures. . . . What they dream of that they can manifest in actuality. . . .
>
> Chemistry possesses this creative faculty to a more eminent degree than the other sciences because it penetrates more profoundly and attains even to the natural elements of existences.

Since Berthelot's time, that is, within the last fifty years, chemistry has won its chief triumphs in the field of synthesis. Organic chemistry, that is, the chemistry of the carbon compounds, so called be-

cause it was formerly assumed, as Gerhardt says, that they could only be formed by "vital force" of organized plants and animals, has taken a development far overshadowing inorganic chemistry, or the chemistry of mineral substances. Chemists have prepared or know how to prepare hundreds of thousands of such "organic compounds," few of which occur in the natural world.

But this conception of chemistry is yet far from having been accepted by the world at large. This was brought forcibly to my attention during the publication of these chapters in "The Independent" by various letters, raising such objections as the following:

When you say in your article on "What Comes from Coal Tar" that "Art can go ahead of nature in the dyestuff business" you have doubtless for the moment allowed your enthusiasm to sweep you away from the moorings of reason. Shakespeare, anticipating you and your "Creative Chemistry," has shown the utter untenableness of your position:

Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.

How can you say that art surpasses nature when you know very well that nothing man is able to make can in any way equal the perfections of all nature's products?

It is blasphemous of you to claim that man can improve the works of God as they appear in nature. Only the Creator can create. Man only imitates, destroys or defiles God's handiwork.

No, it was not in momentary absence of mind that I claimed that man could improve upon nature in the making of dyes. I not only said it, but I proved it. I not only proved it, but I can back it up. I will give a million dollars to anybody finding in nature dyestuffs as numerous, varied, brilliant, pure and cheap as those that are manufactured in the laboratory. I haven't that amount of money with me at the moment, but the dyers would be glad to put it up for the discovery of a satisfactory natural source for their tinctorial materials. This is not an opinion of mine but a matter of fact, not to be decided by Shakespeare, who was not acquainted with the aniline products.

Shakespeare in the passage quoted is indulging in his favorite amusement of a play upon words. There is a possible and a proper sense of the word "nature" that makes it include everything except the supernatural. Therefore man and all his works belong to the realm of nature. A tenement house in this sense is as "natural" as a bird's nest, a peapod or a crystal.

But such a wide extension of the term destroys its distinctive value. It is more convenient and quite as correct to use "nature" as I have used it, in contradistinction to "art," meaning by the former the products of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, excluding the designs, inventions and constructions of man which we call "art."

We cannot, in a general and abstract fashion, say which is superior, art or nature, because it all depends on the point of view. The worm loves a rotten log into which he can bore. Man prefers a steel cabinet into which the worm cannot bore. If man cannot improve upon nature he has no motive for making anything. Artificial products are therefore superior to natural products as measured by man's convenience, otherwise they would have no reason for existence.

Science and Christianity are at one in abhorring the natural man and calling upon the civilized man to fight and subdue him. The conquest of nature, not the imitation of nature, is the whole duty of man. Metchnikoff and St. Paul unite in criticizing the body we were born with. St. Augustine and Huxley are in agreement as to the eternal conflict between man and nature. In his Romanes lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," Huxley said: "The ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less on running away from it, but on combating it," and again: "The history of civilization details the steps by which man has succeeded in building up an artificial world within the cosmos."

There speaks the true evolutionist, whose one desire is to get away from nature as fast and far as possible. Imitate Nature? Yes, when we cannot improve upon her. Admire Nature? Possibly, but be not blinded to her defects. Learn from Nature? We should sit humbly at her feet until we can stand erect and go our own way. Love Nature? Never! She is our treacherous and un-

sleeping foe, ever to be feared and watched and circumvented, for at any moment and in spite of all our vigilance she may wipe out the human race by famine, pestilence or earthquake and within a few centuries obliterate every trace of its achievement. The wild beasts that man has kept at bay for a few centuries will in the end invade his palaces: the moss will envelop his walls and the lichen disrupt them. The clam may survive man by as many millennia as it preceded him. In the ultimate devolution of the world animal life will disappear before vegetable, the higher plants will be killed off before the lower, and finally the three kingdoms of nature will be reduced to one, the mineral. Civilized man, enthroned in his citadel and defended by all the forces of nature that he has brought under his control, is after all in the same situation as a savage, shivering in the darkness beside his fire, listening to the pad of predatory feet, the rustle of serpents and the cry of birds of prey, knowing that only the fire keeps his enemies off, but knowing too that every stick he lays on the fire lessens his fuel supply and hastens the inevitable time when the beasts of the jungle will make their fatal rush.

Chaos is the "natural" state of the universe. Cosmos is the rare and temporary exception. Of all the million spheres this is apparently the only one habitable and of this only a small part — the reader may draw the boundaries to suit himself — can be called civilized. Anarchy is the natural state of the human race. It prevailed exclusively all over the world up to some five thousand years ago, since which a few peoples have for a time succeeded in establishing a certain degree of peace and order. This, however, can be maintained only by strenuous and persistent efforts, for society tends naturally to sink into the chaos out of which it has arisen.

It is only by overcoming nature that man can rise. The sole salvation for the human race lies in the removal of the primal curse, the sentence of hard labor for life that was imposed on man as he left Paradise. Some folks are trying to elevate the laboring classes; some are trying to keep them down. The scientist has a more radical remedy; he wants to annihilate the laboring classes by abolishing labor. There is no longer any need for human labor in the sense of personal toil, for the physical energy necessary to accomplish all kinds of work may be obtained from external sources and it can be directed and controlled without extreme exertion. Man's first effort in this direction was to throw part of his burden upon the horse and ox, or upon other men. But within the last century it has been discovered that neither human nor animal servitude is necessary to give man leisure for the higher life, for by means of the machine he can do the work of giants without exhaustion. But the introduction of machines, like every other step of human progress, met with the most violent opposition from those it was to benefit. "Smash 'em!" cried the workingman. "Smash 'em!" cried the poet. "Smash 'em!" cried the artist. "Smash 'em!" cried the theologian. "Smash 'em!" cried the magistrate. This opposition yet lingers and every new invention, especially in chemistry, is greeted with general distrust and often with legislative prohibition.

Man is the tool-using animal, and the machine, that is, the power-driven tool, is his peculiar archievement. It is purely a creation of the human mind. The wheel, its essential feature, does not exist in nature. The lever, with its to-and-fro motion, we find in the limbs of all animals, but the continuous and revolving lever, the wheel, cannot be formed of bone and flesh. Man as a motive power is a poor thing. He can only convert three or four thousand calories of energy a day and he does that very inefficiently. But he can make an engine that will handle a hundred thousand times that, twice as efficiently and three times as long. In this way only can he get rid of pain and toil and gain the wealth he wants.

Gradually then he will substitute for the natural world an artificial world, molded to his heart's desire. Man the Artifex will ultimately master Nature and reign supreme over his own creation until chaos shall come again. In the ancient drama it was *deus ex machina* that came in at the end to solve the problems of the play. It is to the same supernatural agency, the divinity in machinery, that we must look for the salvation of society. It is by means of applied science that the earth can be made habitable and a decent human life made possible. Creative evolution is at last becoming conscious.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH (1865-)

TRIVIA *

THE WHEAT

The Vicar, whom I met once or twice in my walks about the fields, told me that he was glad that I was taking an interest in farming. Only my feeling about wheat, he said, puzzled him.

Now the feeling in regard to wheat which I had not been able to make clear to the Vicar was simply one of amazement. Walking one day into a field that I had watched yellowing beyond the trees, I found myself dazzled by the glow and great expanse of gold. I bathed myself in the intense yellow under the intense blue sky; how dim it made the oak trees and copses and all the rest of the English landscape seem! I had not remembered the glory of the Wheat; nor imagined in my reading that in a country so far from the Sun there could be anything so rich, so prodigal, so reckless, as this opulence of ruddy gold, bursting out from the cracked earth as from some fiery vein below. I remembered how for thousands of years Wheat had been the staple of wealth, the hoarded wealth of famous cities and empires; I thought of the processes of corn-growing, the white oxen ploughing, the great barns, the winnowing fans, the mills with the splash of their wheels or arms slow-turning in the wind; of cornfields at harvest-time, with shocks and sheaves in the glow of sunset, or under the sickle moon; what beauty it brought into the northern landscape, the antique, passionate, Biblical beauty of the South!

THE GREAT WORK

Sitting, pen in hand, alone in the stillness of the library, with flies droning behind the sunny blinds, I considered in my thoughts what should be the subject of my great Work. Should I complain against the mutability of Fortune, and impugn Fate and the Constellations; or should I reprehend the never-satisfied heart of querulous Man, drawing elegant contrasts between the unsullied snow of mountains, the serene shining of stars, and our hot, feverish lives and foolish repinings? Or should I confine myself to denouncing contemporary Vices, crying "Fie!" on the Age with Hamlet, sternly unmasking its hypocrisies, and riddling through and through its comfortable Optimisms?

Or with Job, should I question the Universe, and puzzle my sad brains about Life — the meaning of Life on this apple-shaped Planet?

MY MISSION

But when in modern books, reviews, and thoughtful magazines I read about the Needs of the Age, its Complex Questions, its Dismays, Doubts, and Spiritual Agonies, I feel an impulse to go out and comfort it, to still its cries, and speak earnest words of Consolation to it.

DISSATISFACTION

For one thing I hate Spiders — I dislike all kinds of Insects. Their cold intelligence, their empty, stereotyped, unremitted industry repel me. And I am not altogether happy about the future of the Human Race; when I think of the slow refrigeration of the Earth, the Sun's waning, and the ultimate, inevitable collapse of the Solar System, I have grave misgivings. And all the books I have read and forgotten — the thought that my mind is really nothing but a sieve — this, too, at times disheartens me.

THE SNOB

As I paced in fine company on that Terrace, I felt chosen, exempt, and curiously happy. There was a glamour in the air, a something in the special flavour of that moment that was like the consciousness of Salvation, or the smell of ripe peaches on a sunny wall.

I know what you're going to call me, Reader. But I am not to be bullied and abashed by words. And after all, why not let oneself be dazzled and enchanted? Are not Illusions pleasant, and is this a world in which Romance hangs on every tree?

And how about your own life? Is that, then, so full of golden visions?

* From *Trivia* by Logan Pearsall Smith, published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

GREEN IVORY

What a bore it is, waking up in the morning always the same person. I wish I were unflinching and emphatic, and had big, bushy eyebrows and a Message for the Age. I wish I were a deep Thinker, or a great Ventriloquist.

I should like to be refined and melancholy, the victim of a hopeless passion; to love in the old, stilted way, with impossible Adoration and Despair under the pale-faced Moon.

I wish I could get up; I wish I were the world's greatest Violinist. I wish I had lots of silver, and first Editions, and green ivory.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
(1868–)

TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people — and, alas! their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also; only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed, it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion, that is to say, free utterance decently and in order — your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugar coat it with expediency. This state today is in more danger from suppression than from violence, because in the end, suppression leads to violence. Violence, indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea for justice, temperately made in the name of peace, only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold — by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.

NOTES

THE BIBLE

The two essays here given represent the third of the three stages in the development of the essay in the Bible as recognized by Professor Moulton, namely, that of the fully formed essay (see the General Introduction, page 6, and R. G. Moulton's *World Literature, The Literary Study of the Bible,* and *The Modern Reader's Bible.* In both cases the text is based on the Authorized Version, with modernization of form and punctuation.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR

This essay (*Ecclesiastes* XI, 7 to XII, 7) is, according to Moulton, the last of a suite of five essays, which, interspersed with "miscellanea" and rounded out with a Prologue and Epilogue, constitute the entire book of *Ecclesiastes,* whose function it was to serve as a stimulus to wise conduct. See the detailed discussion of the authorship, date, and nature of the book in Moulton's *Modern Reader's Bible,* pages 1469-75.

38. *a.* 19. *Remember,* etc. The remainder of the essay presents in memorable symbolic form the failing of the various powers of man and the coming of actual death: the passing of the happiness and strength of youth (the darkening of the sun and the return of the clouds after the rain); the trembling of the hands and arms (the keepers of the house); the stooping of the body (the bowing of the strong men); the decay of the teeth (the grinders); the dimming of the eyes (those that look out of the windows); the clenching of the jaws (the doors); the loss of appetite, sleep, and speech (low sound of the grinding, rising early, the daughters of music brought low); the weakening of the gait (similar to that of those terrified); the coming of the last stages of decay, white hairs (almond tree), physical weakness (even the small grasshopper is heavy to age), and the giving away of failing powers (the bursting of the caper-berry); and, finally, the actual dissolution, symbolized by the broken lamp-chain, broken bowl, broken pitcher, and broken wheel.—See Moulton's *Mod. Read. Bible,* pp. 1644-46.

HONOUR THY PARENTS

This essay (from the apocryphal book of *Ecclesiasticus,* III, 1-16) is less symbolic and more direct in its commendation of honour to parents than the preceding one. It forms, however, a significant companion essay on a theme second only in importance in the Hebrew mind, and is a good example of the compactness and unity which have come out of such unconnected sayings as characterize the *Book of Proverbs.* For a detailed analysis of the entire book see Moulton's *Mod. Read. Bible,* pp. 1458-69 and 1629-34.

ARISTOTLE: OF TRAGEDY

This extract is the opening of Part II of the *Poetics.* A forerunner of the critical essay, it contains Aristotle's famous definition of tragedy and is a good example of the more analytical type of writing which influenced Bacon and his successors. The translation is that of Thomas Twining (1789).

39. *a.* 17. *correction and refinement.* The original Greek is *katharsis,* or purgation.

31. *melopoeia,* approximately: "musical harmony" or "poetic rhythm."

b. 26. *Zeuxis,* Greek painter (fl. 430 B. C.).

27. *Polygnotus,* Greek painter, "The Homer of Painting" (fl. 465 B. C.).

THEOPHRASTUS: THE "CHARACTERS"

The *Characters* of Theophrastus, the real creator of the character essay as such (though examples may be found in Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Rhetoric* as parts of larger wholes), consist of some 30 characterizations of typical cases of conduct observable in Athenian society. Each essay begins by briefly defining a quality, such as flattery or rusticity. The quality is then illustrated by a number of typical actions coming within the range of everyone's experience. They are thus type sketches and not individual portraits. These essays of Theophrastus are noted for their emphasis on action, their independence as separate essays, and the stereotyped technique with which their author provided them. They were first translated into Latin by Isaac Casaubon, a French classical scholar, and published in 1592. The present version is by J. Healy (1616). It is surmised that Theophrastus also wrote characters of "Virtues," which are lost.

OF CAVILLING

40. *b.* 31. *Of Cavilling,* of dissimulation.

46. *giveth them a Come-again,* tells them to see him later.

41. *a.* 9. *But take,* etc. From this point to the end is a Byzantine interpolation.

OF FLATTERY

41. *a.* 26. *Gallery,* Greek *stoa,* a covered portico with stone benches, the resort of idlers.

b. 4. *Herbinger,* herald or announcer.

8. *women's Academy,* the women's market.

13. *Ingle,* fireplace.

OF RUSTICITY

41. *b.* 41. *gilliflower,* the carnation-pink or thyme.

42. *a.* 1. *purveighs,* provides for.

2. *plays the Sutler,* sees to food and drink.

10. *rejects it as light,* i.e., failing to come up to proper weight.

19. *will be trimmed,* will have his person put in order, especially his hair and beard.

22. *And because—to carry it himself.* Since it is on his way, he will get his salt fish from Archias (a famous dealer in salt-fish, the food of the common people) and carry it home himself (considered a vulgar thing among the Athenians).

PLUTARCH: DELAY OF THE DEITY

From Plutarch's *Morals,* a series of essays on almost every conceivable subject, representing the philosophical or reflective essay. This extract is taken from a dialogue on this subject between Patrocleus, Plutarch, Timon, and Olympicus, laid in the Temple of Delphi. It illustrates the freer, more discursive method of writing culminating in Montaigne, who was heavily indebted to Plutarch both for manner and subject-matter, as was Bacon (see notes on Bacon and Montaigne). Bacon and Montaigne had access to the *Morals* in a Latin translation which appeared at Rome about 1470. Amyot's French version was published in 1572, Holland's English version in 1603. The translation here used is by Her-

mann Cruserius (1580), revised by the version of John Phillips (1684).

42. *a.* 33. *Cantharides,* a kind of beetle, esp. what is now termed the "Spanish fly."

46. *carking,* perplexing, corroding.

b. 9. *Herodicus the Selymbrian,* Greek philosopher (fl. before 400 B. C.). Selymbria is in Thrace.

44. *hemlock,* a drink made from certain poisonous herbs. Socrates was forced to drink it as his mode of execution.

43. *a.* 17. *Stesichorus,* a Greek lyric poet (c. 630-c. 550 B. C.), fragments of whose works have survived. He wrote a tragedy called *Orestes,* from which these lines are probably taken.

42. *Lysimachus,* Greek general, king of Thrace (361?-281 B. C.).

b. 6. *Simonides,* Greek lyric poet (fl. 500 B. C.).

14. *Ino,* mortal daughter of Cadmus and wife of Athamus, who in a fit of madness slew one of her sons, whereupon she cast herself into the sea with the other and became a sea goddess, known thereafter as Leucothea.

16. *Dear friends,* etc., from the Ino of *Euripides* (Frag. 403).

44. *a.* 4. *Apollodorus,* the tyrant of Cassandrea, who obtained supreme power 379 B. C. and showed so much cruelty that he was put to death by Antigonus Gonatus.

7. *Glaucus, the son of Epicedes,* a Lacedemonian with a high reputation for integrity, who betrayed the confidence put in him and as a result suffered with his life, along with his whole family.

CICERO: CONCERNING FRIENDSHIP

From the essay *On Friendship* (*Laelius de Amicitia*), written in 44 B. C. and employing the dialogue method. Quintus Mucius Scaevola and Gaius Fannius Strabo come to the house of their father-in-law, Gaius Laelius, the mention of whose friendship for Scipio Africanus the younger (recently deceased) leads to a discussion of friendship in general. The essay is thus the earliest notable example of the handling of this favorite theme among essayists. The present translation is by Wm. Melmoth (1777), from chapters XXIII and XXVII.

45. *a.* 37. *Timon of Athens,* known by his contemporaries as "the misanthrope," lived at the time of the Peloponnesian War. See Shakespeare's play, *Timon of Athens.*

53. *Archytas of Tarentum,* a famous Pythagorean philosopher who flourished about 400 B. C.

b. 40. *Paulus,* Lucius Aemilius Paulus, the conqueror of King Perseus at Pydua in 168 B. C.

40. *Cato,* Marcus Porcius Cato (234-149 B. C.), able Roman administrator.

40. *Gallus,* Gaius Sulpicius Gallus, eminent astronomer, who was consul in 166 B. C.

41. *Nasica,* P. Cornelius Scipio Nasica Corculum, son-in-law of the elder Africanus. He was consul in 162 and 155 B. C.

41. *Gracchus,* Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, father of the Gracchi and son-in-law of the elder Africanus.

47. *Scipio,* Scipio Africanus the younger, the occasion of this essay (d. 129 B. C.). He overthrew Carthage in 146 B. C.

47. *Furius,* L. Furius Philus, a member of the Scipionic circle, noted for his Greek culture.

47. *Rupilius,* Publius, consul in 132 B. C.

47. *Mummius,* Spurius, brother of Lucius Mummius (destroyer of Corinth). He was a high aristocrat.

45. *b.* 54. *Tubero,* Quintus Aelius Tubero, nephew of the younger Scipio.

55. *Publius Rutilius,* a famous jurist.

55. *Aulus Virginius,* another jurist.

SENECA: ON OLD AGE

This essay is Epistle XII of Seneca's *Epistles to Lucilius* (*Ad Lucilium Epistulae Morales*), which are referred to by Bacon himself as essentially essays (see Gen. Intro., page 7 and notes under "Bacon: The Essays"). They consist of 124 letters, written about 63-65 A. D. and addressed to a certain Lucilius, a prominent official and writer interested in philosophy, but concerning whose relations with Seneca we have no information. "On Old Age" shows the traits of the genuine essay in its natural use of narrative, the striking opening sentence, the use of anecdote and quotation, and the meditative mood. For specific instances of Seneca's influence on Bacon and Montaigne, see p. 87 (*a.* 33) and the note to p. 63. *b.* 32. The version here used is that of Thomas Lodge (1614).

46. *a.* 26. *country-farm,* villa.

29. *Bailiff,* agent or steward.

34. *I leave—antiquity.* What may I expect of the future, when the stones that I have placed are already crumbling?

41. *laboured,* taken care of.

47. *Genius,* protecting deity.

54. *decrepit fellow,* the porter.

56. *as dead bodies.* In the Roman funeral the corpse's feet were toward the door.

57. *looketh outward,* as though ready for a journey.

b. 1. *carcass of a strange man.* He should have been buried by the man he used to serve.

b. 21. *whatsoever—end.* The greatest contentment of every pleasure is reserved for the end.

26. *Neither—needeth none.* Nor do I think that old age is lacking in a very special pleasure, or that the lack of desire for pleasure may not take the place of pleasure itself.

37. *Censor,* registrar of population and property. Since men were registered as "older" or "younger," Seneca means that death takes no account of whether we are old or young on the Censor's list.

46. *excludeth—youth,* i.e., includes the years of young manhood.

56. *Heraclitus—Scotinus,* Greek philosopher ("The Naturalist"), who flourished 500 B. C. "Scotinus" in Greek means "The Obscure."

47. *a.* 10. *for—appear.* For even a very long time contains nothing that can not be found in the light and darkness of one day. Nor does the changing length of day and night make any difference.

35. *"I have lived,"* etc., from Virgil's *Aeneid,* IV, 653.

50. *"It is an evil thing,"* etc., from the *Sayings* of Epicurus.

b. 1. *Epicurus,* a Greek philosopher, founder of the Epicurean school (342?-270 B. C.).

8. *common,* i.e., common property.

AULUS GELLIUS: THE "ATTIC NIGHTS"

The *Attic Nights* (*Noctes Atticae;* "Attic" means "Athenian"), based on the author's commonplace book, is a work of twenty books, divided into brief chapters, on a large variety of subjects. Devoid of sequence or arrangement, the separate essays illustrate both the essayist's impulse to record observations and that charming freedom and detachment which make so large a part of the spirit of the personal essayist. Originally written during the second century, A. D., the present version is by the Rev. W. Beloe (1795).

A RULE FOR HUSBANDS

47. *b.* 15. *Socrates,* Athenian philosopher (469-399 B. C.).

20. *Alcibiades,* Athenian politician and general (450-404 B. C.).

29. *Varro,* Marcus Terentius, Roman scholar and writer (116-c. 27 B. C.), whose *Menippean Satires* have been lost, except for such fragments as here given.

29. *Satira Menippea.* Menippus was a Cynic philosopher, noted for his satirical jests on the foibles of mankind (fl. c. 250 B. C.). Hence the names of satirical works, notably the *Satire Menippée,* a French political satire appearing in 1594.

36. *tollere et ferre,* i.e., either "put up with" or "do away with."

38. *corrigere,* to correct.

THREE REASONS

48. *b.* 3. *"Gorgias" of Plato,* one of the dialogues named after a Greek sophist and rhetorician (5th cent. B. C.).

18. τιμωρια, chastisement, in the Latin sense of "making good."

CHAUCER: DAME PRUDENCE ON RICHES

This essay, a portion of the *Tale of Melibeus* in the *Canterbury Tales* (Globe Chaucer, Group B, ll. 2741-2838), though in its matter not original with Chaucer (being taken from Jean de Meung's French version of Albertano of Brescia's *Liber Consolationis et Consilii,* c. 1238), furnishes an excellent illustration of the approach to the philosophical essay in narrative form from the pen of the first great English writer. Note the frequency of quotation from classical and other writers. The tale narrates how Melibeus, a rich young man married to Prudence, vowed vengeance on some enemies who broke into his house in his absence, beat his wife, and wounded his daughter Sophie. But Prudence, in a long discourse containing this extract, persuaded him to forgive his enemies.

50. *a.* 13. *right as,* just as.

17. *Pamphilus,* Syrian Christian martyr (d. 309 A. D.). From his *De Amore.*

19. *chese,* choose.

29. *but if,* except.

36. *clepeth,* calleth.

37. *Cassiodore,* Marcus Aurelius, a great statesman (under Theodoric) and writer of the 6th cent. Cf. his *Variar.* IX, 13.

40. *Piers Alphonse,* a Spanish theological writer of Jewish parentage (b. 1062). Cf. his *Discip. Cler.* IV, 5.

44. *Innocent,* Pope Alexander III (1161-1216). From his *De Contemptu Mundi,* I, 14.

47. *ax not,* ask not for.

b. 2. *algates,* notwithstanding.

12. *tho' riches,* those riches.

17. *sokingly,* gently.

24. *lightly,* easily.

33. *defendeth,* prohibiteth.

36. *Tullius,* Marcus Tullius Cicero, commonly referred to as "Tullius" or "Tully."

38. *muckle agains nature,* much against nature.

51. *a.* 5. *convenable,* convenient, suitable.

9. *encheson,* reason.

10. *Caton,* Cato.

14. *St. Jerome,* Latin Church Father (340?-420), translator of the Bible into the Latin vulgate.

15. *ne find you not unoccupied,* may not find you idle.

24. *fool-large,* too extravagant.

26. *scarcity,* penuriousness.

27. *chinchery,* miserliness.

32. *nother wretch ne chinch,* neither villain nor churl.

37. *folily wasten and despenden,* foolishly waste and dissipate.

39. *proper,* property.

40. *shapen 'em,* contrive.

45. *wielding,* power.

54. *mowen not disseveren,* may not separate.

58. *St. Augustine,* one of the Church Fathers (d. 604).

b. 12. *dabonnairety,* kindliness.

13. *ne they goods,* nor thy goods.

26. *lese the love,* lose the love.

29. *holden a shrew,* considered a mean man.

34. *there nis thing,* there is nothing.

53. *after God—left,* after giving due reverence to God and his conscience.

52. *a.* 3. *good loos,* good name or reputation. Cf. Latin *laus,* good repute.

CAXTON: A PRINTER'S PROLOGUE

Fifteenth century English prose is largely the product of three men, William Caxton, the printer and editor, Sir Thomas Malory, author of *Morte d'Arthur,* and Lord Berners, translator of the *Chronicles* of Froissart. The present critical essay joins the first two of these names, since it was Caxton's preface to his edition of the *Morte d'Arthur,* published in 1485. It is also a notable example of the approach to the editorial essay, a type widely used by the 18th century periodical essayists and one whose full possibilities were to be realized by 19th century journalism.

52. *a.* 23. *ensamples,* examples.

28. *Sancgreal,* Holy Grail.

37. *Paynims,* pagans.

49. *land of behest,* land of promise.

51. *Judas Maccabeus,* the most notable of the family of Maccabees that freed the Jews from the Syrian yoke (2nd cent. B. C.).

55. *stalled,* installed.

b. 6. *Godfrey of Boulogne,* commander of the Christian forces that besieged and took Jerusalem in 1099.

31. *in him—be aretted,* to him might be ascribed.

37. *Glastonbury,* in Somersetshire, which has many associations with the Arthurian legends.

38. *Policronicon,* a compendious history of the world, written by Ralph Higden about 1350.

43. *History of Bochas—De Casu Principium.* Boccaccio (1313-75), the well known Italian novelist and poet, wrote *De Casu Principium* ("On the Fall of Princes"), recounting the misfortunes of famous men.

45. *Galfridus,* Geoffrey of Monmouth (c. 1100-c. 1152), who wrote a fabulous *History of the Kings of Britain* in Latin, purporting to be largely based on a "British book."

53. *Patricius—Imperator,* "Prince Arthur, Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Dacia."

56. *Sir Gawaine's skull.* Sir Gawaine was a famous knight of the Round Table, nephew of the King.

56. *Cradock's mantle.* Cradock, or Caradoc, was a knight of the Round Table who was proved by various magic tests to have the most virtuous wife in the Court.

57. *the Round Table,* a huge circular marble table at which sat the knights of King Arthur's court. Its capacity was variously estimated at from 13 to 150 persons.

58. *Sir Launcelot's sword.* Sir Launcelot, the paramour of Queen Guinevere, though the handsomest and bravest of the knights of the Round Table, failed in his quest for the Holy Grail.

53. *a.* 14. *Camelot,* the seat of Arthur's palace and court, usually located in Wales.

38. *enprised,* undertaken.

39. *histories,* stories.

b. 21. *Amen.* The rest of the Preface, here omitted, simply outlines the contents of the *Morte d'Arthur.*

MORE: LIFE IN UTOPIA

This extract, essentially a descriptive essay, is from the *Utopia,* Sir Thomas More's portrayal of an ideal commonwealth. It was published in Latin in 1516 but was translated into English by Ralph Robynson and published in 1551. The present version is that of Henry Morley (1885).

54. *a.* 11. *put to,* assigned to.

20. *Syphogrants,* philarchs, or leaders of clans or families.

55. *a.* 34. *Tranibors,* chief philarchs.

35. *Barzenes—Ademus,* supposed Utopian names.

BURLEIGH: THE WELL ORDERING OF A MAN'S LIFE

This, the only essay written by Lord Burleigh, has a unique place in the development of the English essay. Not only is it an excellent example of the letter essay, but it is the first definitely rounded English essay written to stand by itself, not depending on any surrounding context. It shows the influence of the many "conduct" books fashionable during the Renaissance and points forward to Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son.* It was written sometime before 1598, though not printed till 1637.

56. *a.* 7. *Son Robert.* Robert Cecil (1563?-1612) was an important official under Elizabeth and James

I, was instrumental in the death of the Earl of Essex, and received many honours from King James, who created him Earl of Salisbury.

14. *summum bonum,* highest good.

33. *this exorbitant age,* this "free-living" age.

b. 8. *yirke,* annoy or disgust.

56. *cockering,* fondling.

57. *a.* 4. *pass the Alps,* i.e., go into Italy, associated by many Elizabethans with licentious living.

14. *no longer in request than use.* That is, the soldier's usefulness is forgotten in time of peace.

35. *with the most,* at the rate paid by most employers.

58. *a.* 3. *Essex—Raleigh,* the Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh, both of whom suffered from a fall in royal favor.

28. *quip and gird,* jest and mock.

29. *leese,* lose.

SIDNEY: THE USES OF POETRY

This extract is from Sidney's famous critical essay, first published in 1595 in two editions, the one entitled *The Defense of Poesy,* the other *An Apology for Poetrie.* It is the first of a notable line of English critical essays on the subject of poetry, including Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (see p. 123), Wordsworth's Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* (see p. 257), Shelley's *Defense of Poetry,* and Arnold's *The Study of Poetry* (see p. 306).

58. *a.* 56. *conceit,* idea.

b. 46. *commodities,* advantage.

48. *Ovid's verse,* possibly a paraphrase of Ovid's *Art of Love,* II, 662: Et lateat vitium proximitate boni ("And vice may be hid in the nearness of good").

52. *Agrippa,* Cornelius (1486-1535), a German scholar who wrote "On the Vanity of Arts and Sciences."

53. *Erasmus,* author of *The Praise of Folly* (1509), a Dutch scholar (1466?-1536).

59. *a.* 19. *Scaliger,* Julius Cæsar (1484-1558), Italian Latin poet and philologist, the second book of whose *Poetics* considers meter.

b. 8. *Percontatorem—est,* "Avoid a curious man; he is sure to be a gossip" (Horace, *Epist.* I, 18, 69).

11. *Dum sumus,* "While each one is satisfying himself, we are ever a credulous set" (Ovid, *Rem. Love,* 686).

HOOKER: UNDERSTANDING OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAWS

This extract from the Preface to Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (Books I-IV, published 1594; Book V, 1597; Books VI-VIII, 1618) gives not only an example of one of the finest English prose styles before Dryden but an illustration of the approach to the scientific essay, that which presents the results of organized knowledge for the understanding of the world at large.

59. *b.* 37. *regimen,* government.

38. *lets,* hindrances.

60. *a.* 14. *inured,* accustomed.

16. *nice humour,* exacting taste.

b. 15. *The laws of the Church,* etc. Hooker wrote at a time of great disturbance in the matters of worship and doctrine, as evidenced, for example, by the growth and ultimate separation of the Puritans.

MONTAIGNE: THE *ESSAIS*

Four editions of Montaigne's *Essais* were published during his lifetime (in 1580, 1582, 1587, and 1588), the first containing 94 essays arranged in two books, the second and third containing the revised versions of the first, and the last adding 13 new essays (in a third book) to those already published. In 1595 Mlle. de Gournay, Montaigne's adopted daughter, published the "definitive" edition, incorporating numerous alterations. The first English translation was that by John Florio, published in 1603. A more accurate but less "flavored" translation was published by Charles Cotton about 1670, later revised by William Hazlitt and William Carew Hazlitt. An entirely new translation by an American scholar, George B. Ives, was published in 1925. With the exception of "The Author to the Reader" (which follows the Florio version), the essays here given are from the Cotton-Hazlitt text. Since the chief merit of Montaigne's essays is their complete and frank revelation of the author's personality, he is the personal essayist *par excellence.*

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

This was Montaigne's preface to the first edition of the *Essais* (1580).

62. *a.* 12. *commodity,* advantage.

b. 1. *those nations,* the savages of the New World, whom Montaigne, in common with Europeans generally, credited with virtues lacking in the Old World civilization. See Montaigne's essays entitled "Of Custom," "Of Cannibals," and "Of Coaches" for his interest in the subject.

11. *first March, 1580.* Other editions have different dates.

THAT MEN ARE NOT TO JUDGE OF OUR HAPPINESS TILL AFTER DEATH

This essay, chapter XIX of Book I of the *Essais,* illustrates the earlier, briefer, more impersonal type of Montaigne's essays.

62. *b.* 19. *Scilicet—debet,* "We should all look forward to our last day: no one can be called happy till he is dead and buried" (Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* III, 135).

24. *King Crœsus—Cyrus.* Crœsus, King of Lydia (6th cent. B. C.) was defeated and taken prisoner by Cyrus, King of Persia, in 546 B. C. Cyrus was moved to countermand the order for his execution when Crœsus related the story of Solon. Solon had said this on being shown Crœsus's treasures.

27. *Solon,* Athenian sage and law-giver (639?-559 B. C.).

63. *a.* 11. *Agesilaus,* King of Sparta (397-360 B. C.).

15. *Priam,* King of Troy, killed in the destruction of the city by the Greeks. The quotation is from Plutarch.

18. *joyners and scriveners,* wood-workers and clerks.

19. *a tyrant of Sicily,* etc., alluding to the story of Dionysius the tyrant, driven out by Timoleon.

25. *Pompey,* "the Great," Roman general (106-48 B.C.). See Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.,* I, 35.

26. *Lodovico Forza—Loches.* He was imprisoned by Louis XI in an iron cage.

31. *the fairest of all queens,* Mary, Queen of Scots.

42. *Usque—videtur,* "So true it is, that some occult power upsets human affairs, the glittering fasces and the cruel axes spurns under foot, and seems to make sport of them" (Lucretius, V, 1231).

53. *Nimirum—fuit,* "I have lived longer by this one day than I should have done" (Macrobius, *Saturnalia,* II, 7).

b. 25. *Nam—res,* "Then at last truth issues from the heart; the visor's gone, the man remains" (Lucretius, III, 57).

32. *one of the ancients,* Seneca (*Epistle* 102).

39. *Scipio.* See Seneca, *Epistle* 24.

42. *Epaminondas—Chabrias—Iphicrates.* The first was a Theban general and statesman; the last two were Athenian generals.

45. *You—resolved,* from Plutarch's *Apothegms.*

64. *a.* 4. *a certain person,* doubtless Montaigne's friend, Etienne de la Boétie, whose death in 1563 he witnessed. Montaigne enshrined his memory in his essay on "Friendship" (see p. 68).

OF THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

This is an extract from chapter XXVI (Book I), one of the justly famous essays of Montaigne, that in which he shows how far ahead of his time he was in his educational theories. It will be noted that the letter device is employed. The influence of Plutarch and Seneca on Montaigne is admitted by Montaigne himself in the following sentence from

a portion of this essay not here printed: "I never seriously settled myself to the reading of any book of solid learning but Plutarch and Seneca; and these, like the Danaides, I eternally fill, and it as constantly runs out, something of which drops upon this paper, but little or nothing stays with me."

64. *a.* 24. *Madame Diane de Foix.* Charlotte-Diane de Foix married her cousin, Louis de Foix, comte de Gurson, in 1579.

37. *for having had so great a hand.* Montaigne had signed the marriage contract in place of the parents of the count.

b. 18. *a well-made—head. Tête bien faite,* an expression created by Montaigne.

39. *Socrates—Arcesilaus,* according to Diogenes Laertius, IV, 36.

41. *Obest—docent,* "The authority of those who teach is very often an impediment to those who desire to learn" (Cicero, *De Natura Deorum,* I, 5).

65. *a.* 21. *pedagogic institutions of Plato,* i. e., the pedagogic method of Socrates, in the dialogues of Plato.

35. *Nunquam—fiunt,* "They are ever in wardship" (Seneca, *Epistles,* 33).

55. *Epicurus and the Stoics.* See notes to p. 47 (*b.* 1) and p. 102 (*a.* 44).

b. 1. *che—m'aggrata,* "I love to doubt, as well as to know" (Dante, *Inferno,* XI, 93)

4. *Xenophon,* Greek historian and general (fl. 400 B. C.).

9. *Non sumus—vindicet,* "We are under no king; let each look to himself" (Seneca, *Epistles,* 33).

49. *Epicharmus,* a Greek comic poet (fl. 500 B. C.).

66. a. 43. *Santa Rotonda,* the Pantheon of Agrippa in Rome, now dedicated as the Church of Santa Maria Rotonda.

b. 17. *carbine,* a short rifle or musket.

25. *Vitamque—rebus,* "Let him live in the open air, and ever in movement about something" (Horace, *Odes,* II, 3, 5).

53. *labor—dolori,* "Labor hardens us against pain" (Cicero, *Tusc. Quaes.,* II, 15).

67. *b.* 5. *Perigordin,* a dialect of one of the provinces of Central France.

OF FRIENDSHIP

Though friendship is a common theme among personal essayists, no one has treated it with more individuality than Montaigne in chapter XXVIII (Book I), from which this is an extract. The practical worldliness displayed by Bacon in his essay "Of Friendship" is in strong contrast to the idealism here shown by Montaigne. For Bacon's essay, see p. 79.

68. *a.* 29. *Desinit—superne,* "A fair woman in her upper form terminates in a fish's tail" (Horace, *De Arte Poetica,* V, 4).

37. *Etienne de la Boétie,* Montaigne's intimate friend, who died in 1563 at the early age of 33.

42. *Le Contre Un,* published in 1574, a violent but immature invective against tyranny. Though incapable of exact rendition into English, this title signifies "an attack against one" [i.e., the tyrant].

43. *in his youth,* "not being as yet eighteen years old" (ed. of 1588).

b. 6. *edict of January,* 1562, which gave to the Huguenots the right of public worship.

13. *book—to the press.* Montaigne had the book published in Paris, 1571, by Frederic Morel.

34. *Aristotle says,* in *Moral. ad Nicomac.,* VIII.

45. *venerian,* based on sex attraction.

69. *a.* 10. *Aristippus,* according to Diogenes Laertius, II, 31.

16. *reconcile to his brother.* See Plutarch, "On Brotherly Love," 4.

54. *Et—paterni,* "And I myself noted for paternal love toward my brothers" (Horace, *Odes,* II, 2, 6).

b. 5. *Neque—amaritiem,* "Nor is the goddess unknown to me, who mixes a pleasing sorrow with my love's flame" (Catullus, LXVIII, 17).

20. *Come—piede,* "As the hunter pursues the hare, through cold and heat, over hill and dale, but, so soon as it is taken, no longer cares for it, and only delights in chasing that which flees from him" (Ariosto, X, 7).

70. *a.* 26. *quis—senem?* "For what is that love of friendship? why does no one love a deformed youth, or a comely old man?" (Cicero, *Tusc. Quaes.,* IV, 33.)

29. *Academy.* See the discourse of Pausanius in Plato's *Symposium.* The "Academy" was the school of philosophy headed by Plato, so called from a grove near Athens.

b. 28. *salutiferous,* health-giving.

29. *Harmonius and Aristogiton,* two Athenian youths who entertained a strong affection for each other. They slew Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens (in 514 B.C.), who tried to draw Harmonius to himself.

38. *Amorem—specie,* "Love is a desire of contracting friendship arising from the beauty of the object" (Cicero, *Tusc. Quaes,* VI, 34).

42. *Omnino—sunt,* "Those are only to be reputed friendships, that are fortified and confirmed by judgment and length of time" (Cicero, *De Amicitia,* 20).

56. *why I loved him.* From this point on to the end of the essay Montaigne is speaking of Etienne de la Boétie.

BACON: THE *ESSAYS*

For the nature of the three editions of Bacon's essays (1597, 1612, and 1625), see the General Introduction, p. 10. Being designed with an eye to the practical application of their truths in the lives of the rising young men of affairs for whom they were written, his essays belong rather to the philosophical than to the personal type. The influence of Seneca and Plutarch (not to mention other classical writers) upon Bacon is testified to by Bacon himself in numerous places, for example, in his reference to Seneca's *Epistles* in the dedication of the 1612 edition (quoted on page 10) and in his reference to Plutarch in the essay "Of Superstition."

OF STUDIES

Generally the favorite among Bacon's essays because of its saying "much in little," this essay was first published in 1597, enlarged in 1612, and again in 1625. As an illustration of the manner in which Bacon amplified his essays in the later editions, the present text of 1625 is here supplemented by the briefer text of 1597. Entitled "Of Study," it was No. 1 in the original edition. In the 1625 edition it was No. 50.

Of Study (1597)

Studies serve for pastimes, for ornaments, and for abilities. Their chief use for pastime is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse, and for ability is in judgment For expert men can execute, but learned men are fittest to judge or censure.

To spend too much time in them is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar.

They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience.

Crafty men contemn them, simple men admire them, wise men use them: for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but cursorily, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend.

76. *a.* 10. *expert,* experienced.
b. 4. *humor,* foible, peculiarity, whim.
10. *crafty,* men skilled in handicrafts (or shrewd men?).
11. *simple,* ignorant.
77. *a.* 10. *curiously,* with detailed care.
17. *flashy,* tasteless.
21. *confer,* converse.
27. *moral, grave,* the study of moral philosophy makes men sober and dignified: an example of Bacon's extreme condensation.
28. *Abeunt—mores,* "Studies develop into habits" (Horace, *Heroides,* XV, 83).
29. *stond,* hindrance.
33. *stone and reins,* bladder and kidneys.
41. *Schoolmen,* philosophers of the mediaeval universities, whose method emphasized fine distinctions in terms.
42. *cymini sectores,* literally, "dividers of cumin-seed"; freely, hair-splitters.
43. *to beat over matters,* work quickly over the whole field.
46. *receipt,* prescribed remedy.

OF NEGOTIATING

First published in 1597 (as No. 10), enlarged in 1612, and again in 1625 (as No. 47).
77. *b.* 4. *tender,* delicate.
14. *success,* outcome.
19. *affect,* have an inclination for.
20. *quickeneth,* stimulates.
30. *prescription,* prestige.
35. *in appetite,* eager for promotion.
37. *upon conditions.* That is, if A agrees to do something if B will do something, it is incumbent on A to move first, unless B's part naturally comes first, or A will need B in some other part of the transaction, or A be considered the more trustworthy and dependable.
44. *practice,* negotiation.
45. *discover,* to find out something about a man.
45. *work,* to persuade a man to do something.

OF TRUTH

First published in 1625, as No. 1.
78. *a.* 9. *jesting Pilate.* See *John,* XVIII, 38. "Jesting" means "scoffing."
10. *Certainly—giddiness.* Certainly there are those who delight in sudden change of opinion.
14. *sect of philosophers,* the Skeptics, who denied the possibility of human knowledge, the greatest of whom was Pyrrho, a Greek philosopher (fl. 300 B. C.).
16. *discoursing,* argumentative or unsettled.
25. *One—Grecians,* Lucian of Samosata (2nd cent. A. D.), whose dialogue *Philopseudes* treats the subject.
26. *at a stand,* at a loss.
48. *One of the fathers,* possibly either Jerome or Augustine, both of whom use a similar expression.
50. *vinum daemonum,* "devil's wine."
b. 15. *The poet,* Lucretius (1st cent. B. C.), author of the Latin poem *On the Nature of Things.* Bacon here paraphrases the opening of Book II (lines 1-13).
16. *the sect,* the Epicureans.
37. *round dealing,* straightforward or "square" treatment.
48. *Montaigne,* in *Essais,* II, 18. Montaigne found the idea in Plutarch's *Lives.*
79. *a.* 2. *it being foretold.* See *Luke,* XVIII, 8.

OF FRIENDSHIP

First published in 1612, and entirely rewritten for the edition of 1625, where it was No. 27. Its practical tone contrasts with the idealism of Montaigne's essay on the same subject (see p. 68).
79. *a.* 12. *whosoever—god,* from Aristotle, *Politics,* I, 2, 14.
15. *aversation,* aversion.
21. *conversation,* way of life.
24. *Epimenides—Numa—Empedocles — Apollonius.* These are, respectively: a Cretan poet and prophet (7th cent. B. C.); the successor to Romulus as King of Rome; a Sicilian poet and philosopher (5th cent. B. C.); and a Greek philosopher with supposed magical powers. All were men who loved solitude and were said to have intercourse with spirits.
32. *tinkling cymbal.* See *I Corinthians,* XIII, 1.
34. *Magna—solitudo,* "A great city is a great solitude," probably from Erasmus's *Adagia.*
54. *sarza, steel, flower of sulphur, castoreum,* all medicinal names familiar in Bacon's time. Sarza is sarsaparilla, steel a chalybeate remedy, castoreum an oil secured from a gland of the beaver.
b. 18. *privadoes,* Spanish for "private friends."
22. *partipices curarem,* "sharers of sorrows," probably from Dion Cassius's *History of Rome.*
33. *L. Sylla,* etc. This paragraph consists essentially of "examples," drawn from various works of Plutarch, Cicero, Dion Cassius, and Tacitus. Sylla (or Sulla) and Pompey were Roman generals, at first friends, but later rivals, in the later days of the Republic. "Against the pursuit of Sylla" means "in opposition to Sylla's support of another candidate." But Bacon is inaccurate in his statements (see Plutarch's "Life" of Pompey).
44. *Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus.* Cf. Shakespeare's faithful picture, based on Plutarch's *Lives,* of the relations of these two.
52. *a dream of Calpurnia,* Cæsar's wife. Cf. Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar,* II, ii.
57. *Antonius,* Mark Antony, whose infatuation for Cleopatra was followed by his suicide in 30 B. C.
80. *a.* 2. *Augustus—Agrippa—Maecenas.* Agrippa (son-in-law of Augustus) and Maecenas (a wealthy patron of literature) were Augustus's chief advisers.
10. *Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus.* Sejanus, a favorite adviser of the emperor Tiberius, was put to death in 31 A.D. for conspiracy against him. Cf. Ben Jonson's tragedy of *Sejanus.*
14. *Haec—occultavi,* "I have told you this in consideration of our friendship" (Tacitus, *Annals,* Book IV).
19. *Septimius Severus and Plautianus.* Severus was an African soldier (146-211 A. D.) who, on reaching the throne of Rome, gave much power to Plautianus, a fellow-townsman, who suffered the same fate as Sejanus.
27. *Trajan—Marcus Aurelius,* emperors noted for their kindly character and moderate rule.
36. *Mought,* might.
42. *Comineus,* Philip de Commines, a 15th century French historian, whose *Mémoires* narrated, among other matters, the wars of Louis XI with Charles the Bold of Burgundy.
54. *Pythagoras,* Greek philosopher (6th cent. B. C.). The saying here attributed to him is found in Plutarch's essay, "Of the Education of Children."
b. 45. *Themistocles.* See Plutarch's "Life" of Themistocles, which tells how the Athenian general (5th cent. B. C.), accused of treason, fled to the Persian king Artaxerxes for refuge.
81. *a.* 7. *Heraclitus,* Greek philosopher (c. 535-c. 475 B. C.). For the words ascribed to him, see Plutarch's "Life" of Romulus.
40. *St. James.* See *James,* I, 23-24.
48. *four and twenty letters.* The lack of clear distinction between *i* and *j,* and *u* and *v,* accounts for this number.
50. *fond,* foolish.
b. 33. *to cast,* to try, consider.
57. *brook,* endure.

OF ATHEISM

First published in 1612; published in 1625, considerably enlarged, as No. 16.
82. *a.* 20. *Legend—Talmud—Alcoran.* The *Golden Legend* (*Legenda Aurea*), consisting of the lives of saints and other stories, was written by Jacobus de Voragine. The *Talmud* contains the civil and canonical laws of the Jews. The *Alcoran* or *Koran* is the Mohammedan "Bible."
23. *convince atheism,* convince atheism of its error.

29. *second causes.* Natural science is concerned only with "second causes" (stated by it in the form of so-called "laws"), i.e., causes subordinate to some controlling power or "first" cause, here named Providence and Deity.

36. *school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus.* Leucippus (date and place of birth unknown) was the founder of the atomic theory. Democritus (460-357 B. C.) was called "The Laughing Philosopher." Epicurus (342-270 B. C.) was the founder of the sect of the Epicureans, who believed that pleasure was the only possible end of rational action.

38. *four mutable elements,* etc. "Aristoteles of Stagira the sonne of Nichomachus, hath put downe for Principles these three, to wit, a certaine forme called Entelechia, Matter, and Privation: for elements, foure, and for a fifth Quintessence, the heavenly bodie which is immutable" (Holland's *Plutarch,* p. 808).

45. *"The fool,"* etc. *Psalms,* XIV, 1. The 10th meditation in Bacon's *Meditationes Sacræ* (1597), "De Atheismo," uses this text as a motto and shows many resemblances to this essay.

51. *for whom it maketh,* for whom it is advantageous.

b. 8. *Epicurus.* See note to p. 47 (*b.* 1).

17. *Non—profanum,* "Profanity does not consist in denying the gods of the people; but in applying popular conceptions to the gods."

33. *Diagoras—Bion—Lucian.* These are, respectively: a philosopher of the 5th cent. B. C.; a commentator on men and ideas noted for his wit (3rd cent. B. C.); and a Greek satirical author (2nd cent. A. D.).

35. *for that all,* since all.

48. *Saint Bernard,* abbot of Clairvaux, a noble priest of the 12th century. From his *Serm. ad Pastores* (*Opera,* p. 17321, ed. Paris, 1640).

48. *non—sacerdos,* "One cannot now say, 'The priests are as bad as the people,' for now the people are better than the priests."

83. *a.* 9. *melior natura,* "better nature" (Ovid, *Met.,* I, 21).

23. *Cicero.* From *On the Sayings of the Priests,* 9.

23. *Quam—superavimus,* "Esteem ourselves never so highly, Conscript Fathers, yet we cannot compare with the Spaniards in numbers, the Gauls in bodily strength, the Carthaginians in cunning, the Greeks in art, nor yet with our own Italians and Latins in the homely and native sentiment peculiar to this land and people; but we have surpassed all other peoples and nations in piety and religion, and in our attestation of the one great principle, that all things are subject to the government of the immortal Gods."

OF DELAYS

First published in 1625 as No. 21. This, the briefest of all the essays in the final edition, is an excellent example of the "debate" method, the presentation of the "pros" and "cons" of the subject. It suggests Bacon's own practical experience in politics.

83. *a.* 41. *Sibylla's offer.* The story (told by Aulus Gellius in *Attic Nights,* I, 19) is to the effect that Sibyl, the Roman prophetess, offered nine books of prophecy to Tarquinius Priscus for a certain sum. Thinking the price too high, he refused the offer, whereupon she burned three and offered the remaining six at the same price. This offer refused and three more burned, the last three were accepted at the price of nine.

b. 1. *On the other side,* on the other hand.

12. *Argus,* whom Juno set to watch Io, who had been turned into a heifer by Jupiter. See Æschylus, *Prom.,* 567 ff.

13. *Briareus,* a giant with 150 heads. See Homer, *Iliad,* I, 403.

15. *helmet of Pluto.* See Homer, *Iliad,* V, 845. Perseus wore the helmet of Pluto (which made the wearer invisible) when he slew the Gorgon Medusa.

21. *so swift as,* so swift that.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

First published in 1612 as "Of Young Men and Age," enlarged for the 1625 edition (No. 42).

83. *b.* 41. *Septimius Severus,* Roman emperor, 193-211 A. D.

42. *Juventutem—plenam,* "He spent a youth full of errors, and even of acts of madness" (Spartianus, *Life of Severus*).

46. *Cosmos,* i.e., Cosimo de' Medici, "the Great" (1519-74), first grand duke of Tuscany.

47. *Gaston de Foix,* probably a famous French soldier in Italy, Duke of Nemours (1489-1512).

49. *composition,* disposition.

50. *Young men,* etc., from Plutarch.

55. *directeth them—abuseth them,* guides old men—deceives old men.

84. *a.* 8. *care not,* do not hesitate.

16. *period,* conclusion.

22. *succession,* continuous conduct of an enterprise.

24. *extern,* external.

29. *A certain rabbin,* Isaac Abrabanel (1437-1508), a rabbi.

29. *upon the text, Joel,* II, 28.

43. *Hermogenes,* a brilliant youth (2nd cent. B. C.), who, losing his memory at 25, spent the remainder of his life uselessly.

50. *Tully,* Cicero, who had Hortensius as a rival at the Roman bar.

51. *Idem—decebat,* "He continued the same, when it was no longer becoming."

55. *Scipio Africanus,* Roman general (234-183 B.C.).

56. *Livy.* Roman historian (59-17 B. C.).

56. *Ultima—cedebant,* "His end fell below his beginning," meaning that Scipio's later years did not exhibit those military exploits promised by his youth.

OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN

No. 6 in the 1612 edition, this essay became, with slight alterations, No. 7 in that of 1625.

84. *b.* 14. *childless men.* See the essay "Of Marriage and Single Life," p. 85 (*a.* 15) and the note thereto.

19. *first raisers,* founders.

27. *Solomon.* See *Proverbs,* X, 1.

38. *shifts,* tricks.

85. *a.* 10. *Optimum—consuetudo,* "Choose the best; custom will make it pleasant and easy," a sentence of Pythagoras quoted by Plutarch in *De Exilio,* chap. 8.

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

This was No. 5 in the 1612 edition, No. 8 in that of 1625. Bacon's experience with matrimony was not such as to make him take a romantic view of it.

85. *a.* 21. *impediments,* deterrents from great risks.

25. *childless men.* In a short Latin piece entitled "To the happy memory of Elizabeth," Bacon says: "Childless she was, and left no Issue behind Her: which was the Case of many, of the most fortunate Princes; Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Trajan and others." See the essay "Of Parents and Children," p. 84 (*b.* 14).

34. *impertinences,* i.e., having no pertinent relationship to them.

47. *humorous,* subject to moods.

57. *indifferent,* i.e., it makes no difference.

b. 3. *hortatives,* exhortations.

5. *despising of marriage amongst the Turks.* An example of the ignorance of Oriental conditions (helped by prejudice) on the part of even learned men of Bacon's time. The Turks have never "despised" marriage. Even polygamy (though sanctioned) has been far less common than generally supposed.

11. *exhaust,* exhausted.

11. *on the other side,* on the other hand.

17. *Ulysses.* He returned to his wife Penelope after refusing to share immortality with the goddess Calypso.

17. *Vetulam—immortalitati,* "He preferred his old wife to immortality."
27. *So—quarrel.* Therefore a man may have an excuse.
29. *one of the wise men.* According to Diogenes Laertius and Plutarch, this was Thales, the Greek philosopher.

OF GREAT PLACE

This was No. 8 in the 1612 edition, No. 11 in that of 1625. The essay is full of suggestion of Bacon's own career and may be considered his guide to his own conduct.
85. *b.* 57. *regress,* return to firm ground.
86. *a.* 1. *Cum—vivere?,* "When you are no longer what you have been, then why should you desire further to live?"
5. *impatient of privateness,* i.e., miss being in the public eye.
25. *Illi—sibi,* "Death weighs on him heavily, who dies known of all men, but to himself a stranger."
30. *not to can,* not to be able [to do evil].
38. *conscience,* consciousness.
42. *Et conversus—nimis,* "And God turned to behold all the works which his hands had fashioned, and saw that they were all very good."
56. *bravery,* showing off.
b. 13. *de facto,* as a matter of fact.
42. *inward,* on intimate relations [with his master].
51. *if importunity—without,* if a man is too accessible, he will never be let alone.
53. *Solomon,* in *Proverbs,* XXVIII, 21.
57. *A place showeth the man,* attributed to various persons. It is found in Plutarch and Guicciardini (*Maxims,* 72).
87. *a.* 1. *omnium—imperasset,* "Everybody would have judged him fit for empire, even though he had never been emperor."
2. *saith Tacitus of Galba,* in his *History,* I, 49.
3. *Vespasian,* in Tacitus's *History,* I, 50.
3. *solus—melius,* "Vespasian was the only emperor who changed for the better [on becoming emperor].

OF ADVERSITY

First published in 1625 as No. 5. Since Bacon was convicted of corruption in 1621, this essay was probably written after that date, as he was very likely thinking of his own experience in adversity following his disgrace.
87. *a.* 33. *Seneca,* the Roman philosopher (see p. 46).
38. *Bona—mirabilia,* from *Epistles,* VII, iv, 29.
45. *Vere—Dei,* from *Epistles,* VI, i, 12.
48. *transcendencies,* exaggerated sentiments.
54. *Hercules—Prometheus.* Hercules released Prometheus from the rock on Mt. Caucasus, where he had been bound by Zeus for the crime of bringing fire from heaven to mankind.
b. 3. *in a mean,* in a temperate manner.
4. *temperance,* moderation.

SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION

First published in 1625 as No. 6. As indicated in the essay itself, a more exact designation would be "Dissembling: Secrecy, Dissimulation, and Simulation." The worldly, if not Machiavellian, character of Bacon's wisdom is here well displayed.
87. *b.* 42. *Tacitus,* in *Annals,* V, 1.
42. *Livia,* wife of Augustus Cæsar (Roman emperor, B. C. 31-14 A. D.). Tiberius was the latter's successor (14-37 A. D.).
47. *Vespasian—Vitellius,* Roman emperors, 69-79 A. D. and 69 A. D. respectively.
88. *a.* 1. *Tacitus well calleth them,* in two different places, so that Bacon's precise source is uncertain.
b. 19. *equivocations,* evasions.
51. *proverb of the Spaniard.* See the *Promus,* fol. 6b, where the proverb stands, "Di mentira y saqueras verdad." Cf. *Adv. of Learning,* II, 23, sec. 14: "according to the proverb of Spain, *Di mentira, y sacaras verdad:* Tell a lye, and find a truth."
89. *a.* 1. *feathers—mark,* referring to straight shooting in archery.
3. *conceits,* ideas.

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

No. 16 in the edition of 1612, enlarged in that of 1625 (No. 23).
89.. *a.* 19. *an ant,* etc. Bacon is mistaken in this observation.
20. *shrewd,* harmful.
22. *waste,* injure.
27. *right earth,* as self-centered as the earth.
39. *crooketh,* twists.
41. *eccentric to,* having a different governing motive or center from.
45. *accessory,* subordinate.
55. *bias upon their bowl.* In order to make bowls run in a curve, they were given a peculiar shape or construction, especially by the insertion of a piece of lead.
b. 7. *and,* though.
11. *respect,* consideration.
12. *affairs.* In the 1612 edition the essay ends here.
21. *that shed tears,* a bit of pseudo-science common to Bacon's time.
23. *Cicero says of Pompey,* in *Ad Quint. Frat.,* III, 8.
24. *sui—rivale,* "lovers of themselves without a rival."
30. *pinioned,* fastened.

OF BOLDNESS

First published in 1625, as No. 12.
89. *b.* 37. *Demosthenes,* the great Greek orator (385-322 B. C.), about whom this story is told by Cicero (in several places) and by Quintilian.
90. *a.* 6. *popular,* democratic.
11. *mountebanks,* quack doctors operating from public platforms.
15. *grounds,* principles.
18. *Mahomet's miracle,* a common Spanish proverb, whose source is uncertain.
45. *stale at chess,* a drawn game.

OF BEAUTY

No. 24 in the 1612 edition, slightly enlarged (as No. 43) in that of 1625. Bacon here treats "Beauty" as hardly more than personal comeliness.

90. *b.* 7. *Neither,* etc. Essentially: Neither is it often true.
15. *Augustus Cæsar,* the first Roman emperor (B. C. 27-14 A. D.).
15. *Titus Vespasianus.* See note to p. 87 (*b.* 47).
16. *Philip le Bel,* who became King Philip IV of France in 1285, was called "The Fair" because of his personal beauty.
17. *Edward IV,* king of England (1461-83), noted for his handsomeness and bravery.
17. *Alcibiades,* great Athenian political leader and general (450-404 B. C.), noted for his power and beauty.
18. *Ismael,* who became ruler of Persia in 1478.
28. *Apelles.* Not Apelles, but Zeuxis, who (according to Cicero and Pliny) used five of the most beautiful virgins of the country as his models when painting a picture for the temple of Juno Lacinia at Croton. Zeuxis was a Greek painter of the 5th century B. C.
28. *Albert Durer,* German painter and engraver (1471-1528), whose treatise *De Symmetria partium humani corporis* Bacon has in mind.
46. *pulchrorum—pulcher,* "The becoming old age of beautiful people."

CORNWALLIS: OF DISCOURSE

No. 11 of the *Essayes* (first part) as published in 1632 ("Newlie Corrected"); originally published in 1600.

91. *a.* 10. *Hackney-man,* hireling.
36. *Nego—dixit,* "I deny greater or less—I prove —he himself said it"—terms suggestive of the pedantic conversation of scholars.
57. *Gallery,* a partly open covered promenade.
b. 17. *Auditory,* hearers.

OF ALEHOUSES

No. 22 of the 1632 edition of the *Essayes.*
92. *a. Luxury,* lust.
27. *Community,* equality.

DEKKER: WINTER

This vivid descriptive essay, so deftly mingling external and human nature, is from *The Raven's Almanacke* (1609), under "A Description and prediction of the four quarters of the year. 1609."
92. *a.* 37. *colliers,* coal-dealers.
39. *still,* always.
43. *burnt sack and sugar,* a favorite Elizabethan drink made by heating sack (imported white wine) seasoned with sugar.
47. *twelfth day of December.* In Dekker's time the old Julian calendar was ten days behind the Gregorian (decreed in 1582 but not adopted in England till 1752). Thus our winter solstice (Dec. 21) would come on December 11.
b. 5. *frieze,* a kind of coarse woolen cloth.
20. *beats,* gives.

A GALLANT IN A PLAY-HOUSE

This essay, an illuminating picture of a phase of London Life with which the dramatist Dekker was naturally very familiar, is from the *Gull's Horn Book* (1609), an ironical book of manners which presents a young man of leisure going through a typical day's occupations, including the business of dressing, the stroll in St. Paul's, the mid-day meal at the "ordinary," the attendance on the play, the visit to the tavern, and the night prowl about the city. Dekker has been called "the first great literary artist of London street life."
92. *b.* 37. *yt,* that.
40. *Plaudits,* applause.
41. *great Beast,* public favor.
43. *Factors,* playwrights.
47. *had wont to be,* used to be. The passage means that the success of the theatre really depends upon the better classes, who furnish and pay most for the entertainment.
49. *chapmen,* customers or patrons.
52. *Groundling,* one who stood on the ground (now the "Pit").
53. *gallery-Commoner,* one of the "common" people sitting in the gallery.
56. *Sithence,* since.
58. *Templer,* a law student, so called from having chambers in the Temple in London.
93. *a.* 1. *Stinkard—Tobacco-Fumes.* Smoking had been in practice only a few years, and it was encountering much opposition and ridicule.
4. *Car-man and Tinker,* the sedan-chair porter and the mender of pots and pans.
7. *Momus,* the god of mockery and censure.
13. *stand—rent,* stand to collect the entrance-fee.
22. *Sharers,* stockholders.
26. *Rushes.* The stage was strewn with rushes.
27. *state of Cambises,* Cambises's throne on the stage.
28. *Estridge,* ostrich.
33. *cummings-in are pursed up,* returns are secured.
41. *engross—Censure,* monopolize the business of criticizing.
b. 4. *We three,* referring to the well-known picture of the two asses, with the inscription, "When shall we three meet again?"
18. *infants present,* referring to the young boys in the troupe.
20. *laying 'tis copper,* etc., i.e., wagering on the inferior quality of the costumes.
24. *daw-cocke,* a dolt (young jackdaw).
52. *teston,* a coin worth about ten cents.
94. *a.* 3. *Bastome,* cudgel.
13. *beagle,* a dog used in hunting hares and other small game.
14. *lin,* cease.
16. *Morris,* morris dance.
16. *Pelion upon Ossa,* mountains in Greece, piled one on the other by the Titans to reach heaven.
23. *middle of a Watch,* between changes of night watchmen.
42. *shoulder-clapping,* familiarity.
43. *Cockatrice,* prostitute.
46. *hate a Sculler—one o' th' Scullery,* i.e., do not be too well acquainted with the boatmen.
57. *upon Ticket,* on credit (cf. "on tick").
b. 2. *Flounder-catchers,* river-men.
3. *draw,* produce pay.
14. *third sound* (of the trumpets), the signal for the play to begin.
30. *screwd,* wry.
39. *Mimicks,* actors.
55. *Felt and Feather,* probably alluding to an expensive piece of headgear.
58. *same block,* same style.
95. *a.* 7. *Arcadian and Euphuized gentlewomen,* like those figuring in Sidney's *Arcadia* and Lyly's *Euphues.*

JONSON: ON SHAKESPEARE, ETC.

From *Timber: or Discoveries: made upon men and matter* (first pub. in 1640), fragmentary comments revealing Jonson's critical ability, of which this extract is one of the best known examples.
95. *a.* 27. *I remember,* etc. This paragraph is headed "De Shakespeare nostrat[i]" ("of Shakespeare, our fellow-countryman").
30. *never blotted out a line.* Compare, for example, the assertion of Heming and Condell, in the Preface to the 1623 folio of Shakespeare's plays, that "what he [Shakespeare] thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."
40. *phantasy,* the image-forming power in general.
44. *Sufflaminandus erat,* "He ought to have been checked." See Seneca *Exc. Controv.* 4, *Proem,* 7.
44. *Augustus—Haterius,* Seneca, *Intro. to Controversies,* IV, Par. 7, Quintus Haterius was a senator and rhetorician in the reign of Augustus.
49. *in the person of Cæsar,* etc. Cf. *Julius Cæsar,* III, i, 47.
56. *In the difference,* etc. The remainder of this extract is headed, "Ingeniorum discrimina" ("The difference of wits").
b. 18. *hard by,* close.
27. *ingenistitium.* "A wit-stand. The marginal note of the folio"—Schelling.
36. *Quæ—cadunt,* "Such things as fall among the brambles and tall rocks."
96. *a.* 14. *presently,* instantly.
18. *such—Montaigne,* an evidence of the criticism which the looser style of the informal essay was beginning to receive from the more formal critics.
26. *vent it,* utter it.
35. *venditation,* display.
39. *rank,* strong of scent.
50. *their own naturals,* their own natural talents.
b. 25. *use ever election and a mean,* exercise a suitable selection of material.
34. *Tamerlanes and Tamer-chams,* a derogatory reference to the "conqueror" plays of the end of the 16th century, such as Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (c. 1588).

HALL: A HAPPY MAN

From *Characters of Vivtues and Vices* (1608), Bishop Hall's adaptation of Theophrastus's *Characters* (see p. 40). Hall's expressed aim was "to bring home to men's conviction the nobleness of virtue and the baseness of vice," and he divided the work into two books: "The Characterisms of Virtue" (from which the present essay is taken) and "The Characterisms of Vices." The idea of

each essay, after careful elaboration, is rounded off in an epigrammatic summary, as contrasted with the abrupt ending of Theophrastus's essays.

97. *a.* 20. *traverses of thoughts,* thoughts on misfortune, "traverses" meaning things that "obstruct" or "thwart."

27. *graciously ambitious,* ambitious for divine grace.

34. *restiness,* stubbornness or sluggishness (of a horse).

43. *carriage,* manner of carrying his body.

49. *home-close,* yard of a house.

50. *arras,* wall-tapestry.

51. *earth plate,* i.e., he can convert his common earthenware into gold plate.

58. *straight,* i.e., "strait," or narrow.

b. 4. *troupe,* household retinue.

18. *for that,* because.

19. *knows—malice,* knows how to profit by others' hate.

34. *gyves,* shackles.

56. *foiled,* partly defeated.

98. *a.* 8. *Stephen.* See *Acts,* VII, 55-6.

9. *Paul.* See *Acts,* IX, 3-4.

9. *Lazarus.* See *Luke,* XVI, 23.

20. *last guest,* Death.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

The *Characters* (1614), attributed to Overbury, are thought to be largely the work of his friends (three were afterwards claimed by J. Cooke—cf. Aldington, 13). The volume contains three classes of character essays: eulogistic (illustrated by "A Franklin"), satiric, and humorous (illustrated by "A Tinker"). The first edition contained 21 "characters"; more were added in later editions till the number reached 79.

A FRANKLIN

98. *a.* 39. *Franklin,* a small landholder.

42. *give arms,* etc. His coat of arms is displayed in his admirable character.

58. *hide-bound.* Due to emaciation or other causes, the skin of animals may become fastened to the ribs and backbone.

b. 19. *Rock-Monday,* St. Roche's Day (August 16), a day of general thanksgiving for the harvests.

19. *wake in summer,* an annual festival in commemoration of the dedication of a church.

20. *shrovings,* feasts on Shrove Tuesday.

21. *hoky,* Hock-tide, of obscure origin, a feast kept on the 2nd or 3rd Tuesday after Easter.

21. *seedcake,* a feast at the end of October after the wheat had been sown.

24. *privy-closet,* the council-chamber of the king.

A TINKER

This essay is full of puns and double meanings, in harmony with its humorous purpose. Attributed to J. Cocke (or Cook).

98. *b.* 41. *tinker,* a mender of pots and pans.

48. *Tubal Cain,* son of Lamech, teacher of workers in brass and iron (*Genesis,* IV, 22).

48. *renegade,* a deserter.

50. *carries all his wealth,* as the spendthrift dandy.

58. *crotchets,* quarter notes in music; hence, quick time.

99. *a.* 2. *quean,* a low woman.

2. *terrible statute,* that of 22 Henry VIII, c. 10, directed against Gypsies.

12. *want,* lack.

19. *canting,* an affected singsong mode of speaking.

30. *Tyburn or Banbury.* For Tyburn, see note to p. 322 (*b.* 7). Banbury is a town in Oxfordshire, famous for its cakes and ale.

JOHN EARLE

The essays here printed are Nos. I, II, and XXV, respectively, in Earle's *Microcosmography* ("Description of the Little World"), published in 1628 and representing the culmination of achievement in the 17th century character essay.

ON A CHILD

99. *a.* 58. *tice,* entice.

b. 1. *wormwood,* a plant proverbial for its bitterness.

ON A YOUNG RAW PREACHER

33. *truanted,* idled away time.

37. *tablebook,* note-book.

40. *St. Mary's,* the church in Oxford where the "Public Sermons" were preached.

41. *brachygraphy,* shorthand.

44. *without book,* i.e., from the notes which constitute his library.

55. *jest—Bellarmine,* a jest laid away for future use with Cardinal Bellarmino (1542-1621), the great Catholic controversialist.

100. *a.* 19. *postils,* marginal notes.

22. *precisian,* Puritan.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE UNIVERSITY

100. *a.* 55. *neat silk strings,* strings holding the covers tight together.

b. 3. *history,* story.

4. *Euphormio.* John Barclay (1582-1621), a Scotch author, wrote *Euphormionis Satyricon,* a Latin satirical novel of the picaresque type (pub. in two parts, c. 1603, 1607), in which Euphormio narrates his unusual adventures.

13. *ingle to gold hatbands,* a flatterer of the wealthy. "An ingle is a crony; the 'gold hatbands' refer to the caps of noblemen students"—Aldington.

16. *light of,* light upon.

19. *inns-of-court,* the four sets of buildings in London inhabited by students and practitioners of the law (Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Grey's Inn).

SELDEN: TABLE-TALK

The extracts here printed from Selden's *Table-Talk,* a miscellany of learned epigrammatic comments on all types of subject somewhat like Jonson's *Timber* (see p. 95), illustrate the basic "observations" upon which essays are built. Selden did not intend them for publication. In fact the book, which saw the light first in 1689, is the joint work of Selden and the compiler, Richard Milward. There are 154 comments, of which those given are Nos. 13, 38, 86, 151, and 152 (in S. H. Reynolds' ed. Oxford, 1892).

CHANGING SIDES

100. *b.* 47. *Col. Goring,* who from 1641 on was found now on the side of the king and again on that of Parliament.

51. *Luther,* who started the Reformation by tacking his theses to the door of the church in Wittenberg in 1517.

THE MEASURE OF THINGS

101. *a.* 50. *medlar,* a small apple, not edible till it begins to decay.

56. *Nash,* Thomas (1567-1601), who wrote pamphlets and fiction, as well as verse.

WIT

b. 23. *jack-pudding's work,* buffoon's work.

26. *blackthorns,* trees producing small astringent fruits, sometimes called "sloe plums."

35. *still,* always.

38. *pah,* nasty.

FELTHAM: OF DREAMS

This essay, No. 52 of *Resolves: Divine, Moral, Political* (c. 1620; 2nd ed. 1628), shows Feltham's

kinship with Bacon in his pregnant style and philosophical attitude.

102. *a.* 40. *Cinque Ports,* a number of seaport towns on the Kent and Sussex coasts of England, originally five. Hence the allusion to the five senses.

44. *Zeno,* Greek philosopher, founder of the Stoic school about 308 B. C.

46. *stated,* assumed state or dignity.

47. *bewrayed,* betrayed.

50. *Indians,* i.e., Hindus.

b. 3. *Stoic.* The Stoic was willingly submissive to natural law.

4. *Epicure.* The Epicurean held that pleasure was the main end of life.

7. *Divine,* clergyman.

9. *genius,* spirit or life.

9. *motive,* moving.

18. *Claudian,* last of the Latin classic poets (fl. 400 A. D.). The quotation is from his *"In Sextum Consulatum Honorii" Augusti Prefatio,* 1-12.

56. *the sacred volume.* Cf. the dreams of Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar (*Genesis,* XL-XLI and *Daniel,* II).

58. *Astyages,* last king of Medea (594-559 B. C.), deprived of his kingdom by his grandson Cyrus. Astyages gave Mandana (his daughter) in marriage to Cambyses, an ignoble person, because it was revealed to him in a dream that his daughter's son would take away his crown (Herodotus, I, 107).

103. *a.* 2. *Calphurnia—Cæsar.* See Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar,* II, ii.

2. *Hecuba,* wife of Priam and mother of Paris. Before the birth of Paris, she dreamed that she had given birth to a burning torch, which set Troy on fire (see Virgil's *Æneid,* VII, 320).

5. *Galen,* Greek physician and medical writer (2nd cent. A. D.).

8. *humours,* the four fluids which were once thought to enter into the composition of the body and upon whose proportions depended the health of the individual.

17. *spleen,* an organ near the stomach, formerly supposed to be the seat of the emotions and passions.

28. *Dictator,* Julius Cæsar. For his dream, see Plutarch's "Life" of Cæsar.

HOWELL: THE BUCENTAUR CEREMONY

This letter essay of Howell's, from the *Epistolae Ho-Elinae* or "Familiar Letters" (pub. in 4 books between 1645 and 1655), is dated "Venice, 25th June, 1621." The disputed question of whether these letters were actually written to the various correspondents mentioned does not affect their great literary importance, not only as the finest examples of the letter essay in English, but as embodiments of the wide range and discursiveness of the personal essayists.

103. *a.* 58. *St. Peter's bark,* the Papal power.

103. *b.* 2. *one of his successors,* Pope Alexander III, who, after the victory of the Venetians over the Imperial fleet in 1177, gave the doge a gold ring as token of the city's dominion over the sea.

5. *Doge—Clarissimos,* the head and magistrates of the Venetian republic.

7. *galeasse—Bucentoro.* A galleas was a large galley, propelled by both sails and oars, and mounting guns. A bucentaur was a fabulous monster: a centaur with a bull's body.

11. *out upon the careen.* Before the use of dry docks, vessels were turned over on the beach for cleaning or repairs.

12. *trimmed,* repaired.

13. *famous ship at Athens,* possibly an allusion to the tribute ship sent annually to Delos from Athens.

21. *third concoction,* according to the old physiology, the last of three processes in digestion.

22. *sublunary,* earthly ("beneath the moon").

24. *useth,* is accustomed to.

39. humours. See note to p. 103 (*a.* 8).

40. *deperdition,* loss or destruction.

104. *a.* 11. *fluxible,* fluid or changing.

16. *eat,* old form of "eaten."

19. *excrementitious,* capable of being sloughed off.

23. *heterogeneal,* differing from one another.

b. 15. *Coelum—currunt,* from Horace, *Epodes,* I, xi, 27.

18. *outlandish,* merely "foreign."

BROWNE: A PHYSICIAN'S RELIGION

From *Religio Medici* (1642), Part I. The title means "The Religion of a Physician." Quiet, philosophic tolerance marks this reflective essay.

106. *a.* 8. *general scandal of my profession.* Cf. the old saying. "Where there are three physicians, there are two atheists."

43. *the name,* "Protestant"; *the person,* Luther.

b. 3. *shaken hands—resolutions,* parted from those desperate resolvers [the Roman Catholics].

5. *bottom,* ship.

13. *improperations,* reproaches.

107. *a.* 13. *African churches,* Christian churches in Africa, now under the government of the Patriarch of Alexandria, Egypt.

14. *wiser—use,* i.e., the more intelligent worshippers make a truly Christian use of these ceremonies.

b. 5. *council of Trent,* one of the great councils of the Roman Catholic Church, held 1545-63 in the city of Trent, Austria.

6. *synod of Dort,* a Protestant synod held in Dort, Netherlands (1618-19).

11. *Rome or Geneva,* the Roman Catholics or the Reformers.

30. *Antichrist,* etc., terms used by some of the Reformers to designate the Papal power.

108. *a.* 16. *Oedipus,* who solved the riddle of the Sphinx.

22. *divinity,* theology.

27. *epicycle,* according to the Ptolmaic astronomy, "a circle whose center moves round in the circumference of a greater circle."

38. *Arethusa,* in classical mythology, a stream (taking its name from the transformed wood-nymph of that name) which ran under the sea from Greece and emerged in Sicily.

46. *metempsychosis,* transmigration of souls.

53. *Diogenes,* the Greek Cynic philosopher (412-323 B. C.).

53. *Timons.* See note to p. 45 (*a.* 37).

FULLER: THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

From *The Holy State* (1642), Book II, chap. XVI, which is essentially a collection of portraits of those exemplifying the "good" life, notable for their shrewd observation and quaint humour.

108. *b.* 21. *ferula,* a rod for school discipline.

32. *by the proxy of an usher,* through the employment of an assistant (who enables them to neglect the school).

35. *His genius,* etc., the first of eight "Maxims," each of which begins a paragraph in this essay.

38. *Cooper's Dictionary,* a standard text-book in England, written by the Bishop of Winchester and first pub. in 1565.

57. *forms,* classes or groups.

109. *a.* 6. *ingenious,* bright by nature.

24. *lees,* dregs.

28. *Bristol diamonds,* small quartz crystals which were found near the city of Bristol, England.

30. *orient,* clear.

57. *minces,* cuts up.

b. 5. *cockering,* fondling.

8. *in a peculiar,* under special privilege.

21. *paidotribes—paidagogos,* a teacher of wrestling and gymnastics rather than a teacher of the arts and sciences; therefore, a "punisher rather than a tutor."

26. *Junius,* probably Franciscus Junius (1545-1602). French Protestant theologian.

27. *de insolenti carnificina,* "of the excessive torture."

28. *conscindebatur—singulos,* "he was flogged seven or eight times every day."

31. *Tusser,* Thomas (1524?-80), English versifier on agriculture and proverb-maker.

39. *Udal,* Nicholas, head master of Eton College, 1532-43, and author of *Ralph Roister Doister,* the first regular English comedy.

42. *Orbilius,* Orbilius Pupillus, the teacher of Horace, known for his severe floggings. See Horace, *Epistles,* II, i, 71.

52. *in forma pauperis,* as a "poor scholar."

110. *a.* 11. *preferred to beggary,* promoted to begging (than to some church or other preferment).

25. *gingle,* jingle.

33. *R. Bond,* etc. For Bond, see Grant's *Vita Ascham,* p. 629. Roger Ascham (1515-68) was the author of the *Schoolmaster* (1570). For Hartgrave, see Ashton's *Life of Whitaker,* p. 29. Dr. Jeremiah Whitaker (1599-1654) was a Puritan divine. Richard Mulcaster (1530?-1611) was the first head master of the Merchant Taylors' School in London. Lancelot Andrews (1555-1626) was Bishop of Winchester. For Theseus and Conidas, see Plutarch's "Life" of Theseus.

MILTON

Milton is properly considered as rather a writer of "tracts" than "essays," because of their length and controversial tone. Yet the *Tractate on Education* is essentially a critical essay, of only fair length and written in a tone more moderate than Milton usually employed. For impassioned, eloquent prose passages, which are in themselves little critical essays, it would be hard to find the equal in emotional appeal of the extract "In Defense of Books" (from *Areopagitica*). These essays illustrate the best kind of prose produced by those showing the effects of the heated atmosphere of the Civil War and Commonwealth periods and deal, moreover, with subjects that remain of vital concern to this day.

A COMPLETE EDUCATION

From the *Tractate on Education* (1644), which, as it was addressed to Samuel Hartlib, illustrates a variety of the letter essay. Hartlib was a supporter of the new methods of instruction advanced by Comenius and, after discussing these new views with Milton, asked him to embody his own conclusions on the subject. The extract concludes with one of the most justly famed definitions of education.

110. *b.* 3. See *Genesis,* XI, 7-9, for the account of the "confusion of tongues" incident to the erection of the "Tower of Babel."

39. *praxis,* practice.

111. *a.* 17. *divinity,* position in the church.

22. *litigious,* concerning suits at law.

26. *courtshifts,* expedients at court.

32. *delicious and airy,* lively.

52. *Orpheus,* the gifted son of Apollo whose lyre could charm beasts and move rocks and trees.

55. *stocks and stubs,* blockheads.

IN DEFENSE OF BOOKS

From *Areopagitica, A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing to the Parliament of England* (1644), Milton's impassioned protest against the censorship of the press recently imposed by Parliament. Its influence contributed to the actual securing, some years after his death, of the freedom he pleaded for, though the general issue has remained a live one, as evidenced by William Allen White's famous editorial "To an Anxious Friend" (see p. 482). "Areopagitica" means "pertaining to the Areopagus," the dignified Athenian tribunal, to which Milton implicitly likens the English Parliament which he is here addressing.

111. *b.* 27. *fabulous dragon's teeth.* Cadmus, founder of Thebes, killed a dragon whose teeth he sowed. These sprang up armed men, who fought till only five were left. These were the ancestors of the Theban families.

36. *in the eye.* The image of God is seen in a good book as the image of an outward object is seen in the eye.

52. *whole impression,* entire edition.

56. *fifth essence,* or "quintessence."

TAYLOR: OF CURIOSITY

From *Holy Living* (1650)

112. *a.* 17. *Apostle's phrase.* See I *Timothy,* V, 13.

b. 4. *Arsacidae,* the dynasty of the Parthian and Armenian rulers who held sway from about 250 B. C. to 224 A. D. in Parthia, and from 250 B. C. to 428 A. D. in Armenia.

4. *Caesars,* the family of the Roman emperors.

4. *Ptolemies,* the dynasty ruling Egypt from 323 to 30 B. C.

21. *fistula,* an abnormal opening.

28. *searchers and publicans,* customs officers.

47. *harpies,* in classical mythology, malignant monsters who seized or defiled the food of their victims.

COWLEY: OF MYSELF

This is the last of eleven essays in the collection entitled *Several Discourses by Way of Essays in Prose and Verse* (1668). It is the classical example of the revival of the influence of Montaigne's personal style.

114. *a.* 5. *nice,* delicate, requiring tact.

a. 48. *latter end of an ode.* The stanzas quoted are the conclusion of a poem entitled "A Vote," published in *Sylva* (1636).

b. 28. *Horace—Sabine fields,* an allusion to Horace's country place mentioned in several of his *Odes.*

b. 43. *for the conclusion, Odes, III,* xxix, 41.

115. *a.* 16. *brave,* splendid.

30. *hyssop,* a plant of the mint family, associated with Jewish ceremonial.

33. *one of the best persons,* Henry Jermyn, afterward Earl of St. Albans.

34. *one of the best princesses,* Henrietta Maria, Queen Consort of Charles I.

39. *daily sight of greatness.* Cowley, as a Loyalist, had been forced to leave England. In 1644 he went to Paris as secretary to Lord Jermyn, adviser of Queen Henrietta Maria.

57. *rid,* rode.

b. 13. *Well then,* etc., the opening lines of "The Wish," published in 1647 in the volume entitled *The Mistress.*

18. *happy Restoration,* the restoration of the rule of the Stuarts, with the return of Charles II from France in 1660.

29. *thou,* etc., from "Destiny," the 7th of Cowley's 15 *Pindaric Odes,* published in 1656.

38. *à corps perdu,* head foremost.

47. *Non—sacramentum,* "I have not sworn a faithless oath" (Horace, *Odes,* II, xvii, 10).

55. *Nec—relinquam,* perhaps from one of Cowley's own compositions.

116. *a.* 18. *quantum sufficit,* "as much as suffices," a term used in medical prescriptions.

32. *ana.* A Greek word, meaning "throughout," used in prescriptions to indicate equal quantities of the ingredients prescribed.

OF GREATNESS

From the collection of 1668. This essay, like all the others, ends with verse, in this case a translation of an ode from Horace (III, i), which is here omitted.

116. *b.* 20. *says—Montaigne,* in *Essais,* III, vii.

31. *sequestered—state.* This refers to Montaigne's election as mayor of Bordeaux after he had retired to the quiet of his château.

47. *Horace,* Horatius Flaccus, Roman poet (65-8 B. C.).

47. *Dii—animi, Satires,* I, iv, 17: "The gods have done well in making me a humble and small-spirited fellow."

117. *a.* 1. *bona roba,* a robust woman.

1. *Homer,* in the *Odyssey,* VI, 16.

4. *Lucretius,* Roman poet and Epicurean philosopher (98-55 B. C.), author of *De Rerum Natura.*

5. *Parvula—sal,* "A tiny, dwarfish woman [is] one of the Graces, all pure soul" (Book IV, 1162).

10. *Seneca the elder,* M. Annæus Seneca, the rhetorician, father of the better known dramatist and philosopher of the same name.

26. *horse-plums,* large, coarse plums. Cf. "horse-chestnut."

26. *pound-pears,* large cooking pears.

29. *chiopins,* high-heeled clogs or shoes worn by women, esp. in Venice about 1600.

30. *"Senecio Grandio."* Cf. *grandis,* large.

31. *Messala,* M. Valerius Messalla Corvinus (64 B. C.-8 A. D.), a witty Roman author and patron of letters.

31. *cognomen—cognomentum.* The latter word is longer and goes better with Senecio's character.

33. *three hundred Lacedæmonians,* etc. Famous historical incidents were made the bases for declamatory exercises. The brave defense of the pass of Thermopylæ against Xerxes in 480 B. C. by the 300 Lacedæmonians under their king Leonidas resulted in their annihilation.

49. *hyperbolical,* extravagant.

b. 14. *divertisements,* diversions.

16. *One of the most powerful,* etc. Louis XIII, whose favor is said to have been won by the Duke of Luynes through training singing birds for the king.

26. *one of them,* Domitian (88-96 A. D.), who allowed himself to be called "dominus ac deus" ("lord and god").

32. *Beelzebub.* "Beelzebub signifies the Lord of Flies" (Cowley).

32. *Nero,* the Roman emperor, about whom Suetonius (*Nero,* 26 etc.) tells a number of anecdotes.

55. *Claudius,* Roman emperor (41-54 A. D.), the great-uncle of Nero.

58. *Caligula's delights.* The emperor Gaius or Caligula (37-41 A. D.) gave evidence of insanity in many of his mad practices.

118. *a.* 1. *Tiberius,* Emperor (14-37 A. D.), reputed to have spent the last years of his life at Capri in the vilest debauchery.

2. *Augustus.* See Suetonius, *Augustus,* 83.

24. *her,* Greatness.

28. *cates,* dainties.

48. *forest-work hangings.* In Cowley's *Ode upon Liberty* (III, 15) the author alludes to "the false Forest of a well-hung Room."

51. *whole woods cut in walks,* referring to the elaborately artificial gardens such as that at Versailles.

b. 15. *Sed quantum—tendit,* from Virgil, *Georgics* II, 291.

29. *cozenage,* cheating.

30. *Mancipiis—Rex,* from Horace, *Epistles,* I, vi, 39: "The King of the Cappadocians [Archelaus], rich in slaves, lacks coin."

34. *indigent of money,* lack money.

56. *says Solomon,* in *Eccles.* V, 11.

119. *a.* 1. *Ocnus,* a sluggish "do-nothing," said to have been so represented in a painting by Polygnotus.

12. *Teneriffe,* a high peak in the Canary Islands.

19. *Ossa—Olympus—Pelion,* mountains in Thessaly, used in the manner described by the two sons of Poseidon. See *Odyssey,* XI, 305ff.

29. *the late giant of our nation,* Oliver Cromwell.

52. *St. Paul teaches.* See *I. Cor.,* VIII, 4.

b. 7. *first man—Rome.* The saying is recorded by Plutarch, *Cæsar,* XI.

BUTLER: A ROMANCE WRITER

The *Characters* of Samuel Butler, of which this is one of the milder examples, remained in Ms. till 1759, when they were published in his *Genuine Remains.* They reflect the later, rather more bitter, tendencies of the character essayists of the 17th century. The style, however, is more modern than that of Earle and his contemporaries.

119. *b.* 55. *Janello's leaden soldiers,* "some sort of puppet-performance" (Aldington).

EVELYN: THE GREAT FIRE

From Evelyn's *Diary,* covering the greater part of the life of a busy and useful writer and public official, not published till 1818. This and the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys, deciphered and published in 1825, are the most distinguished examples of this class of writing in English.

120. *a.* 54. *Three Cranes,* probably the name of an inn.

b. 30. *set,* period.

121. *a.* 9. *Sodom.* The destruction by fire of Sodom and Gomorrah is recounted in *Genesis,* XVIII and XIX.

10. *non—civitatem,* "for we have no longer any state."

20. *grenados,* or "grenades," hollow shells filled with explosives, designed to be thrown by hand and to explode on impact.

b. 23. *the invective, The Fumifugium, or the inconvenience of the Air and Smoke of London dissipated,* presented to the King Sept. 13, 1661.

43. *Lot, in my little Zoar.* Lot, the nephew of Abraham, escaped from the destruction of Sodom by fleeing to the city of Zoar (meaning "little").

TEMPLE

The extracts here printed are from the essays of Temple published in Part II of *Miscellanea* (pub. in 3 parts, 1680, 1690, 1701).

OF POETRY AND MUSIC

The conclusion of the essay "Upon Poetry" (1690).

121. *b.* 53. *last and great Scipio,* Publius Cornelius (c. 185-129 B. C.), the destroyer of Carthage.

55. *Terence,* Roman writer of comedies (2nd cent. B. C.).

122. *a.* 14. *Gothic humours,* i.e., the tempers of the invading barbarians.

53. *the Fathers,* the Church writers.

b. 7. *When all is done,* etc., a sentence famous for its illustration of beautiful cadence.

OF GARDENING

The conclusion of the essay "Upon the Gardens of Epicurus; or of Gardening in the Year 1685" (1690).

122. *b.* 58. *so as,* so that.

123. *a.* 16. *the measure of their being good,* i.e., their healthfulness.

26. *nice,* discriminating.

DRYDEN: SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

From Dryden's *Essay, of Dramatic Poesy,* a notable piece of dramatic criticism in dialogue form, first pub. in 1668. It has been considered the best purely critical English essay written up to that time and illustrates the new prose style of which Dryden was the "Father."

123. *a.* 51. *Neander,* Dryden.

52. *Eugenius,* Sackville, Lord Buckhurst. The two other participants in the dialogue are Crites (Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law) and Lisideius (Sir Charles Sedley).

57. *the author,* Ben Jonson, whose *Epicene; or. The Silent Woman* was acted in 1609.

b. 28. *clenches,* playing upon words.

35. *Quantum—cupressi,* "As the cypresses tower above low-growing shrubs."

37. *Mr. Hales,* Greek professor at Oxford and Fellow of Eton College (1584-1656).

48. *Sir John Suckling,* one of the Cavalier poets (1609-1641).

124. *a.* 1. *censure,* opinion.

7. *Philaster,* a tragi-comedy, acted about 1608.

b. 8. *"Sejanus" and "Catiline,"* classical tragedies, acted 1603 and 1611, respectively.

11. *taxed,* accused.

27. *comply with,* observe.
37. *"Discoveries,"* or "Timber," for an extract from which see p. 95.

LOCKE: ON THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING

From the epoch-making *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690). The readableness of this scientific essay reflects the advance made toward simplicity of style during the Age of Dryden.
125. b. 7. *We see but in part,* etc. Cf. *I Cor.,* XIII, 12.
11. *parts,* qualities or talents.
46. *canton out,* segregate.
47. *Goshen,* the land of plenty allotted to the Israelites in Egypt.
126. *a.* 15. *Marian Islands,* a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean to the east of the Philippines.
24. *Acapulco,* a seaport on the western coast of Mexico.
b. 19. *apologues and opposite diverting stories,* stories intended to convey a moral and stories told for entertainment.
127. *a.* 2. *hedger,* one who makes or mends hedges.

DEFOE: HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

The essay here printed is from the *Essay upon Projects,* written in 1692 but first printed in 1697. It shows the extent to which Defoe was ahead of his time in the consideration of matters of social reform. Women were not admitted to the privileges of higher education enjoyed by men, either in England or America, till the 19th century.
132. *a.* 14. *conversable,* adapted to human intercourse.
17. *parts,* talents.
b. 20. *wit,* intellectual ability.
38. *"Advice to the ladies,"* probably Mary Astell's *Serious Proposal to Ladies,* pub. in two parts (1694, 1697).
133. *a.* 24. *genius,* inherent ability.
134. *a.* 26. *female government,* government by women.

SWIFT: MEDITATION ON A BROOMSTICK

According to Sheridan, Swift, during a visit in 1704, had been reading to Lady Berkeley from Robert Boyle's so-called "Meditations" (1665), which she much admired but which bored him. He composed the present "meditation" and palmed it off on her as a genuine chapter from Boyle.

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING

From No. 15 of *The Examiner* (Thursday, Nov. 2, to Thursday, Nov. 9, 1710). John Arbuthnot published an ingenious pamphlet on the same subject Oct. 9-16, 1712. Swift had just made a breach with the Whigs and was now the chief support of the Tory administration.

Motto, from Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* XII, 56-61: "Some of these fill their empty ears with talk; others go and tell elsewhere the things they have heard. The story grows in size, and each new narrator adds something to what he has heard. Here is Credulity, here is bold Error, unfounded Joy, and panic-stricken Fear; here sudden Sedition and doubtful Whisperings."
135. *a.* 39. *Milton,* in *Par. Lost,* V, 708-10.
b. 4. *Fame.* "Fama was said to be a daughter of Terra. See Virgil, 'Æneid,' IV, 173-178."—Temple Scott.
136. *a.* 8. *fleurs de lis,* "flowers of the lily," which as a conventionalized flower design formed part of the coat of arms of ancient France. "A reply to the insinuations that the Tories were sympathetic to France, and the Whigs were the true patriots."—Temple Scott.
31. *Exchange-alley,* so called because of its proximity to the Royal Exchange, where large commercial transactions took place.
50. *a certain great man,* "The Earl of Wharton."—Temple Scott.
137. *a.* 9. *others.* "Refers to the Tories generally, and in particular to Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart. (1631-1712), who was created Duke of Leeds in 1694. In 1679, as Earl of Danby, he was impeached by the Commons, and imprisoned in the Tower for five Years."—Temple Scott.
13. *Jacobites,* adherents of James II (abdicated 1688) or those who supported the claims of the Stuarts to the throne.

STEELE: THE TATLER

The first number of *The Tatler* appeared on April 12, 1709, and was published three times a week till Jan. 2, 1711, running to 271 numbers. The name of Isaac Bickerstaff (the presumed writer), borrowed from Swift, gained an audience for the paper by its familiarity. Steele wrote practically all of the paper at the beginning, but Addison, who had discovered Steele's identity early in the series (No. 6—April 23, 1709, which contained a curious remark on Virgil which Addison himself had made to Steele), began to contribute with No. 18 and, after 80 or 90 papers had appeared, was a frequent contributor, writing in all about 42 papers alone and 36 with Steele. Steele was responsible for the rest.

PROSPECTUS

From No. 1 of *The Tatler* (April 12, 1709). This announcement appeared in Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of *The Tatler,* all of which were issued "gratis."

Motto, from Juvenal, *Satires,* I, 85, 86: "What mankind does shall my collections fill." As originally issued Nos. 1-40 of *The Tatler* carried the same motto. From No. 41 on various mottos were used or none at all. In both the *Tatler* and *Spectator* the mottos appeared without translations.
137. *b.* 22. *for the convenience of the post.* On those days the mail left London.
51. *White's Chocolate-house,* etc. See note to p. 153 (*b.* 14).
138. *a.* 5. *plain Spanish.* A simple wine.
8. *Kidney,* the head-waiter at St. James's coffee-house who came in for much bantering allusion in the *Tatler* (Nos. 10, 26, 29) and the *Spectator* (No. 24). "Even kidney" means "even temper"; hence, the pun.
18. *casting a figure,* determining the horoscope.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

From No. 89 of the *Tatler* (Nov. 3, 1709).

Motto, from Virgil, *Georgics,* II, 485:
"My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life;
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood."—Dryden.

138. *b.* 2. *Tom's,* a coffee-house in Russell Street, opposite Button's, so called from the landlord, Captain Thomas West.
46. *melancholy,* meditation.
139. *a.* 29. *benevolence,* kindly feeling, preference.
33. *taw,* the game of marbles.
40. *for a soldier,* etc. Steele here and elsewhere draws upon his own life.
b. 6. *the Trumpet,* an inn. Cf. Steele's essay on "The Trumpet Club" (*Tatler* No. 132). Bickerstaff's lodgings were supposed to be in Sheer-lane.
140. *a.* 8. *Beaumont and Fletcher.* See note to p. 225 (*b.* 3).
14. *Phidias or Praxiteles,* famous Greek sculptors of the 5th and 4th centuries, B. C., respectively.
18. *mother Shipton,* a famous prophetess of South Wales, who predicted the deaths of Wolsey, Lord Percy, and others.
26. *hemistichs,* half-verses. The filling up was done by a gentleman from Acquitaine, Joannes des Peyrareda.

27. that notable poet, Mapheus Vegius (1407-1458), who composed a 13th book to the *Æneid,* containing an account of the marriage of Æneas and Lavinia.

ON DUELLING

From No. 29 of the *Tatler* (June 16, 1709). This essay is followed in this number by an essay on critics (headed "From my own Apartment") and a budget of foreign news (headed "St. James's Coffee-House, June 15"). It belongs to a series of essays on this subject, the others being Nos. 25, 26, 28, 31, 38, and 39.

140. *a.* 38. *White's.* See note to p. 153 (*b.* 14).

56. *falbala periwigs,* or "furbelow" periwigs, the dress wigs of the period. See also *Tatler,* Nos. 26 and 180.

b. 22. *beauetry.* Cf. "coquetry."

26. *Duvillier,* a kind of wig named from its French maker.

41. *Don Quixote.* Cervantes's (1547-1616) great satire on romances of chivalry, pub. in two parts (1605, 1615) and first translated into English in 1612-20.

43. *Suetonius—Wantley.* The reference to Suetonius is of course humorous, since the "Dragon of Wantley" is the subject of an English ballad of the 17th century narrating the overthrow of the monster in Yorkshire (see Percy's *Reliques*).

55. *except France.* Duelling was effectually prohibited in France by the edict of 1679, supported by an agreement among the nobility not to enter into a duel under any pretense whatever.

141. *a.* 32. *billet-doux,* literally, "sweet note."

FALSE REFINEMENTS IN STYLE

From No. 230 of the *Tatler* (Sept. 28, 1710). This paper was the joint product of Steele and Swift, the letter itself being written by Swift ("my correspondent"). In his *Journal to Stella* (Sept. 18, 1710) Swift says: "Got home early, and began a letter to the *Tatler* about the corruptions of style and writing, etc." See also his entries of Sept. 23, Sept. 29, and Oct. 1, 1710, alluding to this paper.

141. *b.* 29. *a Grub Street book,* an inferior work, so called from the street in London inhabited by hack-writers.

36. *Westminster Hall,* the building where the Law Courts convened (next the present Houses of Parliament).

37. *the Court of Requests,* a small local debt court.

38. *rated,* priced.

53. *animadversion,* attention.

142. *a.* 4. *Tom,* Thomas Harley, minister at the court of Hanover (d. 1737).

8. *Jacks,* Jacobites. See note to p. 137 (*a.* 18).

43. *Gothic,* barbarous.

50. *phiss,* etc. Many of these abbreviations are still found in modern slang. The meaning of others is clear from the context. "Hipps" is used for "hypochondria," "plenipo" for "plenipotentiary."

b. 8. *the war,* the War of the Spanish Succession (1701-13).

18. *country put,* lout, stupid fellow.

19. *kidney,* slang for "temperament."

35. *Index Expurgatorius,* the list of works whose reading by Roman Catholics is prohibited by the Church.

52. *Absolution,* in the prayer-book.

56. *sham,* etc. "Sham" meant a "trick"; "bubble," "to cheat"; "palming," "cheating" (cf. "palming off"). The other terms are still in use.

143. *a.* 2. *sophisters,* equivalent to "sophomores."

13. *simplex munditiis,* "simple in elegance."

19. *Hooker.* See p. 59.

20. *Parsons the Jesuit.* Robert Parsons or Persons (1546-1610), English missionary and controversialist.

24. *Wotton,* etc. Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639) was an English diplomat, poet, and miscellaneous writer; Sir Robert Naunton (1563-1635) preserved many details of the court life of Queen Elizabeth in his compendious *Fragmenta Regalia* (1641); Francis Osborne (1593-1659) published his *Historical Memories* in 1658 and was the author of a manual of conduct, *Advice to a Son;* Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) was a prominent Elizabethan poet and historian.

ON CONVERSATION

From No. 244 of the *Tatler* (Oct. 31, 1710). One of the half dozen or so best known treatments of this subject, including Montaigne's "Of the Art of Conference," Bacon's "Of Discourse," Swift's "Hints toward an Essay on Conversation," and Fielding's "On Conversation" (see p. 169).

Motto, from Horace, *Epistles,* I, iv, 8:
"What can the fondest mother wish for more,
Ev'n for her darling son, than solid sense,
Perceptions clear and flowing eloquence?"—R. Wynne.

143. *a.* 44. *Will's.* See note to p. 153 (*b.* 14).

b. 18. *scholastics,* pedants.

144. *a.* 8. *Urbanus.* Like "Umbratilis" (below), a type name of Latin derivation like those used in the *Characters* of La Bruyère.

b. 34. *ubiquitary,* omnipresent.

40. *Plum,* the sum of £100,000 sterling.

THE SPECTATOR

For details concerning the establishment and conduct of the *Spectator,* see General Introduction, p. 18. Addison contributed more papers (274 in number) and of a higher quality to the *Spectator* than did Steele. Numerous other contributors also assisted. See the last number, by Steele, for an open acknowledgement of indebtedness to other contributors, as well as an explanation of the letters signed to the various essays. Addison revived the *Spectator* in June, 1714 (No. 556, June 18), publishing it three times a week till Dec. 20, 1714, ending with No. 635.

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

From No. 2 of the *Spectator* (March 3, 1711). Signed "R." "Steele's signature was R till No. 91; then T, and occasionally R, till No. 134; then always T. Addison signed C till No. 85, when he first used L; and was L or C till No. 265, then L, till he first used I in No. 372. Once or twice using L, he was I till No. 405, which he signed O, and by this letter he held, except for a return to C (with a single use of O), from 433 to 477."—Morley's note.

Motto, from Juvenal, *Satires,* VII, 167: "Six more at least join their consenting voice."

145. *a.* 15. *Sir Roger.* Sir John Pakington, of Worcestershire, a Tory, is said to have been the original of Sir Roger de Coverley. The name was spelled "Coverly" in the original of this issue.

32. *Soho Square,* in Steele's time a new and the most fashionable part of London.

37. *Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege,* courtly rakes of the Restoration period. Rochester (1647-1680) wrote verse, and Etherege was a dramatist (1639-1694).

40. *Bully Dawson,* a contemporary of Rochester and Etherege, notorious as a gamester and swaggerer.

b. 7. *Justice of the Quorum,* justice of the peace, who, with other justices, constituted the county court, which met quarterly in the "Quarter-Session."

14. *Inner Temple.* See note to p. 100 (*b.* 19).

22. *Aristotle.* See p. 39. The allusion is to his *Poetics.* Longinus (3rd cent. A. D.) was the supposed author of the treatise *On the Sublime,* to which allusion is here made.

24. *Littleton or Cooke.* Sir Thomas Littleton (1402-1481) and Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634) were English legal authorities on real property, best known in the phrase "Coke on Littleton," designating the work of the first with commentary on the second.

34. *Tully,* Marcus Tullius Cicero.

51. *New-Inn,* an attachment of the Middle Temple, one of the Inns of Court.

55. *Rose,* a tavern near Drury Lane Theatre, resorted to by play-goers.

146. *a.* 39. *Captain Sentry,* supposed to have been suggested by Colonel Kempenfelt, the father of the ill-fated commander of the "Royal George."

b. 37. *Will Honeycomb,* thought to have been suggested by a certain Colonel Cleland:

147. *a.* 5. *Duke of Monmouth,* the illegitimate son of Charles II, famous for his fine manners, the Absolom of Dryden's *Absolom and Achitophel.*

SIR ROGER AND THE WIDOW

From No. 113 of the *Spectator* (July 10, 1711).

Motto, from Virgil, *Æneid,* IV, 4: "Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart."

147. *a.* 54. *my first description,* in *Spectator* No. 2 ("The Spectator Club").

b. 8. *the perverse Widow,* thought by some to be Mrs. Catherine Boevey (d. 1726), a widow at 22, whom Steele knew.

148. *a.* 20. *with a Murrain to her,* "Confound her."

33. *Billets,* notes.

149. *a.* 20. *the Sphinx.* Œdipus "posed" the Sphinx by solving the riddle propounded by Juno.

38. *Tansy,* a baked dish made of eggs, sugar, the juice of herbs, and other ingredients.

b. 1. *Martial,* Latin poet (1st cent. A. D.). "Dum—loquitur" may be rendered "Even when silent he speaks of her."

7. *Quicquid,* etc., from Martial's *Epigrams,* I, lxviii, 1-6.

A STAGE-COACH JOURNEY

From No. 132 of the *Spectator* (Aug. 1, 1711).

Motto, from Virgil, *Æneid,* IV, 4: "Her looks man who does not see what the occasion demands, and either talks too much, or makes a display of himself, or has no consideration for those who are present, is an impertinent fellow."

149. *b.* 45. *Ephraim.* See Psalm lxxviii, 9: "The children of Ephraim, being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle."

150. *a.* 3. *half-pike,* a short pike carried by infantry officers.

b. 23. *hasped up,* shut up.

ADDISON: THE TATLER

For Addison's share in the *Tatler,* see the note to p. 137 under "Steele: The Tatler."

TOM FOLIO

This character essay was No. 158 of the *Tatler* (April 13, 1710).

Motto, from Terence, *Andria,* Prologue, 17: "While they endeavor to show their learning, they make it appear that they understand nothing."

151. *b.* 7. *Aldus, Elzivir, Harry Stephans.* These are, respectively: Aldus Manutius (c. 1450-1515), founder of the celebrated Aldine press in Venice; a Dutch family of printers operating from about 1592 to 1680; and either of two French printers of the 16th century of the same name (Henri Estienne), the founder and his grandson.

26. *flashy,* colorless.

42. *a late paper, Tatler* No. 154.

50. *Æneas.* See the *Iliad,* VI, 893 ff.

152. *a.* 2. *Daniel Heinsius,* a 17th century Dutch classical scholar, whose edition of Virgil was published in 1636.

36. *Tasso,* Torquato (1544-1595), Italian poet, whose *Jerusalem Delivered* is one of the great epic poems of the Renaissance.

38. *Pastor Fido,* Italian pastoral drama by Giovanni Guarini (1537-1612).

41. *character,* type.

49. *scholiasts,* commentators.

b. 11. *sonnet,* often used loosely for any short lyric poem, particularly one dealing with love.

14. *various readings,* etc. Cf. *Spectator* No. 470, where Addison again satirizes this type of pedantry.

22. *six lines of Boileau,* from the *Satires* (IV, 5-10) of Nicholas Boileau (French poet, satirist, and critic, 1636-1711): "a pedant drunk with his own knowledge, all bristling with Greek, all puffed up with arrogance: who, from a thousand authors remembered word for word, heaped up in his head, has often made nothing but nonsense; and who believes that a book does everything and that, without Aristotle, Reason does not see and Good Sense wanders."

THE SPECTATOR

For the circumstances of publication of the *Spectator* and the respective shares of the contributors, see note to p. 144 under "Steele: The Spectator."

THE SPECTATOR INTRODUCES HIMSELF

No. 1 of the *Spectator* (March 1, 1711).

Motto, from Horace, *Ars Poetica,* 143-4:

"One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light
And (without raising expectations high)
Surprizes us with dazzling miracles."—Roscommon.

152. *b.* 43. *black or a fair man,* a man of dark or light complexion.

153. *a.* 24. *coral,* a kind of teething ring, made of coral or similar material and fitted with bells.

b. 14. *Will's,* etc. Of the coffee-houses mentioned in this paragraph, Will's (so called from the original proprietor, William Urwin) was at No. 1 Bow Street, Convent Garden, near the Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres; it was a resort of Dryden's and of wits and poets generally and notable for "very witty and pleasant discourse" (see Pepys's *Diary,* Feb. 3, 1663). But Addison had gathered a new literary circle at Button's, also in Convent Garden; and Will's had lost some of its reputation, card-playing being the chief occupation of its frequenters. Child's, in St. Paul's Churchyard, was the resort of ecclesiastics and other professional men. The St. James was in St. James Street and frequented by the Whig politicians. The Grecian (the resort of lawyers and scholars) was near the Strand, in Devereux Court. The Cocoa Tree (also known as the Chocolate House) was the Tory resort in St. James Street corresponding to the Whigs' "St. James." Jonathan's, in Exchange Alley, was the resort of stock-jobbers. Other coffee-houses referred to by Addison and Steele were: White's, also in St. James Street, near the Court and hence the rendezvous of fashionable people; Lloyd's, frequented by wine merchants, ship brokers, and the like; Giles's and the Rainbow, the resorts of exiled French Protestants; Garraway's, a rendezvous of commercial people; and Jenny Mann's, in the Tilt Yard, the resort of the military profession.

19. *the Postman,* a favorite newspaper, published three times a week.

22. *politics,* politicians.

45. *blots,* exposures of "men" in backgammon so that they may be easily taken.

SIR ROGER AT HOME

No. 106 of the *Spectator* (July 2, 1711).

Motto, from Horace, *Odes,* I, xvii, 14:

"Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour
Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,
Rich honors of the quiet plain."

154. *b.* 50. *Pad,* an easy-paced horse.

155. *a.* 11. *pleasant,* in a humorous or joking mood.

b. 42. *Bishop of St. Asaph,* etc. The preachers mentioned in this and the following sentence include several Church of England men who were important in their day and one Nonconformist preacher (Doctor Edmund Calamy), whose inclusion shows that Sir Roger's orthodoxy was of a broad nature.

156. *a.* 8. *handsome,* suitable.
9. *Talents,* here "acquired abilities."

WILL WIMBLE

No. 108 of the *Spectator* (July 4, 1711). An especially interesting example of the character essay in that, though a *type* is presented as in Overbury, Earle, and their contemporaries, the character is named and is set in the midst of a natural narrative.

Motto, from Phaedrus, *Fab.* V, I, 2: "Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing."

156. *a.* 32. *jack,* a young pike or pickerel.
42. *Eton,* the noted boys' school situated about 21 miles from London on the Thames, founded by Henry VI in 1441.
51. *younger brother to a baronet.* According to the law of primogeniture, once common in Europe but now applied only in England (except as it relates to royal families), the eldest son inherited all the property to the exclusion of all females and younger male descendants of equal degree. Though never applied in England toward females, the law resulted in many cases of penury among those incapable of earning a livelihood.
57. *hunts,* manages.
b. 6. *officious,* obliging.
11. *tulip root,* an evidence of the craze for tulips (tulipomania) which started about 1634 in the Netherlands, in the principal towns of which tulip markets were established. Fabulous prices were realized until governmental interference stopped the mania.
18. *made,* trained.

157. *a.* 12. *quail-pipe,* a pipe intended to lure quail into a net by the imitation of their calls.
48. *physic,* medicine.
51. *improper,* unfitted.
58. *twenty-first speculation,* which discussed the overcrowding of the three recognized professions of "Divinity, Law, and Physic."

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

No. 517 of the *Spectator* (Oct. 23, 1712). Eustace Budgell, an intimate friend of Addison, makes the following pertinent comment on this essay in No. 1 of *The Bee* (Feb. 1733): "Mr. Addison was so fond of this character [Sir Roger] that a little before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it), he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of, 'By God, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.'" The publication of this essay was the first real warning that the *Spectator* was to be discontinued. The essay illustrates the letter essay type.

Motto, from Virgil, *Æneid,* VI, 878: "Alas for piety and early faith!"

157. *b.* 15. *County Sessions.* See note to p. 145 (*t.* 7).

158. *a.* 12. *Frize,* coarse woolen cloth.
33. *Quorum,* justices of the peace.
44. *Quit-rents,* here "claims."
b. 13. *Act of Uniformity.* The third Act of Uniformity, passed in 1662, made such stringent requirements of all clergymen in England and Wales that more than two thousand are said to have resigned.

VISION OF MIRZA

No. 159 of the *Spectator* (Sept. 1, 1711). An example of the narrative essay revealing the vogue of Oriental tales in the 18th century.

Motto, from Virgil, *Æneid,* II, 604:
"The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove."

158. *b.* 33. *I picked up,* etc. Cf. the device here used with that of Lamb in "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," p. 219.

159. *a.* 17. *genius,* in Arabian and Mohammedan lore, a nature spirit (*genie* or *jinn*), especially of the air or fire, and often associated with magic.

PARTY PATCHES

No. 81 of the *Spectator* (June 2, 1711). An example of Addison's social criticism.

Motto, from Statius, *Theb.,* II, 128:
"As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin."

161. *b.* 25. *Mr. Cowley,* etc. See Cowley's *Davideis,* III, 403-4.

162. *a.* 3. *Romans and Sabines,* etc. The Sabines, whose chief seat was in the Apennines to the northeast of Rome, were conquered by the Romans in 290 B. C.
b. 1. *Pericles,* etc. See Thucydides, Book II.

DETRACTION AMONG POETS

No. 253 of the *Spectator* (Dec. 20, 1711).

Motto, from Horace, *Epistles,* II, i, 76-7:
"I feel my honest indignation rise,
When with affected air a coxcomb cries,
The work I own has elegance and ease,
But sure no modern should presume to please."
—Francis.

162. *b.* 57. *Gallus,* Caius Cornelius (c. 69-26 B. C.), Roman poet and general.
57. *Propertius,* Sextus (c. 50-16 B. C.), Roman poet, who heralded the *Æneid* as "something greater than the *Iliad.*"
58. *Horace,* Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65-8 B. C.), Roman poet.
58. *Varius,* Lucius Varius Rufus (1st cent. B. C.).
58. *Tucca,* Plotius. Tucca and Varius were Virgil's friends, to whose judgment and revision, on the persuasion of Augustus, Virgil left the unfinished *Æneid.*
58. *Ovid,* Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B. C.-17 A. D.), Roman poet.

163. *a.* 1. *Bavius,* Roman poet mentioned by Virgil (*Eclogues,* III).
1. *Mævius,* Roman poet mentioned by Horace (*Epodes,* X).
12. *Sir John Denham* (1615-1669). The poem referred to is entitled "On Mr. John Fletcher's Works" and was prefixed to the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, 1647.
25. *The Art of Criticism,* Pope's *Essay on Criticism,* pub. 1711, advertized in the 65th *Spectator.*
45. *Boileau.* See note to p. 152 (*b.* 22).
b. 16. *Petronius,* Petronius Arbiter, Roman satirical writer (?-c. 66 A. D.).
16. *Quintilian,* Marcus Fabius Quintilianus (c. 35-c. 95 A. D.), Roman rhetorician.
16. *Longinus,* Greek philosopher (3rd cent. A. D.).

164. *a.* 21. *Essay on Translated Verse,* published 1681, by Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1634-1685).
22. *Essay on the Art of Poetry,* published 1682, by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire (1649-1721).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

No. 26 of the *Spectator* (March 30, 1711).

Motto, from Horace, *Odes,* I, iv, 13 ff:
"Sextius, Fortune's favorite, the kingly tower alike
And pauper's hut pale Death will strike.
Life's narrow space forbids to frame large hopes.
Thee, too, the night
Will vex; thee, many a fabled sprite,
Thee, Pluto's cribbing cell."—W. E. Gladstone.

164. *b.* 10. *Glaucumque,* etc., "Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus," three warriors who fought with the Trojans against the Greeks. The Greek is from

Homer's *Iliad* (XVII, 216), the Latin from Virgil's *Æneid* (VI, 483).

14. *"the path of an arrow."* See *Wisdom of Solomon*, V, 12-13.

57. *plains of Blenheim*, the scene of the great English victory (Aug. 13, 1704) in the War of the Spanish Succession (1701-13) celebrated by Addison in his poem *The Campaign* (1705).

165. *a.* 12. *Sir Cloudesly Shovel*, commander of the British fleets from 1705, drowned in 1707 in a shipwreck off the Scilly Islands.

HOMER AND MILTON

No. 267 of the *Spectator* (Jan. 5, 1712).

Motto, from Propertius, *Elegies*, 34, Lib. II, 65: "Give place, ye Roman, and ye Grecian wits."

165. *b.* 43. *fable*, story.

54. *as Horace has observed*, in *Ars Poetica*, 147. Leda was the mother of Helen, who was one of the offspring of Zeus in the form of a swan.

166. *a.* 8. *Tyrrhene seas*, that part of the Mediterranean lying between the mainland of Italy and the islands of Sardinia and Corsica.

11. *Latium*, that part of Italy of which Rome became the capital.

b. 12. *"The Spanish Friar,"* by Dryden (1681).

167. *a.* 8. *book of games—"Iliad,"* Book V of the *Æneid* (the funeral games in honor of Anchises) and Book XXIII of the *Iliad* (the funeral games of Patroclus).

11. *Virgil's simile of the top*, in the *Æneid*, VII, 378-84.

FIELDING: CONVERSATION

From the "Essay on Conversation" (prob. written in 1737, pub. in the *Miscellanies* of 1743), one of the half dozen best known treatments of the subject. See note to p. 143.

169. *b.* 4. *my friend*, Richard Lucas (1648-1715) wrote an *Enquiry after Happiness*, a most popular devotional work reaching a 10th ed. by 1764.

170. *a.* 13. *right honourable poet*, the Duke of Buckingham.

b. 10. *rule in scripture*, the "Golden Rule" (*Matthew*, VII, 12; *Luke*, VI, 31).

58. *those lines of Horace*, from *Epodes*, I, vi, 15: "Let the wise bear the name of fool, the just of unjust, if he pursues virtue itself beyond what is sufficient."

171. *a.* 50. *Cacus—Phillida—Foolida*, type names of characters. See note to p. **144** (*a.* 8).

b. 17. *Earl of C—*, the Earl of Chesterfield (see p. 172).

30. *My Lord Shaftesbury*, Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), English philanthropist and author.

CHESTERFIELD: ATTENTIONS TO LADIES

Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, addressed to his illegitimate son Philip Stanhope and not intended for publication, were begun in 1737 (when the child was five years old) and continued till Chesterfield's death in 1772, being published in the following year. This is from Letter CXVII, undated but written in November, 1749.

172. *a.* 15. *chairs*, either sedan chairs or light one-horse carriages.

24. *Si—nullum*. "If there be nothing, yet remove nothing" (Ovid).

27. *enjoué*, gay, lively.

52. *Porphyrogenets*. The Porphyrogenites ("born in the purple") were those sons of Eastern Roman emperors who, because born after the accession of their fathers, were preferred to the succession over any elder sons not so born. The remains of the Palace of the Prophyrogenitus, in which the heir was born, are still standing in Constantinople.

b. 20. *lotananza*, probably a word coined by Chesterfield from the Greek word for "lotus," suggesting ease. It is not found in any of the dictionaries.

45. *Tuscan*, etc. The Tuscan style or "order" of architecture was a crude Doric, added by the Romans to the three classic Greek styles which were, in the order of increasing ornateness, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The Romans also used a modified Corinthian style called the Composite. These five constituted the orders recognized during the Renaissance.

HUME: HUMAN NATURE

From *A Treatise of Human Nature* (vols. I and II, 1739; vol. III, 1740), the most important work of the "greatest of English philosophers," who illustrates in this scientific essay the cool, unimpassioned attitude and subtle, profound reasoning that characterize this great thinker. This particular essay was later printed as No. XI of *Essays Moral, Political, and Literary* (1752).

173. *b.* 11. *the present dispute*, as illustrated by the optimistic views of Shaftesbury and the Deists, opposed in such works as the satirical *Fable of the Bees* (1723 ff.) by Bernard Mandeville.

174. *b.* 13. *Tully*, Cicero.

175. *b.* 32. *Nero—Trajan*. The former emperor caused extreme displeasure among his subjects by his ostentatious chariot-driving (cf. Juvenal, VIII, 146). The latter ruled with such goodness that "melior Traiano sis" ("may you excel Trajan in virtue") became a proverbial wish.

JOHNSON: LIVING IN A GARRET

No. 117 of the *Rambler* (April 30, 1751). An example of the personal essay using the letter device. The style of this and the following essay illustrates the more latinized sentence-structure and vocabulary of Johnson's earlier writing.

Motto, from Homer's *Odyssey* (XI, 315) and Pope's translation of the same (1725-6).

176. *a.* 15. *mechanist*, one skilled in mechanics.

47. *Olympus, or Parnassus*, the traditional abodes, respectively, of the gods and the muses in Greece.

49. *vale of Tempe*, a beautiful valley in Thessaly, Greece, just south of Olympus.

50. *flexures of Meander*, alluding to the winding curves of the river Meander in Asia Minor.

54. *Ida*, a mountain in Asia Minor. Another Mt. Ida, in Crete, also had mythological associations.

b. 3. *Pythagoras*, Greek philosopher (6th cent. B. C.).

11. *Tibullus*, Roman elegiac poet (1st cent. B. C.).

15. *Quem—sequi*, from Tibullus, I, i, 45.

24. *Lucretius*, Roman poet (1st cent. B. C.).

31. *Sed—vitæ*, from *De Rerum Natura*, II, 7.

51. *Causa latet*, etc., adapted from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, IV, 287: "Causa latet, vis est notissima fontis."

177. *a.* 44. *Hippocrates*, Greek physician (fl. 400 B. C.), the "Father of Medicine."

56. *defecated*, refined.

b. 31. *pneumatology*, the doctrine of elastic fluids.

34. *vertiginous*, dizzy.

178. *a.* 12. *Teneriffe*. See note to p. **119** (*a.* 12).

16. *joiner of Aretæus*, in chapter VI of the *Causes and Symptoms of Chronic Diseases* by Aretæus, a Greek medical writer (1st cent. A. D.).

27. *Bacon describes*, in his *New Atlantis* (1627).

39. *Addison observes*, in his *Essay on the Georgics of Virgil*. The "Georgics" consist of four books of rural poetry treating of tillage, orchards, horses and cattle, and bees.

51. *cock loft*, a smaller garret next to the ridge of the roof.

52. *Hypertatus*, literally, "at the very top."

OMAR, THE SON OF HASSAN

No. 101 of "The Idler" series (March 22, 1760), an example of the 18th century narrative essay

employing Oriental material. Cf. Addison's "Vision of Mirza," p. 158. The "Idler" series, numbering 103 papers, was published from April 15, 1758 to April 5, 1760 in *The Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette*, a newspaper projected by John Newbery.

179. *a.* 2. *Houries—Zobeide.* The houries are nymphs of the Mohammedan paradise. Zobeide was the lady in the Arabian Nights who had numerous adventures and married Harun-al-Rashid.

LIFE OF ADDISON

From Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* (1779-81). Though this particular "Life" is too long to be given entire, all that concerns Addison's contribution to the essay is here printed. It is a representative example of Johnson's work in the critical essay, displaying the riches of his experience with men and books and written in the freer, more conversational style of his later years.

179. *b.* 19. *in Ireland.* Addison became chief secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland, in 1709.

23. *a remark on Virgil.* See note to p. 137 under "Steele: The Tatler."

36. *Tickell,* Thomas (1686-1740), an intimate friend of Addison's who contributed a biographical preface to the collected works of Addison published by Jacob Tonson (1721).

180. *a.* 15. *Marlborough,* John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722), victor at Blenheim in 1704.

15. *Dr. Fleetwood,* William (1656-1723), Bishop of Ely.

a. 40. *La Bruyère's Manners of the Age,* commonly known as the *Characters* (1688).

b. 15. *Mercurius Aulicus,* etc. One of a great number of similar journals espousing one cause or another from 1641 on. See the General Introduction, p. 16.

28. *L'Estrange's Observator,* published 1681-7.

28. *Lesley's Rehearsal,* a short-lived organ of the high churchmen, started in 1704.

181. *a.* 9. *Budgell,* Eustace, one of the contributors to the *Spectator.*

33. *Sir Roger de Coverley.* For the errors in this account see the Preface to the *Spectator* in the edition of *British Essayists.* "The original delineation of Sir Roger undoubtedly belongs to Steele." (Chalmers.)

44. *para mi sola,* etc., "For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him."

182. *a.* 4. *Cibber,* in his *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber* (1740).

22. *Mr. Hughes,* John, a contributor to the *Spectator.*

35. *Dennis,* John, who published his *Remarks on Cato* in 1713.

57. *"heavily in clouds,"* etc., from the opening lines of *Cato.*

b. 7. *The Distressed Mother,* Ambrose Philips's adaptation of Racine's *Andromaque* (produced 1712).

16. *Bolingbroke,* the Tory leader, Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751).

17. *Booth,* Barton (1681-1733), who took the part of Cato.

27. *Mrs. Porter,* an actress who took the part of Lucia.

53. *the censurer of Corneille's Cid,* alluding to the famous "Quarrel of the Cid," started by jealous rivals of Pierre Corneille (1605-1684), who published his tragedy of *The Cid* in 1636. It was tremendously popular in spite of the attack it suffered.

183. *b.* 17. *Strada's prolusions.* Johnson may refer to Famiano Strada (1572-1649), Italian historian and professor of speech in a Roman college.

26. *The Englishman,* published 1711-13.

47. *The Drummer,* a comedy acted in 1716, omitted from the collected edition of Addison's works in 1721.

184. *a.* 25. *The Whig Examiner,* five papers published in 1712.

185. *a.* 5. *Centum—regis,* from Milton's *Defense of England against Salmasius,* chap. viii: "A hundred Jacobuses, dregs of an exiled king."

6. *Oldmixon,* John (1653-1742), who figures in Pope's *Dunciad.*

b. 47. *Sunderland,* Charles Spencer, 3rd earl of Sunderland (1674-1722).

53. *Dr. Tillotson,* John (1630-1694), Archbishop of Canterbury.

186. *b.* 30. *bellum plusquam civile,* "worse than civil war."

31. *Lucan,* Roman poet (1st cent. A. D.).

187. *a.* 22. *Mr. Gay,* John (1685-1732), English poet and dramatist.

188. *a.* 4. *Terence and Catullus,* the Roman comic dramatist (2nd cent. B. C.) and the Roman poet (1st cent. B. C.), respectively.

b. 50. *manumission,* freedom.

189. *a.* 5. *Mandeville,* Bernard (1670?-1733), a Dutch physician resident in London, author of *The Fable of the Bees; or, Private Vices, Public Benefits* (1723).

b. 22. *above all Greek—fame,* from Pope's "To Augustus," 26.

30. *turned many,* etc., *Daniel,* XII, 3.

190. *a.* 9. *Mille—habet,* from Tibullus, IV, ii, 14.

GOLDSMITH: A CHINESE VIEW OF LONDON

This essay is Letter III from "The Citizen of the World," a series of 123 papers contributed in 1760-61 to the *Public Ledger* (a newspaper edited by John Newbery), in which Goldsmith developed more fully the device exemplified earlier in Addison's essay on "Indian Kings" in journal form (*Spectator* No. 50) and Horace Walpole's "A Letter from Xo Ho," pub. in 1757. To Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes* (1721) is attributed the great popularity of the device in England about the middle of the century.

190. *b.* 45. *Tonguese,* inhabitants of Tongking, now French Indo-China.

47. *Daures,* inhabitants of a Russian province, whence they have been expelled to Chinese Manchuria.

48. *Ostiacs,* of mixed Mongolian and Caucasian blood, inhabiting Western Siberia.

49. *Calmuk,* of the Buddhist Mongol tribes that occupied the lower Volga about 1600 but returned to Asia in the 18th century.

191. *a.* 29. *Jewish champion,* Samson.

b. 24. *Nanfew,* probably Ning-kue, a Chinese city 80 miles south of Nanking.

28. *Bao—Quamsi.* The editor is unable to identify these names.

47. *Tartars of Koreki.* Goldsmith probably refers to the Mongolian Koryaks of northeastern Siberia.

NIGHT IN THE CITY

Letter CXVII from "The Citizen of the World," an example of the descriptive essay.

THE MAN IN BLACK

Letters XXVI from "The Citizen of the World," wherein Goldsmith presented one of his best remembered character creations, colored by his early recollections of his father, the central figure in *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Equally memorable is the character of "Beau Tibbs," delineated in Letters LIV and LV. The subject of "The Man in Black" was continued in Letter XXVII, "as there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion."

194. *a.* 24. *matches,* thin strips of wood to be kindled at a fire. The chemical match was invented in 1805, the friction match of today not till 1827.

BURKE: MARIE ANTOINETTE

This eloquent portrait of a deposed queen is from Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790).

194. *b.* 37. *a sovereign,* etc. Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, was the mother of Marie Antoinette, who, with her husband Louis XVI, was executed in 1793.

MATHER: THE EXCELLENCE OF WELL-DOING

This is the second of a series of closely connected essays published in 1710 as *Essays to do Good,* consisting, after a Preface, of six general essays on the advisability of "doing good," followed by 18 or 20 essays suggesting to particular callings or classes of people (as teachers, ministers, magistrates, rich men, lawyers, ladies, etc.) particular ways of doing good. The whole is concluded with "A catalogue of desirable things." Aside from the significance of the book as the first collection of essays published by an American, it is of added interest for its influence on Benjamin Franklin, as confessed by him in the following extract from his letter (dated "Passy [France] Nov. 10, 1779") to Dr. Mather, son of Cotton Mather and referring to a paper of advice which Dr. Mather had just published: "Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet, if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled "Essays to do Good," which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

197. *b.* 14. *A very wicked writer,* possibly Swift. See his sermon "On Doing Good," in which sentiments of this exact nature, though not in this phraseology, are expressed at some length (reproduced in S. S. Smith's *Dean Swift,* pp. 279-82).

FRANKLIN: NECESSARY HINTS

From *Poor Richard* (1737; written Oct., 1736). Franklin's pseudonym was "Richard Saunders." He began publishing *Poor Richard's Almanac* in 1732 (for the year 1733) and continued his connection with it till about 1749. It reached an average circulation of ten thousand copies. It was revived from 1757 to 1796, but Franklin probably had little to do with it during this period.

198. *a.* 12. *groat,* an old coin worth about fourpence.

THE WHISTLE

This essay, like the one on "The Ephemera," is from the "Bagatelles" ("Trifles"), which Franklin wrote in France in the free and easy manner of the French writers of the time. They were first published in 1818. "The Whistle," written in both French and English, is dated "Passy, November 10, 1779."

198. *a.* 52. *Madame Brillon,* the handsome wife of a French official. She was an accomplished musician.

b. 5. *Mr. B.,* husband of Mme. Brillon.

58. *levees,* receptions held in the morning.

199. *a.* 42. *apples of King John,* or "Apple-johns," apples so called because coming to maturity about St. John's Day (Dec. 27).

THE EPHEMERA

The first of the "Bagatelles," written in 1778 in memory of a happy day at Moulin Joly, a little island in the Seine near Paris which was part of the country seat of a friend of Franklin's and which contained a famous English garden. The substance of this essay is found in an essay on "Human Vanity" in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* (Dec. 4, 1735) which has been credited to Franklin.

199. *b.* 22. *disputing warmly,* etc. In a letter of June 17, 1780, Franklin says: "At the time when the letter was written, all conversations at Paris were filled with disputes about the music of Gluck and Picini, a German and Italian musician."

24. *moscheto,* mosquito.

200. *a.* 39. *Brillante,* Mme. Brillon.

DICKINSON: CAUTION IN A CRISIS

Letter III from *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies,* a series of twelve letters written by Dickinson in 1767-68 and published anonymously in a Philadelphia newspaper. They presented the attitude of a conservative man of common sense toward the impending break with Great Britain.

200. *b.* 45. *Stamp-Act,* passed in 1765.

202. *a.* 18. *Lord Clarendon,* probably Edward Hyde, 3rd Earl of Clarendon, governor of New York, 1702-8 (d. 1723).

42. *Cleon's and Clodius's.* Cleon was a Greek demagogue of the time of Pericles, Clodius a Roman demagogue of the 1st cent. B. C.

b. 7. *Prince,* King George III.

PAINE: A PLEA FOR SEPARATION

From *Common Sense,* a pamphlet issued by Paine in Philadelphia January 1, 1776. Paine's eloquent argument helped to consolidate the sentiment for separation, just as during the Revolution that ensured his periodical. *The Crisis* (1776-8), kept up the spirit of the Colonists and their army.

203. *a.* 49. *Boston,* which was in the hands of the British and was being besieged by Washington (1775-76).

HAMILTON: WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

No. VIII of "The Federalist," a series of essays written by Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison from Oct., 1787, to April, 1788, and published in the *Independent Journal* of New York. Taking their spirit from the *Whig Examiner* of Addison's time, they had as their main object the securing of the adoption of the Constitution by answering various objections thereto. Hamilton, as the real founder of the Federalist party, believed that "governments are founded to do everything which, in their own opinion, promote the general welfare."

DENNIE: MEANDER'S JOURNAL

No. III of "The Farrago," a series of essays contributed to various newspapers (beginning in 1793 in the *New Hampshire Journal and Farmer's Weekly Museum*), which started his reputation as the "American Addison." "Farrago" means "a medley."

206. *b.* 49. *Tyro,* a novice.

51. *Blackstone's phrase.* Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780), English jurist.

207. *a.* 3. *Dr. Cheyne,* George (1671-1743), Scotch physician and mathematician.

15. *Centlivre's Busy Body,* an English play by Susanna Centlivre (1667?-1723), produced in 1709.

25. *Thomson,* James (1700-1748), author of *The Seasons* (1726-30) and *The Castle of Indolence* (1748).

b. 2. *Beauclere,* "Beauclerk" or "Beauclerc" was applied especially to Henry I of England.

8. *reporter,* a publication reporting legal decisions.

21. *Tail,* entail or limitation.

23. *Horatio,* in *Hamlet,* V, i, 235. By "curiously" Horatio means "fancifully."

31. *Hafen—decade,* evidently a fictitious pleasantry.

45. *Lord Coke—"Institute."* See note to p. 145 (*b.* 24).

208. *a.* 1. *Dean of St. Patrick,* Jonathan Swift.

b. 27. *a well known anacreontic.* An anacreontic is a light and graceful poem after the manner of Anacreon (563?-478 B. C.), Greek poet.

LAMB: CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

First published in the *London Magazine* (Nov., 1820) and included in *Essays of Elia* (1823). The structure of this essay is unique, in that two persons are involved as speakers. In general, Coleridge speaks to the paragraph beginning "I was a hypochondriac lad" on p. 215. From that point on Lamb speaks. Christ's Hospital, a famous charity school for boys located in the buildings of the dissolved order of Grey Friars in London, was founded by Edward VI in 1552.

213. *a.* 8. *eulogy on my old school,* in "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," pub. in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1813) and later in Lamb's *Works* (1818).

22. *His friends lived in town.* Lamb's family had always lived in London. Coleridge came from Devonshire.

27. *sub-treasurer,* Randal Norris.

32. *crug,* still the slang term for bread.

33. *piggins,* small wooden pails.

40. *millet,* a cereal food.

41. *three banyan to four meat days.* Banyan days (sailors' slang) are meatless days, so called from the vegetarian Banyas, a caste of the Hindus.

43. *lump of double-refined,* sugar.

48. *caro equina,* "horse flesh."

50. *mutton scrags,* pieces of the neck nearest the head.

58. *griskins,* lean portions of a loin of pork.

b. 3. *good old relative,* Lamb's aunt, Sarah Lamb (d. 1797).

8. *ravens—Tishbite,* alluding to Elijah's being fed by the ravens (*I Kings,* XVII, 4-6).

40. *sweet Calne in Wiltshire.* Coleridge came from Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire. Lamb thus employs a literary fiction to disguise the speaker.

51. *New River,* an artificial stream contributing to London's water supply.

214. *a.* 23. *Lions in the Tower.* Until 1831, when it was removed to the Zoölogical Gardens, there was a menagerie at the Tower of London. The lion, as "king of the beasts," presided at the "reception."

25. *L's governor,* Samuel Salt, M.P., for whom Lamb's father was a clerk and who was one of the governors of the school.

55. *H—,* Hodges.

57. *hulks,* useless dismantled ships, formerly used as prisons for convicts.

b. 2. *Nevis—or St. Kitts,* two islands in the West Indies.

3. *Tobin,* James Webb, a friend of both Lamb and Coleridge who died at Nevis in 1814.

13. *leads of the ward,* flat roof of the dormitory (made of lead).

17. *happier than Caligula's minion.* The mad Roman emperor Caligula had his horse made consul and fed on gilded oats.

26. *Jericho.* See *Joshua,* VI, 4.

28. *to Smithfield,* "i.e., to be sold at the cattle market there" (Makower and Blackwell).

32. *Perry,* John, who was steward from 1761 to 1785.

43. *Verrio,* an Italian historical painter (1634-1707).

50. *harpies.* See note to p. 112 (*b.* 47).

51. *with the Trojan,* with Aeneas, who was studying the pictures in Dido's Temple of Juno. See Virgil's *Æneid,* I, 464.

215. *a.* 9. *"'Twas said,"* etc. See *Ant. and Cleop.,* I, iv, 67-8.

18. *settle,* bench.

b. 8. *young stork,* etc., alluding to the tradition that young storks fed the parent birds.

12. *present,* immediate.

17. *auditory,* audience.

26. *hypochondriac,* melancholy.

37. *Bedlam,* the London insane asylum, so named from its former site, the priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem in Bishopsgate.

47. *beadle,* a school functionary who looked after the disciplining of the boys.

216. *a.* 7. *auto da fe,* "Act of Faith," the term applied by the Inquisition to the burning of heretics.

9. *"watchet weeds,"* blue clothes. The boys of Christ's were called the "Blue-coat Boys" from their costume.

17. *disfigurements in Dante,* alluding to the horrible mutilations suffered by the souls of the damned, as described in Dante's *Inferno* (canto 28).

31. *Ultima Supplicia,* "extreme punishments."

40. *lictor,* i.e., the one bearing the instruments of punishment, as in Roman times.

48. *San Benito,* the name of the robe worn by the victim of the Inquisition.

57. *Howard,* John (1726-1790), English agitator for prison reform.

b. 51. *parentheses,* alluding to the resemblance between the two ends of a string "cat-cradle" and the two marks of a parenthesis.

55. *"French and English,"* a game like "Prisoner's Base."

217. *a.* 1. *Rousseau and John Locke.* Both Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778) and John Locke (1632-1704) favored freedom for the child's inclinations.

17. *fables of Phaedrus,* fables in verse by a Latin writer of the early part of the 1st cent. A. D.

26. *Helots,* serfs to the Spartans.

35. *the Samite,* Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher (born at Samos c. 582 B. C.) who enjoined silence of his pupils for 5 years.

36. *our little Goshen.* See note to p. 125 (*b.* 47). The idea is from Cowley's "Complaints."

51. *Elysian,* full of bliss. The Elysian fields were the heaven of Greek mythology.

57. *Ululantes,* "howlers."

58. *Tartarus,* the infernal regions.

b. 6. *Flaccus's quibble about Rex,* a pun on the name Rex ("king") in Horace, *Satires,* I, vii, 35.

7. *tristis, etc.—inspicere in patinas.* "The thin jests of Terence are in *Andrea,* Act 5, scene 2—tristis severitas in vultu—'puritanic rigor in his countenance,' says one of the comic characters of a palpable liar, and in the *Adelphi,* Act 3, scene 3, where, after a father has counselled his son to look into the lives of men as into a mirror, the slave counsels the scullions 'to look into stew-pans' as in a mirror." (Lucas.)

10. *vis,* power.

15. *caxon,* a kind of wig.

19. *No comet,* etc. The appearance of comets was supposed to foretell misfortune.

38. *expletory yell,* a yell completing the unfinished sentence.

40. *rabidus furor,* "insane fury."

43. *the Debates,* the reports of debates in Parliament.

45. *parliamentary oratory,* that of Fox and Pitt, for example.

218. *a.* 7. *forewarned,* forbidden (i.e., orally).

15. *in his literary life,* his *Biographia Literaria* (1817).

18. *Country Spectator,* a weekly periodical (1792-93), conducted by the Rev. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton.

22. *C—,* Coleridge.

30. *First Grecian,* i.e., the first of two picked students given scholarships to Cambridge on the condition that they enter the Church.

33. *Dr. T—e,* Dr. Trollope, Boyer's successor.

50. *Cicero De Amicitia,* Cicero's "Essay on Friendship" (see p. 44).

54. *Th—,* Sir Edward Thornton (1766-1852).

b. 8. *regni novitas, "infant realm"* (Virgil, *Æneid,* I, 562), since Middleton was the first Bishop of Calcutta.

10. *Jewel or Hooker.* John Jewel (1522-1571) and Richard Hooker (see p. 59) each wrote an important treatise on church government.

21. *S—,* Scott, who died in Bedlam (Lamb's note).

21. *M—,* Maunde, dismissed from school (Lamb's note).

24. *Finding,* etc., adapted from Prior's "Carmen Saeculare for 1700."

30. *the dark pillar not yet turned.* Cf. *Exod.,* XIII, 21-22. The pillar of fire (or hope) had not yet become one of darkness in Coleridge's life.

36. *young Mirandula,* a symbol of erudition: Giovanni Pico, Count of Mirandula (1463-94) was one of the great scholars of the Renaissance.

39. *Jamblichus, or Plotinus,* Egyptian philosophers of the Neoplatonic school (3rd cent. A. D.).

42. *Pindar,* Greek poet (6th cent. B. C.).

46. *the words of old Fuller,* an adaptation of the famous description of the argumentative qualities of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in Fuller's *Worthies of England* (1662).

47. *C. V. Le G—,* Charles Valentine Le Grice.

58. *Allen,* Robert (d. 1805).

219. *a.* 8. *Nireus formosus.* "Nireus the fairest man."

19. *Le G—,* Samuel Le Grice.

19. *F—,* Joseph Favell, who left Cambridge because he was ashamed of his father, a house-painter there.

22. *Sizars,* poor students who earned their way.

31. *Fr—,* Frederick William Franklin.

32. *Hertford,* i.e., the grammar school at Hertford.

32. *Marmaduke T—,* Thompson (Lamb's note).

ROAST PIG

Published in the *Lond. Mag.,* Sept., 1822. This is perhaps the best of Lamb's narrative essays. The story itself is not original with Lamb but is found in many places in early literature. He probably got it, as he says, from his friend Manning. Lamb is said to have received several gifts of pigs after the essay was published, and in a letter dated "Twelfth Day, '23" he thanks a farmer and his wife for such a gift.

219. *a.* 42. *friend M.,* Thomas Manning, an Orientalist.

58. *mast,* nuts and acorns.

220. *b.* 49. *our Locke,* John Locke (see p. 124).

221. *a.* 12. *mundus edibilis,* world of edibles.

14. *princeps obsoniorum,* chief of delicacies.

16. *hobbydehoys,* awkward, gawky young fellows.

20. *amor immunditiae,* love of dirt.

24. *praeludium,* prelude.

b. 9. *Ere sin could blight,* etc., from Coleridge's "Epitaph on an Infant."

19. *Sapors,* flavors.

20. *She,* i.e., Pine-apple.

57. *villatic,* farmyard.

58. *brawn,* boar's flesh.

222. *a.* 5. *like Lear,* who gave away his kingdom to his two ungrateful daughters.

b. 6. *intenerating and dulcifying,* making tender and sweet. One example of many sonorous Latin words in this essay imitative of 17th century diction.

14. *St. Omer's,* a college in France maintained by the Jesuits, who had the reputation for liking the discussion of subtle questions of morality.

32. *shalots,* onion-like plants used like garlic for flavoring.

DREAM-CHILDREN

Published in the *Lond. Mag.* for Jan., 1822. This is not only the most affecting of all Lamb's essays but his most skillful piece of writing, so delicately does fact melt into fiction. See Lamb's essays "Blakesmoor in H—shire," "Mackery End" (p. 227), and "Old China" (p. 224), as well as E. V. Lucas's "My Cousin the Bookbinder" (p. 453), for autobiographical details regarding his family connections and especially his life with Mary Lamb.

222. *b.* 49. *Norfolk.* The reference is to Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, where Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, was housekeeper for the Plumer family.

223. *a.* 29. *Abbey,* Westminster Abbey.

224. *a.* 3. *John L—.* John Lamb, brother of the author, who had recently died, was the last link that bound Lamb to the sane world. Though John had left his brother Charles with the burden of caring for their irresponsible sister Mary, his death brought home to Lamb a sense of his loneliness.

55. *fair Alice W—n,* to be vaguely identified with Ann Simmons, who was a youthful sweetheart of Lamb's and had married a merchant named Bartrum.

b. 23. *Bridget,* Mary Lamb.

OLD CHINA

This well-loved example of the personal essay (originally published in the *London Mag.,* March, 1823, later in *The Last Essays of Elia*) is noteworthy for its use of the "picture frame" device, the opening and closing references to the china teacup serving to frame the picture of Lamb's reminiscences, just as, in Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes,* the opening and closing references to the cold frame the warm picture of the passion of the lovers.

225. *a.* 18. *the hays,* an old English country dance.

23. *my cousin—Bridget,* Lamb's sister, Mary.

26. *speciosa miracula,* splendid wonders; Horace, *Ars Poetica,* 144.

b. 3. *folio Beaumont and Fletcher.* The first folio of the plays popularly ascribed to the famous dramatic collaborators, Francis Beaumont (1584?-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625), was published in 1647, several other editions following.

31. *corbeau,* goods of a dark green colour.

42. *Lianardo—Lady Blanch,* Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), whose *Modesty and Vanity* is here called *Lady Blanch,* which is the subject of one of Mary Lamb's poems.

226. *a.* 7. *Izaak Walton—Piscator—Trout Hall,* Trout Hall is an ale-house resorted to by Piscator (Angler), one of the speakers in the dialogues that make up most of Walton's *Compleat Angler* (1653).

27. *Battle of Hexham—Surrender of Calais—Children in the Wood.* The first two are comedies by George Colman the Younger (1762-1836), the last a brief play by Thomas Morton (1764-1838), the creator of Mrs. Grundy. John Bannister was a noted comedian and Mrs. Bland a popular actress.

227. *a.* 1. *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton,* Charles Cotton (1630-1687), poet, translator of Montaigne, and continuator of Walton's *Compleat Angler,* whose poem *The New Year* Lamb quoted in his essay "New Year's Eve." It contains the lines:

> Then let us welcome the New Guest
> With lusty brimmers of the best.

b. 2. *great Jew R—,* probably Nathan M. Rothschild (1777-1836), the English banker.

6. *bed-tester,* bed canopy.

MACKERY END

Published in the *Lond. Mag.* for July, 1821. This essay is notable for its characterization of Lamb's sister Mary ("Bridget"). The farmhouse at Mackery End (near Wheathampstead) was the home of Mrs. Gladman, the sister of Lamb's grandmother. The names Bruton and Field are the names of real persons also.

227. *b.* 22. *go out upon the mountains,* etc., an allusion to Jephtha's daughter (*Judges,* XI, 30-40).

26. *"with a difference."* Ophelia (*Hamlet, IV, v*) says: "O, you must wear your rue with a difference."

37. *Burton,* Richard, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621) and one of Lamb's 17th century favorites.

57. *"holds Nature more clever,"* from Gray's "Epitaph on Byewords."

228. *a.* 1. *Religio Medici.* See p. 106. Sir Thomas Browne was another of Lamb's 17th century favorites.

9. *Margaret Newcastle,* the Duchess of Newcastle (d. 1673), a noblewoman who wrote a memoir of her husband, and whose high character Lamb often praised.

b. 25. *to beat up,* to arouse unceremoniously.

229. *a.* 19. *the poet,* Wordsworth, in *Yarrow*

Visited (stanza 6), which Lamb praised highly in a letter to the author.

b. 16. *the two scriptural cousins,* Mary and Elizabeth (*Luke,* I, 39-40).

25. *B.F.,* Baron Field, who in 1816 became Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales and to whom Lamb addressed his essay on "Distant Correspondents."

POPULAR FALLACIES

From a series of 16 brief essays published in the *New Monthly Magazine* (Jan. to Sept., 1826) under this title. These paradoxical refutations illustrate his mingling of shrewdness and humor.

230. *a.* 12. *regale,* feast.

16. *superflux,* superfluity.

b. 24. *Persic,* Persian.

TRAGEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE

First published in Leigh Hunt's journal, *The Reflector,* in 1812. Lamb and Hazlitt were in agreement regarding the impossibility of adequately producing some of Shakespeare's plays.

231. *b.* 54. *Clarissa,* Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* (1748).

232. *a.* 2. *Bajazet,* the Turkish sultan in Marlowe's tragedy of *Tamburlaine* (1590).

8. *Othello—Posthumus.* See *Othello,* II, i, 184 ff. and *Cymbeline,* I, i, 92 ff.

14. *As beseemed,* etc., from *Par. Lost,* IV, 338-40.

22. *Imogen,* the heroine of *Cymbeline* and wife of Posthumus.

30. *Betterton,* Thomas (d. 1710), a Shakespearean actor.

b. 5. *ore rotundo,* sonorously.

26. *Garrick,* David, the greatest of 18th century Shakespearean actors.

46. *Banks or Lillo.* John Banks was the author of a 'popular tragedy, *Virtue Betrayed* (1692). George Lillo was the author of the play, *George Barnwell* (1731).

233. *b.* 45. *Dame Quickly.* See *I Henry IV,* II, iv, 437.

55. *Tate and Cibber,* etc. Nahum Tate (1652-1715) and Colly Cibber (1671-1757) rewrote plays of Shakespeare, Tate's perversion of *King Lear* (1681) and Cibber's *Richard III* (1700) holding their popularity for 100 years or more.

58. *With their darkness,* etc., from *Par. Lost,* I, 391.

234. *a.* 20. *Mr. C's exertions.* George Frederick Cooke (1756-1811).

b. 2. *Barnwell.* See note to p. 232 (*b.* 46).

10. *Glenalvon,* in John Home's tragedy of *Douglas* (1756).

36. *Mr. K's performance.* John Philip Kemble (1757-1823), the famous English tragedian, was the greatest successor of Garrick in Shakespearean rôles.

238. *a.* 6. *Dryden,* in the alteration of Shakespeare's play, by Dryden and Davenant, acted 1667.

b. 4. *the Orrery Lecturer.* The "orrery" (called after the Earl of Orrery) was a machine used by lecturers to show the relative sizes and distances of the heavenly bodies. It is now relegated to the position of a toy.

10. *Milton thinks,* etc. See Milton's "Nativity Ode," 135.

HAZLITT: ON GOING A JOURNEY

Published as the first of the series of "Table Talk," which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine,* 1822. Reprinted in the second edition of *Table Talk* (1st ed. 1821-22; 2nd ed. 1824).

237. *a.* 17. *going a journey,* in modern phraseology, "going on a hike."

23. *"The fields his study,"* etc., from *The Farmer's Boy* (1800) by Robert Bloomfield (1766-1823).

38. *"a friend in my retreat,"* etc., from "Retirement," 741-42, one of 8 moral satires by Wm. Cowper (1731-1800).

48. *Contemplation,* etc. Cf. Milton's *Comus,* 378-80.

58. *Tilbury,* a kind of gig, a two-wheeled open carriage.

b. 15. *"sunken wrack,"* etc., from *Henry V,* I, ii, 165.

25. *"Leave, oh, leave me,"* etc. Cf. "The Descent of Odin," 50 by Thomas Gray.

28. *"very stuff of the conscience,"* from *Othello,* I, ii, 2.

46. *"Out upon such half-faced fellowship,"* from *I Henry IV,* I, iii, 208.

51. *Mr. Cobbett's.* Wm. Cobbett (1762-1835), essayist and editor of *The Political Register,* to which Hazlitt had contributed early in his career.

238. *a.* 1. *says Sterne,* Laurence (1713-1768), English novelist and divine, from whose *Sermons* (1760) this statement is somewhat inaccurately quoted.

58. *"give it an understanding,"* etc., from *Hamlet,* I, ii, 250.

b. 1. *my old friend C——,* Coleridge.

6. *"He talked far above singing."* Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster,* V, v, 165-66.

13. *All-Foxden,* in Somersetshire (the residence of Wordsworth in 1797; Coleridge lived in the neighboring town of Nether Stowey). See Hazlitt's essay "On My First Acquaintance with Poets" (p. 245) for an account of his visit in 1798 to Wordsworth and Coleridge at Nether Stowey and Alfoxden.

13. *"that fine madness,"* etc. Cf. ll. 105-110 of Michael Drayton's (1563-1631) "To Henry Reynolds —Of Poets and Poesie."

19. *"Here be woods,"* etc., from John Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess,* I, iii, 26ff.

32. *How the pale Phoebe,* etc., alluding to the famous story of the shepherd boy Endymion, who was wooed by the moon-goddess Phoebe on Mt. Latmos in Asia Minor. Cf. Keats's *Endymion.*

54. *L——,* Charles Lamb.

239. *a.* 13. *"take one's ease at one's inn."* Cf. *I Henry IV,* III, iii, 92-93.

25. *"The cups that cheer,"* etc. Cf. Cowper's *Task,* IV, 39-40.

31. *Sancho.* Cf. Cervantes's *Don Quixote,* Part II, chap. lix. Sancho Panza was Don Quixote's squire.

35. *Shandean,* alluding to the reflective, discursive tendencies of the father of Tristram Shandy in Sterne's novel of that name.

37. *Procul,* etc., from Virgil, *Æneid,* VI, 258: "Away, away, ye unhallowed."

48. *West Riding.* Yorkshire is divided into three portions, called the North, East, and West Ridings.

b. 8. *"unhoused free condition,"* etc. Cf. *Othello,* I, ii, 26-27.

11. *"lord of one's-self,"* etc. Cf. Dryden's poetic epistle "To My Honored Kinsman John Dryden," 18.

39. *Witham-common.* Witham and St. Neot's (below) are towns in the south of England.

41. *association of ideas.* For a classic example of the power of "association of ideas," see Wordsworth's poem, "The Daffodils."

45. *the Cartoons.* A "cartoon" (lit. "pasteboard") was a full-sized drawing of a subject to be reproduced in tapestry, mosaics, fresco paintings, etc. Hazlitt refers to the particular cartoons of Raphael, the Italian painter, now in the South Kensington Museum, London. The engraver Gribelin in 1707 made some plates from these cartoons.

48. *Westall's drawings.* Westall was a well-known historical painter (1765-1836).

52. *Severn,* an English river flowing into the Bristol Channel.

57. *Paul and Virginia,* the well-known romantic tale by Bernardin de Saint Pierre (1788), translated into English in 1796.

58. *Bridgewater,* a town in Somersetshire.

240. *a.* 3. *Madame D'Arblay's Camilla,* a realistic novel (1796) by Frances Burney. Mme. D'Arblay (1752-1840).

5. *The New Éloise,* a passionate love story (*La Nouvelle Héloise*), 1761, in the form of letters (to No. 17 of Part IV of which Hazlitt refers), by Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778).

6. *Llangollen,* a town in Northern Wales.

11. *Pays de Vaud,* the land of the Vaudois.

12. *bon mouche,* "a good morsel."
22. *"green upland swells,"* etc. Cf. the 7th stanza of Coleridge's "Ode on the Departing Year" for this and the phrase below, "glittered green," etc.
23. *river Dee,* which flows through Chester into the Irish Sea.
39. *faded into the light of common day.* Cf. Wordsworth's "Immortality Ode," 76.
42. *"The beautiful is vanished,"* etc., from Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein" (V, i, 68) as translated by Coleridge (1799-1800).
58. *Yet will I turn to thee,* etc., an adaptation of ll. 55-56 of Wordworth's "Tintern Abbey."
b. 3. *the river of Paradise,* etc. Cf. *Rev.,* XXI, 6; XXII, 17.
34. *says Sir Fopling Flutter, in* Etherege's comedy, *The Man of Mode* (V. ii), of which Sir Fopling Flutter is the hero.
50. *China orange,* a term for the sweet orange.
241. *a.* 25. *Salisbury Plain—Stonehenge.* In Salisbury Plain near the town of Salisbury stand the prehistoric stones, arranged in concentric circles about a central "Altar Stone"—the whole known as Stonehenge.
32. *"The mind is its own place,"* from *Par. Lost,* I, 254.
38. *eclat,* ostentation. Hazlitt refers to his taking Charles and Mary Lamb on a visit to Oxford in 1810. See his essay "On the Conversation of Authors."
41. *"With glistering spires,"* etc., from *Par. Lost,* III, 550.
47. *Bodleian,* the famous library at Oxford, founded by Sir Thomas Bodley in 1597.
47. *Blenheim,* the house of the Duke of Marlborough, victor in the battle of Blenheim (1704).
48. *Ciceroni,* guide.
b. 18. *when I first set my foot,* etc. Hazlitt, a devotee of France, went to Paris in 1802 to study painting.
28. *"the vine-covered hills,"* etc., from a song by Wm. Roscoe (1753-1831), English historian.
37. *Bourbons,* the French royal house whose continuous reign (from 1589) was terminated by the French Revolution.
53. *Dr. Johnson remarked.* Cf. Boswell's *Life,* anno 1778.
242. *a.* 6. *So the poet,* perhaps Hazlitt himself.

ON FAMILIAR STYLE

No. XXIV of *Table Talk* (1821-22). The classic exposition of the informal yet dignified prose style.
242. *a.* 32. *cant phrases,* those bearing the marks of particular trades or walks of life.
b. 27. *"tall opaque words"—"first row of the rubric,"* that is, impressive words, such as the opening words in legal documents and ecclesiastical manuscripts in red ink (*ruber* means "red").
243. *a.* 16. *cum grano salis,* "with a grain of salt."
b. 20. *Mr. Cobbett.* See note to p. 237 (*b.* 51).
41. *Spanish pieces of eight,* Spanish *pesos* or dollars, so called from the figure 8 on them (8 reals).
244. *a.* 17. *Burton,* etc. For Fuller and Browne, see p. 108 and p. 106. Robert Burton (1577-1640) is notable for his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621); Thomas Coryat (1577-1617) for *Coryat's Crudities* (1611).
32. *"A well of native English undefiled,"* applied to Chaucer by Spenser, *Fairy Queen,* IV, 2.
37. *Erasmus's Colloquies,* the "Familiar Colloquies" of Desiderius Erasmus (1466?-1536), the Dutch humanist.
46. *smear in a flaunting transparency.* Hazlitt here refers to transparent illuminated signs carried in political processions.
47. *"What do you read,"* etc. See *Hamlet,* II, ii, 192 ff.
57. *florilegium,* a collection of flowers (of speech).
58. *tulippomania.* See note to p. 156 (*b.* 11).
b. 9. *tympany,* inflation, bombast.
17. *Sermo humi obrepens,* "discourse that clings to the earth."
20. *cento,* collection.
36. *Ancient Pistol,* the braggart in *II Henry IV* (II, iv), *Henry V* (II, i), and *Merry Wives* (I, i).
39. *rhodomontade,* bombast.
41. *fantoccini,* puppets (in Italian puppet-shows).
43. *"That strut and fret,"* etc. See *Macbeth,* V, v, 25.
51. *And on their pens,* etc., adapted from Milton's description of Satan, *Par. Lost,* IV, 989.
245. *a.* 6. *Golconda's mines,* the Indian diamond mines from which, according to legend, came the famous Kohinoor diamond.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH POETS

Published in *The Liberal,* 1822, later in *Winterslow* (1850). The essay is an amplification of a letter by Hazlitt in the *Examiner* (Jan. 1817) complaining (à propos of Coleridge's *Lay Sermon* just published) of Coleridge's change of opinion. The letter contained the celebrated passage beginning "It was in January, 1798," and ending "Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe."
245. *b.* 21. *W——m,* the little town of Wem, near Shrewsbury in Shropshire, to which Hazlitt's father had been called as minister in 1787-8.
24. *Demogorgon,* one of the fallen angels in *Par. Lost.*
24. *Mr. Coleridge,* Samuel Taylor.
46. *"fluttering the proud Salopians,"* etc., adapted from Shakespeare's *Coriolanus,* V, vi, 116. Salop is another name for Shropshire.
53. *"High-born Hoel's harp,"* etc., from Thomas Gray's poem, "The Bard."
246. *a.* 15. *"bound them, With Styx,"* etc., from Pope's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."
b. 3. *Il y a des impressions,* etc. From Rousseau's *Confessions* (1782-8): "There are impressions which neither time nor circumstances can efface. Were I to live entire centuries, the sweet period of my youth could not be reborn for me nor ever be effaced from my memory."
11. *gave out his text.* See *Matthew,* XIV, 23.
14. *"rose like a steam,"* etc., from Milton's *Comus.*
23. *"of one crying in the wilderness,"* etc. See *Matthew,* III, 3-4.
42. *crimped,* entrapped (into military service).
50. *"Such were the notes,"* etc., from Pope's "Epistle to Oxford."
247. *a.* 12. *Jus Divinum,* "Divine Right," the doctrine of the divine right of kings.
14. *"Like to that sanguine flower,"* etc., from Milton's *Lycidas,* 107.
36. *"as are the children,"* etc., from Thomson's *Castle of Indolence.*
b. 5. *like Lord Hamlet,* as played by the famous Elizabethan actor, Richard Burbage, a heavy man.
19. *Nether Stowey—Taunton—All-Foxden,* all located near together in the southwest of England. See note to p. 238 (*b.* 13).
41. *"Lyrical Ballads."* This collection of poems by Wordsworth and Coleridge was first published in 1798.
43. *Sybilline Leaves,* "Prophetical Books" (see note to p. 83 (*a.* 41). Coleridge published a collection of poems entitled *Sybilline Leaves* in 1817.
48. *age of George I and II,* i.e., 1714-60.
248. *a.* 25. *ballad of "Betty Foy,"* etc. The poems here named are by Wordsworth.
34. *"In spite of pride,"* etc., from Pope's *Essay on Man.*
43. *"While yet the trembling year,"* etc., from *Thomson's Seasons.*
50. *"Of Providence, foreknowledge,"* etc., from Milton's *Par. Lost.*
b. 25. *"Peter Bell,"* the character in Wordsworth's much ridiculed poem of that name.
35. *Chantrey's bust,* by Sir Francis L. Chantrey (1781-1841), English sculptor.
37. *Haydon's head of him,* by Benjamin R. Haydon (1786-1846), English painter.
53. *"Castle Spectre,"* by Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818).
56. *ad captandum,* "for the sake of pleasing" (the crowd).

249. *a.* 18. *"his face was as a book,"* etc., from *Macbeth,* I, v, 63.

53. *flip,* a spiced and sweetened drink.

b. 4. *"followed in the chase,"* etc., from *Othello,* II, iii, 370.

35. *Gaspar Poussin's or Domenichino's.* Gaspard Poussin (1613-1675) was an Italian painter and Domenichino (1581-1641) was a painter of Bologna, Italy.

250. *a.* 16. *Giant's Causeway,* a celebrated columnar formation on the north coast of Ireland, forming a platform extending out into the sea.

26. *"Death of Abel."* See Coleridge's Prefatory Note to "The Wanderings of Cain."

39. *"Seasons,"* by James Thomson, pub. 1726-30.

55. *days of Henry II,* king of England (1154-89).

b. 13. *Junius.* The pseudonym of an English political writer (1768-72) considered by many to be Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818).

22. *"Caleb Williams,"* a novel by Wm. Godwin (1794).

41. *Butler,* Bishop Joseph (1692-1752), author of the *Analogy of Religion* (1736).

52. *Claude or Raphael.* Claude Lorrain (1600-1682), French painter in Italy. For Raphael, see note to p. 352 (*a.* 17).

54. *Cartoons at Pisa.* For "cartoons," see note to p. 239 (*b.* 45). Buffamalco was a Florentine painter (1st half, 14th cent.).

251. *a.* 27. *"Remorse,"* published 1813.

47. *Godwin's,* William Godwin (1756-1836), English author and philosopher.

48. *Holcroft,* Thomas (1745-1809), English dramatist and translator.

HUNT: GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS

Published in *The Indicator,* 1820. Of the many who have essayed this subject, Hunt succeeds best by virtue of his effective dramatization of the character of the lier-in-bed.

251. *b.* 5. *Guilio Cordara,* an Italian poet and historiographer of the Jesuits (1704-1785).

252. *a.* 12. *says Milton.* See *Par. Lost,* II, 596.

b. 6. *Queen of France,* Eleanor of Aquitaine (12th cent.), wife of Louis VII of France ("The Pious"), who had shaved his beard in compliance with an ecclesiastical command.

10. *Emperor Julian,* "the Apostate," Roman emperor (4th cent. A. D.).

13. *Cardinal Bembo,* etc. Hunt's cosmopolitan imagination pictures the Italians, Pietro Bembo (1470-1547), noted man of letters; Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), celebrated artist, and Tiziano Vecelli (1477?-1576), Venetian painter,—as well as the English poets, William Shakespeare, John Fletcher, Edmund Spenser, Geoffrey Chaucer, the English king Alfred, and the Greek philosopher Plato.

19. *Haroun Al Raschid,* Caliph of Bagdad (about 800) and famous through the *Arabian Nights.*

20. *Bed-ridden Hassan,* Bedreddin Hassan, who figures in the *Arabian Nights.*

21. *Wortley Montagu,* Edward (1713-1776), son of the famous writer and traveler, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762).

33. *"Sweetly recommends itself,"* etc. See *Macbeth,* I, vi, 2-3.

45. *"Falsely luxurious,"* etc., from James Thomson's *Summer* (1727), one of the parts of the *Seasons.*

253. *b.* 5. *vis inertiæ,* "power of inactivity," applied in mechanics.

22. *Mr. Indicator.* Hunt conducted *The Indicator* from 1819 to 1821. This passage is a relic of the old question and answer device common to periodicals from the latter half of the 17th century.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

Published in the *Indicator,* 1820. One of the best examples of the modern adaptation of the character essay, a type in which Hunt excelled.

253. *b.* 48. *scratch,* a kind of wig covering only a portion of the head.

254. *a.* 36. *Lady M. W. Montagu.* See note to p. 252. (*b.* 21). This list of books is meant to be typical of a late 18th century library, containing several now forgotten names.

39. *portraits in character,* that is, pictures of the actors in appropriate costume.

48. *Hogarth,* William (1697-1764), English painter and engraver.

48. *Sir Joshua,* Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), the famous English portrait painter.

49. *Marquis of Granby,* an English general (lived 1721-1770) in the Seven Years' War (1756-63).

50. *M. le Comte de Grasse,* who, as commander of the French fleet, assisted Washington in the siege of Yorktown (1781). He was defeated in a battle in the West Indies the following year by Admiral Rodney.

b. 16. *cheapening,* bargaining for.

39. *Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe,* probably two 18th century musicians, James Oswald and John Frederick Lampe.

55. *"my lord North,"* etc. Lord North, the English prime minister during the American Revolution to whom Franklin addressed a famous letter, was succeeded by Lord Rockingham.

255. *a.* 41. *Garrick, Woodward, and Clive.* David Garrick (1717-1779), the great English actor and producer; Henry Woodward (1714-1777), noted comedian; Catherine Clive (1711-1785), popular actress.

45. *Vauxhall—Ranelagh,* amusement gardens near London.

b. 9. *saluting,* kissing.

22. *Newmarket,* famous for its race-course.

A "NOW"

Published in 1820, this essay was much admired by Keats (see Hunt's *Autobiography,* chap. 16) and illustrates a variety of the descriptive essay unique with Leigh Hunt, deriving its effectiveness through the cumulative force of the "nows."

256. *a.* 58. *"tittle-bats,"* a species of stickleback.

b. 35. *lawn of Cos.* Cos or Kos is an island in the Aegean Sea.

49. *Tartarus,* the infernal regions.

58. *lappets,* the streamers of a woman's headdress.

WORDSWORTH: PREFACE TO THE LYRICAL BALLADS

The first edition of *Lyrical Ballads,* in one volume (1798), contained only a brief introduction. To the second edition, in two volumes (1800), Wordsworth prefixed his famous declaration on poetic diction. It appeared in later issues of his poems as an Appendix, modified from time to time till it assumed the present form. Both Coleridge and DeQuincey declared that it was not Wordsworth's poetry but his *theory* that caused so much objection. For Coleridge's comment, see various chapters of the *Biographia Literaria* (esp. chap. XIV for an account of the origin of the *Lyrical Ballads,* and chaps. XVII and XVIII for Coleridge's criticism of Wordsworth's theory. DeQuincey, in an article "On Wordsworth's Poetry," first published in *Tait's Mag.* for Sept., 1845, declared: "One original obstacle to the favorable impression of the Wordsworthian poetry, and an obstacle purely self-created, was his theory of Poetic Diction. The diction itself, without the theory, was of less consequence; for the mass of readers would have been too blind or too careless to notice it. But the preface to the second edition of his Poems (2 vols., 1799-1800) compelled all readers to notice it. Nothing more injudicious was ever done by man." Yet, however "injudicious," the Preface was an important landmark in literary criticism, and the reverberations started by the ensuing discussion of poetic theory have not yet died away.

257. *b.* 34. *the age of Catullus,* etc. Wordsworth is thinking of the differences between the earlier or "golden" era of Latin poetry to which Catullus,

Terence, and Lucretius belong, and the later or "silver" age of Statius and Claudian.

259. *b.* 3. *sickly and stupid German tragedies,* such as the plays of Kotzebue and the early plays of Goethe and Schiller. They were all of some influence in England.

55. *poetic diction.* By this term Wordsworth means, as he explained elsewhere, a comparatively artificial diction, "differing materially from the real language of men in any situation," and characterized by a mechanical use of figures of speech.

260. *b.* 4. *a short composition of Gray.* This sonnet, "On the Death of Richard West," was written in 1742.

43. *the language of prose and metrical composition.* Coleridge points out the fallacy of this doctrine in chap. XVIII of *Biog. Lit.*

262. *b.* 10. *Aristotle.* "Poetry is a more philosophical and a higher thing than history: for poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular" (*Poetics,* chap. IX).

263. *b.* 5. *Shakspere* hath said, in *Hamlet,* IV, iv, 37.

265. *b.* 26. *Clarissa Harlowe,* the tragic novel by Richardson (1748). *The Gamester* was a domestic tragedy by Edward Moore (1753).

267. *a.* 24. *Dr. Johnson's stanza.* According to the Memoirs of Joseph Cradick, Johnson composed this stanza in imitation of one of Percy's ballads. "The Hermit of Warkworth."

33. *the "Babes in the Wood,"* a comparatively modern ballad praised by Addison in the *Spectator,* No. 85.

b. 43. *Sir Joshua Reynolds,* 1723-1792, discussed Taste in the 7th of his 15 Discourses before the Royal Academy, delivered between 1769 and 1790.

COLERIDGE: SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

From Coleridge's *Literary Remains* (1837-39), containing an accumulation of notes on Shakespeare and other poets prepared in connection with the delivery of several courses of lectures in 1808, 1810-13, and 1818. The present criticism seems to be associated with 1818.

268. *b.* 37. *the Countess's beautiful precepts.* See *All's Well,* I, i, 70-9.

269. *a.* 17. *his labor, hoc opus est,* "Here is the labor, this is the task," a misquotation from Virgil, *Aeneid,* VI, 129.

28. *the Kotzebues.* August von Kotzebue (1761-1819) was a German journalist and sensational dramatist.

b. 8. *Benedick and Beatrice.* See *Much Ado,* II, iii and III, i.

52. *Metastasio,* Pietro (1698-1782), Italian dramatist and court poet at Vienna.

DE QUINCEY: ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN *MACBETH*

Published in the *Lond. Mag.* for Oct., 1823, this fine piece of intuitional criticism ranks with some of the best of Coleridge's interpretations of the real spirit of Shakespeare. See *Macbeth,* II, ii, 58 ff.

271. *a.* 14. *quoad,* "to that extent," i.e., "so far as his consciousness goes."

26. *Mr. Williams,* a notorious murderer of the time who in 1811 almost wiped out the households of the Marrs and Williamsons in London.

32. *the connoisseur in murder.* Cf. De Quincey's "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts" (*Blackwood's Mag.* 1827), which has in a postscript a full account of Williams's activities.

46. *a knocking at the door,* by a returning servant of the Marrs.

b. 29. *"with its petrific mace,"* from *Par. Lost,* Bk. X. A staff having the power to turn to stone whatever it strikes.

272. *a.* 2. *"the deep damnation,"* etc. See *Macbeth,* I, vii.

LEVANA

From *Suspiria de Profundis* ("Sighs out of the Depths"), published originally in *Blackwood's Mag.* for June, 1845.

272. *b.* 55. *Levana.* Levana seems to have been known only by the late Latin writers. See St. Augustine's *On the City of God,* IV, 11.

273. *b.* 13. *The rules of Eton.* At Eton, one of the great "public schools" of England (opposite Windsor on the Thames), a limited number of boys who hold scholarships and are thus "on the foundation" live at the college. At about 18 they were "superannuated," i.e., required to leave on account of age.

32. *Parcae,* the Fates.

34. *sad—angry,* sombre—flushed.

44. *In Oxford.* De Quincey entered Worcester College, Oxford, in 1803 at the age of 19. He acquired the habit of taking opium while making visits to London from Oxford.

274. *a.* 5. *Our Ladies.* Cf. the appellation "Our Lady" for the Virgin Mary.

24. *dulcimer,* a zither-like instrument played with light hammers.

48. *Rama.* See *Jeremiah,* XXXI, 15, and *Matthew,* II, 18.

b. 9. *keys more than papal.* See *Matthew,* XVI, 18-9.

28. *has been sitting all this winter.* In August, 1844, occurred the death of the Princess Alexandra, aged 20, daughter of the Czar, Nicholas I.

275. *a.* 12. *Pariah,* a low-caste Hindu, a proverbial term for an outcast.

14. *Norfolk Island,* a British island (the seat of a penal colony till 1856) off the east coast of Australia.

48. *the tents of Shem.* See *Genesis,* IX, 27.

b. 3. *Cybele,* the great nature goddess of the ancient peoples of Asia Minor; in Greek mythology she was represented with a turreted crown on her head.

31. *Mater Tenebrarum,* "Mother of the Shades." Cf. the *Tenebrae,* special services during Holy Week when the lights are extinguished to symbolize the death of Christ.

33. *Semnai Theai,* i.e., the Furies ("the holy goddesses," a euphemism).

LANDOR: STEELE AND ADDISON

No. XX of the "Dialogues of Literary Men," in the 4th series of *Imaginary Conversations* (1824-8; 1829; 1846; 1853), this narrative essay illustrates Landor's unique mastery of the old dialogue method. The time of Addison's visit to Steele is just after Steele has been arrested for debt by Addison, who wanted to give Steele an opportunity for sobriety.

276. *b.* 15. *Wills.* See note to p. 153 (*b.* 14).

JEFFREY: WORDSWORTH'S "EXCURSION"

From the famous review which appeared in the *Edin. Rev.* (Nov. 1814) shortly after the publication of Wordsworth's poem. In a note in his collected essays Jeffrey regretted the tone of some of these remarks on Wordsworth and concluded: "If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vivacités* of expression."

279. *a.* 23. *Lakers.* Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth were dubbed the poets of the "Lake School," from their residence in the Lake district of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

280. *a.* 35. *Pindaric poet,* etc. The so-called "Pindaric Ode" was cultivated by Abraham Cowley and others.

MACAULAY: BUNYAN

From Macaulay's review of the poet laureate, Robert Southey's (1774-1843) edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the *Edin. Rev.* (Dec. 1831). Southey's edition (including a life of Bunyan) appeared in 1830.

281. *b.* 54. *Mr. Heath's woodcuts.* These were made by W. Harvey.

56. *Mr. Martin's illustrations* Two of John Martin's (1789-1854) paintings were engraved for this work.

282. *a.* 10. *Salvator Rosa,* Italian painter (1615-1673).

25. *"Vision of Mirza."* See p. 158.

25. *"Vision of Theodore,"* an allegory of the "Mountain of Existence" in the form of a vision seen by Theodore, the hermit of Teneriffe, to be found in Johnson's *Misc. Tracts.*

26. *the Genealogy of Wit,* No. 22 of Johnson's *Rambler,* "an Allegory of Wit and Learning."

26. *the contest between Rest and Labor,* No. 33 of Johnson's *Rambler.*

29. *Cowley's odes.* The "Pindaric Odes" of Abraham Cowley were published in 1656.

30. *"Hudibras,"* the rimed satire by Samuel Butler, pub. in parts (1663, 1664, 1678).

38. *House of Pride—House of Temperance,* described in the *Fairy Queen,* I, 4, and II, 9, respectively.

42. *Cardinal Virtues.* In ancient and mediæval philosophy, the Cardinal Virtues were Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude. More modern writers added Faith, Hope, and Charity. The Seven Deadly Sins were Pride, Wrath, Covetousnes, Lust, Gluttony, Envy, and Sloth.

49. *Blatant Beast,* the "noisy" beast symbolizing Slander in the *Fairy Queen,* V, xii, 37.

b. 23. *the tinker.* Bunyan's trade was that of a tinker.

283. *a.* 53. *Elizabeth,* the heroine of a French novel by Madame Cottin (1806), entitled *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.* Elizabeth journeyed from Siberia to Moscow to plead for her exiled father to the Czar.

54. *Jeanie Deans,* the heroine of Scott's *Heart of Midlothian* (1818), who walked from Edinburgh to London to secure from the queen a pardon for her sister Effie.

b. 40. *"Tale of a Tub,"* the satire by Jonathan Swift (1704).

40. *"History of John Bull,"* a satire on European politics by Dr. John Arbuthnot (1667-1735), pub. in 1712-23 and containing probably the first use of the term "John Bull" as a designation for England.

284. *a.* 10. *Bedford or Reading.* Bunyan was a Nonconformist minister in Bedford and frequently visited Reading as a preacher.

30. *"Grace Abounding,"* published 1666, about 12 years before the *Pilgrim's Progress.*

57. *George Fox and James Naylor.* The former (1624-1691) was the founder of the Quakers, the latter (1618-1660) a Puritan of fanatical tendencies.

b. 2. *Vane—Cromwell.* Both Sir Henry Vane (1612-1660) and Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) were at times subject to religious delusions or melancholia.

15. *Mr. Ivemey,* Joseph (1773-1834), a Baptist preacher who wrote a *Life of Bunyan* and edited the *Pilgrim's Progress.*

38. *Sergeant Bind-their-kings-in-chains.* These biblical names are such as those actually used by the Puritans during the Civil War period.

44. *Archbishop Laud,* Wm. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury (1573-1645).

50. *Lord Digby,* George Digby (1612-1677), politician and man of letters.

285. *a.* 40. *like Judas.* See *Acts,* I, 18.

44. *Cain.* See *Genesis,* IV, 15.

286. *a.* 3. *supralapsarian,* designating that class of Calvinists who believed that, though God had decreed the Fall of Man, he had also decreed the salvation of a part of the race *before* the Fall, as opposed to the sublapsarians, who considered the decree as subsequent to the Fall.

39. *Naseby and Worcester.* The Parliamentarians defeated the Royalists at Naseby in 1645, and the final victory of the Civil War was Cromwell's defeat of the Royalists at Worcester in 1651.

46. *Rupert and Lunsford,* Prince Rupert (1619-1683) and Thomas Lunsford (1610-1653), Royalist army officers.

b. 36. *Scroggs,* Sir William, who, as Chief Justice of the King's Bench (from 1678), exercised brutality in the "popish Plot" trials.

56. *trial of Lady Alice Lisle,* etc. George Jeffries (or Jeffreys), Chief Justice of the King's Bench (from 1683), conducted the brutal trial of Alice Lisle, an old lady who was executed for harboring a minister involved in Monmouth's Rebellion (1685).

287. *a.* 25. *Cowper said,* in his "Tirocinium," II, 141-6.

28. *Lord Roscommon,* etc. For these essays, see note to p. **164** (*a.* 21).

CARLYLE: SHAKESPEARE

From "The Hero as Poet. Dante; Shakespeare," Lecture III (delivered May 12, 1840) of the course of 6 lectures entitled *On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History* (pub. 1841).

287. *b.* 27. *the Warwickshire Squire.* According to tradition (not verified by evidence), this was Sir Thomas Lucy.

54. *The "Tree Igdrasil,"* the Tree of Existence in Norse mythology. See Carlyle's description of it in "The Hero as Divinity."

55. *Hela,* in Norse mythology, the abode of the daughter of Loki, goddess of the dead and queen of the underworld.

288. *a.* 24. *debate at St. Stephen's.* St. Stephen's Hall, next to Westminster Hall, was for a long time the meeting-place of the House of Commons.

25. *husting,* a place where political compaign speeches are made.

27. *Freemasons' Tavern,* a part of the London headquarters of the Masonic order, Great Queen Street.

b. 3. *Bacon's "Novum Organum,"* or "New Instrument" for the discovery of truth, first pub. in Latin in 1620.

289. *b.* 16. *The crabbed old Schoolmaster,* a man known to Carlyle, who mentions him in a letter to Emerson.

27. *a Prophet.* The preceding lecture in this course was entitled "The Hero as Prophet. Mahomet: Islam."

32. *Tophet,* Hell; originally the site of pagan sacrifices near Jerusalem. The exact location is uncertain.

33. *"We are such stuff,"* etc. See *The Tempest,* IV, i, 156.

34. *That scroll in Westminster Abbey.* Though Shakespeare is buried in Stratford, he is represented in Westminster Abbey by a monument depicting him with his right arm leaning upon a pile of his works, while in his left hand is a scroll with the above passage from the *Tempest* on it.

CHARACTERISTICS

The entire essay entitled "Characteristics," from which these selections are taken, is among the longest single pieces of writing in English deserving of the name "essay." It was pub. in the *Edin. Rev.* for Dec. 1831, as a review of Thomas Hope's *Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man* (1831) and F. von Schlegel's *Philosophical Lectures* (1830).

290. *b.* 39. *as was of old written.* Cf. *Genesis,* II, 17; III, 1-19.

55. *diapason,* harmony.

291. *a.* 5. *peptic,* capable of digestion (cf. "dyspeptic").

33. *scratch of a bare bodkin.* Cf. Hamlet's soliloquy (*Hamlet,* III, i, 76). "Bodkin" means "dagger."

292. *a.* 25. *"Where two or three are gathered together,"* a phrase from the English prayer-book.

32. *Jacob's-ladder.* See *Genesis,* XXVIII, 12.

b. 2. *Epicurus's gods.* See note to p. **47** (*b.* 1).

10. *wains,* wagons, i.e., train-carriages.

32. *Sic vos non vobis,* "Thus do ye, but not for yourselves," said to have been posted by Virgil at the beginning of some verses which he challenged Bathyllus, an inferior poet, to complete.

39. *deliration,* delirium.

57. *nosology,* the classification of diseases.

293. *a.* 24. *Lubberland,* the land of Cockaigne, or a place where idleness and plenty prevail.

b. 18. *Juggernaut,* an idol representing a particular form of the Hindu god Krishna and supposed

to contain his bones. On one of the principal festivals the idol is drawn upon a car adorned with obscene paintings. But the belief that devotees sacrificed themselves under the wheels of the car is erroneous, as no blood was allowed to be spilt in the god's presence.

41. *Werterism,* etc. Werterism suggests morbid sentimentality, as displayed by the hero of Goethe's romance, *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers.* Byronism is the cynical view of life associated with the poetry and life of Lord Byron. Brummelism takes its name from George Bryan (1778-1840), a famous leader of fashion in London who was called "Beau Brummel."

294. *a.* 30. *Jean Paul.* Jean Paul Friedrich Richter (1763-1825), German author, on whom Carlyle wrote an essay.

b. 7. *"Whatsoever thy hand,"* etc. *Eccles.,* IX, 10.

13. *Eldorados.* El Dorado means literally "the gilded," a region of fabulous richness, so called from the imaginary city located by 16th century Spaniards in the interior of South America and applied to California since the discovery of gold in 1848.

JAMES BOSWELL

This character sketch is from Carlyle's review of an edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* published in *Fraser's Mag.* for May, 1832. For other examples of Carlyle's unique and vivid portraits, see those of Tennyson, De Quincey, and Daniel Webster in *The Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.*

294. *b.* 46. *Shakespeare Jubilee,* held at Stratford in Sept. 1769, sponsored by David Garrick, the actor. It has been pointed out that Carlyle's picture of Boswell does him injustice, inasmuch as the celebration involved the use of costumes. Boswell appeared in Corsican attire, with an inscription on his cap reading "Viva La Liberta"—not "Corsica Boswell." See the 2nd paragraph of Macaulay's review of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (*Edin. Rev.,* Sept. 1831) for the probable source of Carlyle's error.

NEWMAN: KNOWLEDGE AND LEARNING

From Discourse VI of the series of addresses delivered by Newman in 1852 on the inception of the new Catholic University at Dublin, of which Newman was the first rector. Published in 1852 as *The Scope and Nature of a University Education,* they were later published under the title, *The Idea of a University.*

295. *a.* 22. *prima-facie view,* a view obtained from first appearances.

297. *a.* 24. *"the world is all before it,"* etc. See *Par. Lost,* II, 646.

b. 50. *St. Thomas,* St. Thomas Aquinas, the 13th century schoolman.

298. *b.* 12. *Pompey's Pillar,* a large column of red granite, placed on a mound near Alexandria as a landmark for ships, and erroneously supposed to have been erected in honor of Pompey.

299. *a.* 53. *τετραγωνος,* "four-square."

53. *Peripatetic,* applied to the School of Aristotle, because the discussions were carried on while walking about.

54. *nil admirari,* "to be moved by nothing."

54. *the Stoic,* the Greek school of philosophy founded by Zeno about 308 B. C.

55. *"Felix—avari,"* "Happy is he who has come to know the sequences of things, and is thus above all fear and the dread march of fate and the roar of greedy Acheron" (Virgil, *Georgics,* II, 490-92).

b. 19. *beau ideal,* "ideal standard."

RUSKIN: THE SKY

From *Modern Painters* (1843 ff.); an example at once of Ruskin's mastery of the descriptive essay and of the ornate prose style of which he was the best exponent during the 19th century.

300. *a.* 24. *"too bright nor good,"* from Wordsworth's poem, "She was a Phantom of Delight."

301. *b.* 18. *habergeon,* coat of mail.

52. *Rigi,* a mountain in Switzerland.

302. *a.* 8. *Atlantas,* possibly an allusion to the male figures called "Atlantes" used by the Greeks in place of columns as supports for entablatures. The allusion is not at all clear.

WORK

Conclusion of the first lecture in the collection entitled *The Crown of Wild Olive,* 1866. This essay, notable for its dependence on familiar Biblical quotations, illustrates Ruskin's ethical leanings, as "The Sky," shows his æsthetic tendencies.

304. *b.* 26. *Barzillai,* the Gileadite who befriended David on his escape from Absolom.

305. *a.* 28. *the deed of the Greeks,* the defence of the pass of Thermopylæ (see note to p. **117 (*a.* 33)**).

ARNOLD: TOUCHSTONES

From "The Study of Poetry," first published as the "Introduction" to *The English Poets,* edited by T. H. Ward (1880), later included in *Essays in Criticism, Second Series* 1888. It represents the first field of discussion entered by Arnold, that of literature.

306. *b.* 8. *Ugolino's tremendous words.* Ugolino della Gherardesca (d. 1289) was a leader in the wars between the Guelfs and Ghibellines and was starved to death in prison. In the *Inferno* Dante describes his meeting with him.

14. *Words of Beatrice to Virgil.* In Dante's *Divine Comedy,* Virgil is Dante's guide through Hell and Purgatory, while Beatrice, his beloved, guides him through Paradise.

25. *Henry the Fourth's expostulation,* in *Henry IV* (part 2), III, i.

34. *Hamlet's dying request,* in *Hamlet,* V, ii, 346 ff.

43. *"Darkened so, yet shone,"* etc., from *Par. Lost,* I, 599-602.

50. *"And courage never to submit,"* etc., from *Par. Lost,* I, 108-9.

307. *a.* 4. *"which cost Ceres all that pain,"* etc., from *Par. Lost,* IV, 271-2.

54. *Aristotle's profound observation,* in *Poetics,* IX. The Greek words quoted mean literally, "more philosophic and more instructive."

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

This essay is the first and most important chapter of *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) and represents the second field of discussion entered by Arnold, that of social criticism. The title may be paraphrased to read "Beauty and Intelligence."

308. *a.* 7. *In the Quarterly Review,* for Jan. 1866; a more or less perfunctory summary of the life and writings of the distinguished French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve (1804-1869).

14. *curiosity.* For an earlier insistence on the value of this quality, see Arnold's essay, "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," the first chapter of *Essays in Criticism, First Series* (1865) and the one which contains the basis of all of Arnold's subsequent prose writing.

38. *Montesquieu says,* in his *Discours sur les motifs qui doivent nous encourager aux sciences, prononcé le 15 Novembre 1725.* Montesquieu was a celebrated French jurist and philosopher (1689-1755).

b. 18. *Bishop Wilson,* Thomas Wilson (1663-1755), Bishop of Sodor and Man, whose *Maxims* Arnold praised in a brief appreciation of Wilson's writings prefixed to *Culture and Anarchy.* Arnold here paraphrases one of the maxims.

309. *b.* 19. *Religion says.* See *Luke,* XVII, 21.

29. *as I have said,* etc., in *The Study of Celtic Literature* (1867).

310. *a.* 3. *"to promote the kingdom of God,"* etc. Cf. the 34th of Bishop Wilson's Sermons (*Works,* ed. 1782, II, 221).

24. *Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison.* John Bright (1811-1889), as the representative in Parlia-

ment of the middle-class manufacturing district of Birmingham, and Frederic Harrison (1831-1922), as the exponent of English Positivism, stood for the current depreciation of culture which Arnold here deplores.

b. 6. *Jeremiahs,* prophets of complaint. Arnold himself was sometimes dubbed an "elegant Jeremiah." Cf. the Biblical books of *Jeremiah* and *Lamentations.*

33. *Mr. Roebuck,* John Arthur (1802-1879), member of Parliament for Sheffield. Arnold refers to his previous quotations (in "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time") from one of Roebuck's speeches lauding the material prosperity of England.

311. *a.* 57. *the Philistines,* Arnold's pet term for the materialistic middle-class Englishmen. The term first gained currency in Germany and was used before Arnold by Goethe, Heine, and Carlyle. The original Philistines were a piratical people who forced their way into the Canaanitish settlements in Palestine. The German student applies the term "Philister" to one outside the student class and hostile to it.

b. 39. *among the sheep.* See *Matthew,* XXV, 32-3.

312. *a.* 2. *"Bodily exercise,"* etc. See *I Timothy,* IV, 8.

5. *the utilitarian Franklin says,* in the first of his "Rules of Health," in *Poor Richard's Almanac,* 1742 (slightly misquoted).

16. *"It is a sign,"* etc. Chapter XLI of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, Greek Stoic philosopher (1st cent. A. D.).

36. *Battle of the Books,* an allegory (pub. 1704) presenting the quarrel between the partizans of ancient and modern literature. Using the Bee to symbolize the ancients and the Spider the moderns, Swift, siding with the ancients, makes the spokesman of the bees say: "Instead of dirt and poison we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."

b. 29. *till we all come,* etc. See *Ephesians,* IV, 13.

313. *a.* 31. *Abelard,* Pierre (1079-1142), the brilliant and popular teacher of Paris, whose romantic passion for Héloise has entered so prominently into literature.

35. *Lessing and Herder,* G. E. Lessing (1729-1781) and G. J. von Herder (1744-1803), German critics influential in the re-creation of German literature.

51. *With St. Augustine,* in the *Confessions,* Bk. XIII, chap. xviii.

MORALITY AND RELIGION

From Chapter I ("Religion Given") of *Literature and Dogma* (1873). This essay represents Arnold's treatment of the third important type of subject-matter which he handled, theology and religion.

314. *b.* 26. *Professor Huxley.* Thomas H. Huxley was a member of the London School Board, 1870-72.

315. *a.* 45. *Protagoras,* the celebrated Greek Sophist (5th cent. B. C.).

49. *Mr. Jowett,* Benjamin (1817-1893), English Greek scholar and translator of Plato.

b. 7. *M. Littré,* Maximilien P. E. Littré (1801-81), French philologist and philosopher, the chief exponent on the death of Comte of the Positivist philosophy of the "Comtists," so called from the doctrines of Auguste Comte (1798-1857).

55. *Bishop Wilson.* See note to p. 308 (b. 18).

317. *a.* 26. *says Quintilian,* a celebrated Roman rhetorician (1st cent. A. D.).

THACKERAY: TUNBRIDGE TOYS

This well-known personal essay originally appeared as No. 7 of the "Roundabout Papers" which Thackeray contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* from 1860 to 1863. The essay was written at Tunbridge Wells, a famous watering-place in the south of England; hence the title, "Tunbridge Toys" (or "Trifles").

320. *a.* 26. *hardbake,* candy made of sugar or molasses and almonds.

36. *"Little Warbler,"* possibly a musical toy.

b. 1. *Butt Major,* i.e., the elder of two boys who happened to have the same name, the younger being styled "minor."

10. *bull's eyes,* marbles.

16. *form,* class at school.

18. *screw,* sharp bargainer.

321. *a.* 2. *That term.* Thackeray was at the Charterhouse School in London from 1822 to 1828.

44. *Eutropius,* Latin author of a brief history of Rome (fl. 4th cent. A. D.).

54. *toffy,* taffy.

b. 6. *Bartlemytide,* or Bartholomew tide, the season of the church festival of St. Bartholomew (August 24).

9. *"Bolt-in-Tun,"* the inn which was the starting-place of the coach.

322. *a.* 56. *Mr. Sala,* George Augustus (1828-1895), English journalist and novelist.

b. 7. *Tyburn,* a former well-known place of execution in London.

15. *stumps,* in cricket, the three upright stakes making the wicket.

24. *Valancour,* a character in one of the popular and sensational "Gothic Romances," *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), by Mrs. Anne Radcliffe.

24. *Manfroni.* See the full title in the next paragraph. Apparently a prominent character in a tale similar to the *Mysteries of Udolpho.*

26. *Thaddeus of Warsaw,* the hero of a romantic novel so entitled, by Jane Porter (1803).

29. *Corinthian Tom—Jerry Hawthorn,* characters in a very popular tale called *Life in London,* by Pierce Egan, published, beginning in 1821, in monthly numbers selling for a shilling. "Hessians" were high boots, so named from the Hessian soldiers who wore them.

44. *Pantiles.* The use of flat paving tiles in the public plaza or "parade" of Tunbridge gave rise to this name.

49. *lecture on George II,* by Thackeray, who gave a series entitled *The Four Georges* in America (1855-6). They were later reprinted in the *Cornhill Magazine* (July to Oct., 1860).

HUXLEY: IMPROVING NATURAL KNOWLEDGE

This characteristic example of the scientific essay, originally delivered as a lecture in London in 1866, was published in *Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews* (1870).

323. *b.* 3. *the very spot,* St. Martin's Borough Hall and Public Library, near Trafalgar Square.

8. *The History of the Plague Year.* Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* was published in 1722.

324. *a.* 19. *Rochesters and Sedleys.* John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester (1648-1680) and Sir Charles Sedley (1639-1701) were noted alike for their profligacy and wit.

25. *Laud,* the Archbishop of Canterbury (1573-1645), a staunch loyalist and high churchman.

54. *venae lacteae,* "lacteal veins."

b. 3. *selenography,* scientific study of the moon.

9. *Torricellian experiment,* that by which the principle of the barometer was discovered by the Italian scientist, Torricelli, in 1643.

23. *Dr. Wallis,* John (1616-1703), one of the first members of the Royal Society and the greatest of Newton's predecessors as a mathematician.

43. *a charter.* The charter was granted in 1662, though the Society was organized in 1660.

325. *a.* 5. *Newton,* Sir Isaac (1642-1721), who was elected to the Society in 1672 and published his *Principia Philosophiae Naturalis* in 1687.

7. *Philosophical Transactions,* the publications of the Royal Society.

32. *Vesalius,* a noted Belgian anatomist (1514-1564).

32. *Harvey,* William (1578-1657), English anatomist and physician, discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

55. *"writ in water."* John Keats's request that his epitaph be "Here lies one whose name was writ in water" was complied with by inscribing these words on his tomb in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome.

58. *the noble first President,* Lord William Brouncker (1620-1684).

b. 25. *revenant,* ghost.

44. *Mr. Hooke,* Robert (1635-1703), mathematician and inventor.

326. *a.* 9. *Boyle,* Robert (1627-1691), chemist and natural philosopher, noted for his discovery of "Boyle's law" of the elasticity of the air.

9. *Evelyn.* See p. 120.

327. *b.* 42. *"When in heaven,"* etc. From Tennyson's *Specimens of a Translation of the Iliad in Blank Verse.*

328. *a.* 54. *"increasing God's honour,"* etc. Bacon's declaration of his purpose in writing the *Advancement of Learning* (1605).

329. *a.* 4. *Count Rumford.* Benjamin Thompson (1753-1814), who was born and educated in America, migrated to England at the time of the Revolution and became an eminent scientist, was made a Count by the Holy Roman Empire, and chose the name Rumford from the town in New Hampshire where he had taught. In 1798 he reported to the Royal Society his *Enquiry concerning the Source of Heat excited by Friction.*

38. *eccentric,* moving around a center other than the main one.

JEFFERIES: THE JULY GRASS

From *Field and Hedgerow* (1889), a collection of Jeffries' essays from various periodicals made by his widow; an example of that rare union of the scientist and poet which makes Jefferies the master of poetic nature essayists.

330. *b.* 32. *bennet,* grass-stalk.

331. *a.* 41. *bird's-foot lotus,* also called the bird's foot trefoil, a yellow leguminous plant.

b. 1. *awns,* barbed appendages, "beards."

15. *allied to sleep and poison.* Opium is obtained from the poppy.

31. *the Normans,* i.e., the invaders.

332. *a.* 12. *panicle,* a pyramidal loosely branched flower cluster.

STEVENSON

All three of Stevenson's essays here printed are from his first book of essays, *Virginibus Puerisque* ("For Girls and Boys"; pub. 1881), which has been called "a layman's contribution to a philosophy of youth." In Stevenson's "Dedication" to W. E. Henley, the author says: "I began to write these papers with a definite end: I was to be the *Advocatus,* not I hope *Diaboli,* but *Juventutis;* I was to state temperately the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age." He hoped to call the collection *Life at Twenty-five.* But the "ruddy convictions" of youth deserted him, and so he adds: "A good part of the volume would answer to the long-projected title; but the shadows of the prison-house are on the rest."

A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS

First published in the *Lond. Mag.,* April 27, 1878.

332. *a.* 27. *burgess-warren,* a facetious term for "town."

34. *cresset,* fire-basket.

44. *vagabond Pharos,* traveling light-house; an allusion to the light-house of white marble built in the 3rd century B. C. on the island of Pharos off Alexandria, Egypt.

b. 5. *cit,* citizen.

6. *occult from guidance,* invisible, and hence incapable of being guided. "Kennels" are gutters.

20. *coxcomb,* head.

39. *Prometheus,* the bringer of fire from heaven to mankind.

333. *a.* 31. *apotheosis,* deification.

39. *from the Alexandria to the Crystal Palace,* a distance of about 12 miles from the north to the south of London.

40. *Fiat Lux,* "Let there be light" (*Gen.,* I, 3).

43. *Hampstead Hill,* or Heath, about 4 miles from Charing Cross, in the north-west of London.

48. *all the evening street lamps,* etc. Cf. *Job,* XXXVIII, 7: "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

51. *the experiment in Pall Mall,* perhaps a reference to the lighting of the Junior Carlton Club in Sept., 1881.

56. *Thirlmere,* the lake from which Manchester derives its water supply and whose beauty it was feared would be destroyed by this use. Compare the similar objection to the projected railway in this same district voiced effectually by Ruskin in his protest entitled "The Extension of Railways in the Lake District" (1876).

b. 11. *Figaro,* a satirical Parisian journal. The "urban star" was probably an arc-lamp.

23. *fishing the profound heaven,* an allusion to Franklin's experiments with kites to determine the nature of lightning.

26. *levin,* lightning.

32. *Terror that Flieth.* Cf. Psalm XCI, 5.

AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS

First published in the *Cornhill Mag.,* July, 1877. "Apology" is used in the sense of "Defense."

333. *b.* 49. *Boswell.* See Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* anno 1769 (Oxford ed., I, 397).

56. *lèse-respectability,* breach of respectability.

334. *a.* 4. *gasconade,* bragging. The people of Gascony were reputed great boasters.

24. *Alexander—Diogenes.* The Greek Cynic philosopher Diogenes (a contemporary of Alexander the Great) was noted for his caustic language and disregard for high and low.

44. *sent to Coventry,* ostracized. The phrase is of unknown origin.

b. 2. *Lord Macaulay.* Macaulay's brilliance won him many honors, among them a remunerative fellowship at Cambridge.

6. *a shot in the locker.* As a war-vessel may be without any shot left in the shot-locker, so may a man be without money. Cf. the proverb, "Never despair while there's a shot in the locker."

25. *Lady of Shalott,* the heroine of Tennyson's poem of that name.

40. *Emphyteusis,* a contract by which the right is granted to the enjoyment of land under certain conditions.

41. *stillicide,* the dripping of rain-water from the eaves.

335. *b.* 1. *Sainte-Beuve,* Charles Augustin (1804-1869), French literary critic.

336. *a.* 5. *Belvedere,* in Italian architecture, a building commanding a fine view, such as the celebrated one north of the Vatican, whence the Apollo Belvedere received its name.

336. *a.* 11. *sublunary,* earthly ("under the moon").

16. *plangent,* resounding.

23. *telling his tale.* Cf. Milton's *L'Allegro,* 67-8.

b. 15. *breeched,* put in breeches.

55. *Colonel Newcome,* the hero of Thackeray's novel, *The Newcomes* (1854-5).

56. *Fred Bayham—Mr. Barnes,* two characters in *The Newcomes.*

337. *a.* 2. *Falstaff,* Shakespeare's most famous comic character, in *I* and *II Henry IV.*

4. *Barabbases.* See *Matthew,* XXVII, 16-26.

7. *Northcote,* James (1746-1831), a painter, some of whose "Conversations" Hazlitt published in 1830.

28. *like the quality of mercy.* Cf. the *Mer. of Ven.,* IV, i, 184.

b. 5. *forty-seventh proposition,* in Euclid.

33. *Circumlocution Office,* a system of red tape. The term originated with Dickens in his novel *Little Dorrit* (1855-7).

57. *Sir Thomas Lucy.* See p. 287 (*b.* 27) and note thereto.

338. *a.* 17. *Atlas,* who always had the "burden of the World" upon his shoulders.

24. *Pharaoh,* probably Ramses II (1348-1281 B. C.), an indefatigable builder, considered to be the "Pharaoh of the Oppression."

AES TRIPLEX

First published in the *Cornhill Magazine,* April, 1878. The title means "Triple Bronze" and is taken from a passage in Horace (*Odes,* I, iii, 9-11) reading, "He was armed with oak and triple bronze who first entrusted a frail bark to the fierce sea." Particularly in view of the life-long handicap of Stevenson's ill-health, the courageous tone of this essay makes it perhaps the most cherished of all philosophic essays in English.

338. *b.* 11. *dule trees,* or "dool" trees; mourning trees; a name applied in Scotland to trees beneath which the clan assembled to lament its dead.

339. *a.* 4. *maceration,* loss of flesh through fasting.

16. *squib,* fire-cracker.

19. *petards,* bombs formerly used to blow up walls.

30. *blue—peter—truck.* To indicate that she is ready to sail, a merchant vessel flies at her masthead a blue flag with a white square in the center.

b. 7. *Balaclava,* the scene of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" in the Crimean War.

12. *Curtius.* In 362 B. C., according to legend, Marcus Curtius leaped into a chasm which had opened in Rome, in harmony with the declaration of the soothsayers that only thus could it be closed.

22. *the Derby,* the great English horse-racing meet held commonly about the end of May.

25. *Caligula,* Emperor of Rome (37-41 A. D.), noted for his vanity and cruelty. The bridge alluded to ran from Puteoli to Baiae, a distance of 3 miles.

29. *Praetorian,* Death.

53. *martinet,* a strict disciplinarian.

340. *a.* 11. *Omar Khayyamm,* the Persian poet who lived about 1100, famous through Edward Fitzgerald's translation of his *Rubaiyat.*

b. 26. *the Commander's statue.* Don Juan, the hero of a Spanish romance who had murdered the Commandant Ulloa, jeered at the statue of the dead man, which forthwith descended from its pedestal and carried him off to Hell.

48. *bag's end, cul de sac,* or "blind alley."

56. *bath-chair,* invalid's chair, so named from its use at Bath, England.

341. *a.* 6. *our respected lexicographer,* Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, at the age of 64 made the tour of Scotland and the Hebrides described in Boswell's *Life.*

31. *that eminent chemist,* probably Dr. Joseph Black (1728-1799), professor of chemistry at Edinburgh. For the unique manner of his life and death, see Thomson's *Hist. of Chemistry,* I, 333.

b. 10. *mimouthed,* "Reserved in discourse, implying affectation of modesty." (*Cent. Dict.*)

19. *Nelson,* Admiral, victor in the battle of the Nile (1798), to whom this or a similar exclamation is attributed just before one of his battles.

36. *Thackeray and Dickens,* who both left works unfinished at their deaths (Thackeray, *Denis Duval* and Dickens, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*). Stevenson himself died with *The Weir of Hermiston* in fragmentary form.

342. *a.* 26. *whom the gods love die young,* attributed to Menander.

36. *trailing with him clouds of glory,* a reminiscence of Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality,* 64-5.

PATER: STYLE

First published in the *Fortnightly Review* for Dec. 1, 1888, and copied by the *Living Age* for Jan., 1889. Pater then used it as an introduction to his *Appreciations* (1889).

342. *b.* 9. *a priori,* presumptively, without examination.

17. *Bacon,* etc. For Bacon, Carlyle, Cicero, Newman, Sir Thomas Browne, Milton, and Taylor, see the representative selections in this volume. Titus Livius (59 B. C.-17 A. D.) was the greatest of Roman historians; Plato (4th cent. B. C.), the great Greek philosopher; Jules Michelet (1798-1874), the French historian and man of letters.

41. *Lycidas,* pastoral elegy by John Milton (1638).

50. *Dryden.* See p. 123.

343. *a.* 22. *dichotomy,* division into two parts.

24. *De Quincey.* Thomas De Quincey (see p. 270) wrote an essay entitled "Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power."

49. *Pascal,* Blaise (1623-1662), French philosopher and man of letters, best known for his *Pensées* (1670).

b. 28. *Gibbon,* Edward (1737-1794), English historian, author of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776-88).

30. *Tacitus,* Cornelius (1st cent. A. D.), noted Roman historian and orator.

344. *b.* 51. *neology,* new coinage in diction.

345. *a.* 20. *le cuistre,* "the pedantic fellow."

b. 3. *by Wordsworth.* Cf. the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads,* p. 257.

346. *a.* 2. *Montaigne.* See p. 62.

14. *ascêsis,* a Greek word (transliterated) meaning "training."

32. *Esmond,* the historical novel, *Henry Esmond* (1852) by W. M. Thackeray.

33. *Newman's Idea of a University.* See p. 295.

47. *Schiller,* Johann Christoph Friedrich von (1759-1805), the well-known German dramatist, poet, and critic.

b. 11. *Madame Bovary,* a realistic novel by the French writer, Gustave Flaubert (1821-80).

12. *Le Rouge et Le Noir,* a novel by the French writer Marie Henri Beyle (1783-1842), who used the pseudonym "de Stendhal."

39. *Michelangelo,* Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), the famous all-round Italian artist of the Renaissance (sculptor, painter, poet, architect).

347. *a.* 46. *Dean Mansel,* Henry L. Mansel (1820-71), English philosopher, dean of St. Paul's.

348. *a.* 23. *ante-penultimate,* the second from the last.

48. *Blake,* William (1757-1827), the English poet.

b. 26. *Swedenborg,* Emanuel (1688-1772), Swedish theosophist.

26. *Tracts for the Times,* a series of 90 pamphlets, published at Oxford between 1833 and 1841 and representing one stage in the movement known as the "Oxford Movement."

349. *a.* 19. *a series of letters.* Flaubert's letters to Madame X (Madame Colet) were written during the latter half of the year 1846.

53. *cultus,* cult.

b. 37. *a sympathetic commentator,* Guy de Maupassant, in his introduction to the *Lettres de Gustave Flaubert à George Sand* (1884).

350. *b.* 36. *ennuis,* vexations.

351. *a.* 12. *Buffon,* the Comte de (1707-1788), a French naturalist, best known in the literary world for his *Discours sur le Style* (1853).

b. 16. *Scott's facility.* Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) was an unusually fluent writer.

44. *Les Miserables,* the famous novel by Victor Hugo (1802-1885).

352. *a.* 17. *Raphael,* Raffaello Santi (1483-1520), the celebrated Italian painter.

38. *Flaubert's commentator,* Guy de Maupassant.

b. 5. *Bach,* Johann Sebastian (1685-1750), the celebrated German musician.

BIRRELL: BOOK-BUYING

From *Obiter Dictæ: Second Series* (1888).

353. *a.* 16. *Gladstone,* William Ewart (1809-1898), who, from 1832 till his death, was intimately connected with the political life of England, but was always interested in literature likewise.

21. *a sound though surly critic,* William Hazlitt.

39. *Mark Pattison,* the English critic (1813-1884), rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

53. *arguments a priori,* arguments based on only a slight examination of the facts.

b. 17. *bonnes fortunes,* good chances.

19. *Primrose Hill,* an eminence north of Regent's Park, London, where duels used to be fought.

37. *Mudie's.* Chas. E. Mudie (1818-1890), an English bookseller, founded Mudie's Library (1842), the largest circulating library in London.

37. *Lord Beaconsfield's novel,* the novel by Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1804-1881), entitled *Endymion* (1880).

56. *Brontë books,* those by the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë (1st half of the 19th cent.).

57. *Torquay,* a watering-place in Devonshire, England.

354. *b.* 9. *Lycidas.* The references to Lycidas in this paragraph are allusions to the ideal friendship celebrated in Milton's elegy of *Lycidas* (1638).

16. *Sir Philip Sydney.* See p. 58.

16. *Henry Vaughan,* the English devotional poet (1622?-1695).

MEYNELL: THE COLOUR OF LIFE

From *The Colour of Life and Other Essays* (1896).

355. *a.* 27. *chapeau melon,* the "melon hat" or derby.

49. *Serpentine,* an irregular-shaped artificial body of water in Hyde Park, London.

b. 7. *Eleonora Duse,* the famous Italian actress (1859-1924).

19. *Cockney accent,* that of the Londoner born "within the sound of Bow bells."

37. *Mr. Pecksniff,* a canting hypocrite in Charles Dickens's novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-4).

356. *b.* 4. *Robespierre,* Maximilien de (1758-1794), the French revolutionist, who was guillotined.

14. *Olympe de Gouges,* Marie-Olympe Gouze (1748-1793), French woman of letters and heroine of the French Revolution. She was condemned to death at the instance of Robespierre when she defended Louis XVI.

IRVING: THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

The introductory sketch of *The Sketch Book* (1819-20).

358. *a.* 15. *Lyly's Euphues,* the novel by John Lyly (1579), one of whose characteristics was such allusions to pseudo-natural history as Irving here quotes.

b. 4. *terra incognita,* unknown land.

359. *b.* 22. *cascade of Terni,* the Falls of the Velino near the town of Terni, 47 miles northeast of Rome.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL

From the collection entitled *Bracebridge Hall* (1822). The original of the building itself was Aston Hall, near Birmingham.

360. *a.* 10. *humourist,* one with peculiar likes and dislikes.

b. 57. *glaréd,* shining.

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN

This character essay, unique for its emphasis on a character never described, is from *Bracebridge Hall* (1822).

Motto, from *Hamlet,* I, i, 127.

361. *a.* 13. *Derby,* the capital of Derbyshire, a short distance northeast of Stratford.

51. *pattens,* wooden shoes or clogs.

b. 9. *gigs.* A gig is a light, two-wheeled carriage drawn by one horse.

16. *upper Benjamin,* an obsolete or slang term for a kind of man's overcoat.

363. *a.* 6. *slammerkin,* a slovenly female.

28. *Hunt,* Leigh, who was a Radical in politics. See. p. 211.

364. *a.* 9. *Belcher handkerchiefs,* parti-colored handkerchiefs worn about the neck, so called from Jim Belcher, a pugilist.

12. *Highgate,* on the outskirts of London, formerly notorious for a sort of mock pilgrimage made to it for the purpose of "swearing on the horns" (of rams' heads) that the pilgrim would not kiss the maid when he could kiss the mistress, etc. Cf. Byron's *Childe Harold,* Canto I.

21. *negus,* "a beverage of wine, hot water, sugar, nutmeg and lemon juice;—so called, it is said, from its first maker, Colonel Francis Negus (d. 1732)."—*Webster's Int. Dict.*

365. *a.* 2. *cabbaged.* To "cabbage" is "to grow to a head like cabbage or lettuce."

AUDUBON: THE WOOD THRUSH

From the *Ornithological Biography* (1831-9).

EMERSON: SELF-RELIANCE

From *Essays: First Series* (1841). The essay was compiled from passages in various lectures delivered in 1836-7 and 1838-9. The essay was preceded by a page of three mottos: "Ne te quaesiveris extra" (Do not seek beyond thyself); six lines from the Epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune;* and the quatrain by Emerson entitled "Power."

366. *b.* 12. *an eminent painter,* possibly Washington Allston (1779-1843), who had published *The Sylphs of the Seasons* (1813) and other poems.

367. *b.* 24. *éclat,* ostentation.

27. *Lethe,* forgetfulness; in Greek mythology, the river in Hades, the drinking of whose water caused forgetfulness of the past.

368. *a.* 30. *last news from Barbadoes,* in the West Indies, which had a large negro population and where slavery still existed.

369. *b.* 15. *mow,* to make grimaces.

39. *Joseph.* See *Gen.,* XXXIX, 7-12.

370. *a.* 7. *acrostic.* Emerson probably had in mind the palindrome, which is a word, phrase, or sentence reading the same from either end, as "Hannah," "Madam, I'm Adam," or "Lewd did I live, & evil I did dwel."

b. 11. *gazetted,* published.

371. *a.* 14. *popular fable.* See the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew.* The story is also found in the *Arabian Nights,* in the tale entitled "Abou Hassan, or the Sleeper Awakened."

33. *Alfred—Scanderbeg—Gustavus,* King Alfred the Great of England; Scanderbeg or Iskander Bey, Albanian savior of his country against the Turks in the 15th century; Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, victor over Russia in the Thirty Years' War.

b. 5. *parallax,* a technical astronomical term involving the calculation of distance between heavenly bodies. If a star has no parallax, it is too remote for its distance from the earth to be calculated.

373. *b.* 37. *Thor and Woden,* ancient Scandinavian gods, from whose names come the modern English "Thursday" and "Wednesday."

374. *a.* 28. *antinomianism,* the belief that the moral law is useless, since faith alone is necessary to salvation.

b. 41. *Stoic.* See note to p. 299 (*a.* 54).

375. *a.* 28. *Fletcher's Bonduca,* a play attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher (1616), but probably by Fletcher and Nath. Field. Cf. Act III, sc. i., for the quotation.

59. *Zoroaster,* or Zarathustra, the Persian prophet (fl. c. 1000 B.C.), the traditional founder of the dualistic religion of Zoroastrianism.

b. 4. *"Let God,"* etc. See *Exodus,* XX, 19.

8. *Locke.* See p. 124. Transcendentalism was largely the outcome of the revolt against Locke's type of philosophy.

8. *Lavoisier,* Antoine (1743-1794), celebrated French chemist.

8. *Hutton,* Charles (1737-1823), English mathematician, or James Hutton (1726-1797), Scotch geologist.

8. *Bentham,* Jeremy (1745-1832), English philosopher.

9. *Fourier,* François Marie Charles (1772-1837), French socialist, whose communistic system inspired the Brook Farm movement.

24. *Swedenborgism,* the doctrine of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), Swedish philosopher and religious writer to whom Emerson devoted a lecture, included in his *Representative Men* (1850).

376. *b.* 32. *Phidias,* the famous Greek sculptor of the 5th century B. C.

377. *a.* 44. *Plutarch.* See p. 42. His *Lives* included treatments of the four Greeks mentioned below, the first of whom was a general, the others philosophers.

54. *Hudson,* etc. Henry Hudson (fl. 1600) and Vitus Behring (fl. 1700) were English and Danish navigators respectively; Sir Wm. E. Parry and Sir John Franklin were both English arctic navigators of the early 19th century.

b. 15. *Les Cases,* Count Emmanuel de Las Cases (1766-1842), French patrician devoted to Napoleon, whose life at Saint Helena he published as the *Mémorial de Sainte Helène.*

55. *Caliph Ali,* the son-in-law of Mohammed, 4th Arabian caliph (7th cent.).

GIFTS

From *Essays: Second Series* (1844). Originally contributed to the *Dial.*

378. *b.* 2. *go into chancery.* To be "in chancery" is to be in a helpless state, as an estate that has to be closed up in the courts.

21. *cocker,* fondle or coddle.

34. *commodities,* articles of commerce.

41. *pertinences,* appropriate occasions.

379. *a.* 45. *"Brother,"* etc., the counsel of Epimetheus to his brother Prometheus. See Hesiod, *Works and Days,* viii, 5-8.

b. 21. *Timons.* See Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens.* Timon was unwisely prodigal of his gifts.

36. *Buddhist.* This is one of many evidences of Emerson's admiration of Buddhism.

380. *a.* 24. *likeness,* i.e., real community of feelings and tastes.

MONTAIGNE

From the essay so named, in *Representative Men* (1850).

380. *b.* 25. *factitious,* false or superficial.

38. *Que scais je?,* "What do I know?"—the proverbial designation for the skepticism of Montaigne.

40. *old Poz,* a character in one of the books of Maria Edgeworth, one who was positive about everything.

THOREAU: WHERE I LIVED

Chapter II of *Walden; or, Life in the Woods* (1854).

381. *b.* 15. *the village,* Concord, Mass.

382. *a.* 7. *"I am monarch,"* etc., from Wm. Cowper's poem on Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. Thoreau quotes these lines for the sake of a punning allusion to his occupation of surveyor of land.

b. 13. *De Re Rustica,* or *De Agri Cultura* ("On Agriculture"), by Marcus Porcius Cato (the Elder), 234-149 B. C.

36. *my abode,* the site of which is marked now by a great cairn of stones, a short distance from the north shore of the Pond, contributed by pilgrims to the spot.

383. *a.* 26. *Harivansa,* a long Sanscrit poem.

384. *a.* 8. *Damodara,* a demi-god in Hindu poetry.

b. 4. *Homer's requiem,* etc. The subjects of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are respectively the "wrath of Achilles" and the wanderings of Odysseus.

8. *a standing advertisement,* etc., alluding to the newspaper practice of using the abbreviation "t f" to indicate that an advertisement was to be run "till forbidden."

39. *Vedas,* the most ancient sacred literature of the Hindus, comprising over 100 books.

43. *like Memnon,* the celebrated colossal statue of King Amenophis III, near Thebes, Egypt, called by the Greeks the statue of Memnon (son of Aurora), from its supposed property of emitting musical sounds at sunrise.

385. *a.* 54. *"glorify God,"* etc., from the *Westminster Confession of Faith* (1648).

56. *the fable,* which relates that Zeus, in order to repopulate a plague-smitten island, turned ants into men.

57. *like pygmies.* See the *Iliad,* III, 3-7.

b. 2. *clout,* patch.

19. *dead reckoning,* the method of calculating a ship's position (as in cloudy weather) without celestial observations.

25. *a German Confederacy.* The German Confederation lasted from 1815 to 1848, when the Revolution broke out. No real union was achieved till the establishment of the Empire in 1870.

58. *sleepers,* railway ties.

386. *a.* 30. *setting the bell,* putting the bell in such a position (mouth upward) that it will ring slowly.

58. *Wachito River,* or Washita River, in the then comparatively wild states of Arkansas and Louisiana.

b. 2. *mammoth cave,* Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, in which are found fish with only rudimentary eyes.

40. *Don Carlos and the Infanta,* etc. On the death of King Ferdinand VII of Spain in 1833, Don Carlos claimed the throne under the Salic Law. But as Ferdinand had abolished the law, his daughter (the Infanta) was recognized as Queen Isabella III. Don Pedro IV was king of Portugal, 1798-1834.

387. *b.* 10. *Brahme,* evidently "Brahma," the Hindu god.

17. *"Milldam,"* known as the gossiping-place of Concord.

57. *meridian shallows,* i.e., the quiet of the noon hour.

388. *a.* 3. *tied to the mast,* alluding to Ulysses's stratagem of sealing his crew's ears with wax and having himself tied fast to the mast, in order that he might hear the song of the sirens as he passed their isle without being lured to danger. See the *Odyssey,* VII.

17. *rocks in place,* i.e., in their original position.

19. *point d'appui,* point of support.

b. 1. *divining-rod,* a rod, commonly of witch-hazel, with two forks, used by some to locate water, oil, or minerals.

HAWTHORNE: AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS

The two portions here given from *Passages from The American Note-Books* (1868), covering the period 1835-53, constitute, essentially, descriptive essays.

A WALK NEAR CONCORD

389. *b.* 43. *Graylock—Wachusett.* Two mountains in Massachusetts, Mt. Graylock being the highest in the state.

POE: THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

Published in *Graham's Mag.,* April, 1846. For the evidence on the complicated question of the actual origin of "The Raven," see the editions of Poe's poems edited by J. H. Whitty and Killis Campbell respectively. Many critics have considered the essay a hoax, while others think it may have *some* basis of truth in Poe's experience.

390. *a.* 51. *Barnaby Rudge,* the novel by Dickens (pub. serially, Jan.-Nov., 1841), whose outcome Poe had foretold in a "prospective" review of May 1, 1841, in Philadelphia *Sat. Eve. Post,* while the tale was only then begun. Poe published a more complete review of the novel in *Graham's Mag.,* Feb., 1842.

53. *Caleb Williams,* the novel by Wm Godwin (1756-1836), pub. 1794.

b. 11. *dénouement,* literally, "untying"—the unraveling or discovery of the plot.

391. *a.* 22. *histrio,* actor.

36. *desideratum,* "thing to be desired."

40. *modus operandi,* "method of operation."

42. *"The Raven,"* published in the *New York Evening Mirror,* Jan. 29, 1845, as well as in several other papers during the same year and later, and in *The Raven, and Other Poems* (1845).

51. *per se,* "in itself."

b. 8. *ceteris paribus,* "other things being equal."

393. *b.* 24. *nonchalance,* "poise" or "indifference."

394. *a.* 26. *climacteric effect,* the effect of crucial importance—the "climax."

b. 5. *has been employed before.* A striking likeness is observable between certain lines of "The Raven" and certain lines of Mrs. Browning's (then Elizabeth Barrett) "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." Poe dedicated his 1845 edition of poems to Elizabeth Barrett.

18. *locale,* the "setting."

57. *Pallas,* or Minerva.

396. *a.* 7. *colloquy,* colloquial diction.

HOLMES: MY LAST WALK

Conclusion of Chapter XI of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (1858). About 25 years before, Holmes had contributed two papers under this title to the *New Eng. Mag.* (Nov., 1831 and Feb., 1832). When the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded in November, 1857, Lowell stipulated that Holmes, who had suggested the name of the magazine, should contribute to it constantly. Holmes's contributions to the first numbers of the magazine were the early papers of the *Autocrat,* in the first of which he referred wittily to his earlier essays in the *New Eng. Mag.* by beginning it, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted——." A thread of narrative runs through the series, but Holmes's own random and witty thoughts are the center of interest.

398. *a.* 4. *the schoolmistress,* one of the "boarders" at the house in Boston where the "Autocrat" is supposed to be living.

b. 19. *two lowest circles,* etc. Dante's Hell, as described in the *Inferno,* is a pit formed of gradually contracting circles, in which the damned suffer horrible punishments according to the enormity of their sins.

399. *a.* 25. *Balzac,* Honoré de (1799-1850), French novelist.

26. *Tupperian wisdom,* an allusion to Martin F. Tupper (1810-1889), author of *Proverbial Philosophy* (1838 ff.), a book of precepts in verse form.

54. *seraglio gardens,* alluding to the closed gardens of Italian and Oriental countries, such as those of the Turkish sultan's seraglio or palace. The Italian "seraglio" ("enclosure") became confused with the Persian "serai" ("palace").

b. 16. *Raphael.* See note to p. **352** (*a.* 17).

18. *The Professor,* another member of the boarding-house group. Cf. the later volumes, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* (1860) and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* (1872).

23. *Public Garden,* immediately adjoining Boston Common on the west.

39. *garden of Luxembourg,* a well-known garden in Paris.

400. *b.* 4. *Ruth.* See the book of *Ruth,* chap. II.

401. *a.* 42. *Gingko-tree,* a handsome Oriental tree with fan-shaped leaves and yellow fruit.

LOWELL: EMERSON THE LECTURER

First published in the *Atl. Mthly.,* Feb., 1861, as a review of Emerson's *The Conduct of Life.* Revised in 1868, it was included in *My Study Windows* (1871). For another view of Emerson, the satirical, see Lowell's *Fable for Critics,* 73-164.

401. *b.* 4. *King Logs.* An allusion to the fable of Æsop relating how the frogs petitioned Jupiter for a king, whereupon he threw them down a log. Weary of King Log, they asked for another king and were sent a stork, which gobbled them up.

29. *Poor Richard,* an allusion to the practical wisdom of Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

30. *Buncombe constituency,* alluding to the episode in the 16th U. S. Congress, when an old mountaineer from a North Carolina district which included Buncombe County insisted on making a speech, saying he was "bound to make a speech for Buncombe."

32. *Plotinus.* See note to p. **218** (*b.* 39).

37. *Vedas.* See note to p. **384** (*b.* 39).

42. *the Over-Soul,* Emerson's essay thus entitled in his *Essays* (1841).

53. *Brahma.* Cf. Emerson's poem thus entitled. Emerson and Thoreau were both interested in Hindu religious thought.

402. *a.* 1. *Montaigne.* See p. 62.

17. *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum,* "Letters of Obscure Men."

28. *Fuller and Browne.* See pages 108 and 106.

34. *Cotton Mather.* See p. 197.

50. *quotha,* archaic for "quoth he" (*quotha* = *quoth'a, 'a* being a corrupted form of *he*).

51. *divining-rod.* See note to p. **388** (*b.* 1).

b. 36. *grand climacteric.* The age of 63 is known as the "grand climacteric" or most critical period of a man's life.

56. *The first lecture.* "During Oct. and Nov. [1868], Mr. Emerson gave a course of 6 lectures in Boston. The subjects were: I, Art; II, Poetry and Criticism; III, Historic Notes of Life and Letters in New England; IV, Leasts and Mosts; V, Hospitality, Homes; VI, Greatness."—*Emerson's Journals* (1914), vol. 10, 262.

403. *a.* 20. *Donne,* John (1573-1631), one of the so-called "metaphysical" school of poets.

27. *consulate of Van Buren,* i.e., during President Martin Van Buren's term of office (1837-41).

b. 19. *vegete,* lively, sprightly.

24. *fugleman,* one who leads by example; in the military sense, a file leader.

26. *Titian's Assumption,* a famous painting of the ascent of the Virgin Mary into Heaven, by the Venetian painter Titian (1477-1576).

39. *"Chevy Chase,"* the old English ballad celebrating a famous Border skirmish.

57. *Beethoven,* Ludwig van (1770-1827), famous Prussian musical composer.

404. *a.* 8. *"Che in la mente,"* etc., from Dante's *Inferno,* canto 15, ll. 82-5:

> "For in my mind is fixed, and touches now
> My heart the dear and good paternal image
> Of you, when in the world from hour to hour
> You taught me how a man becomes eternal."
> —Longfellow.

19. *Wahrheit aus seinem Leben.* Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit aus meinem Leben* ("Poetry and Truth out of My Life") was pub. in 4 parts (1811-31).

40. *Everett,* Edward (1794-1865), American orator and statesman.

41. *Channing,* Wm. Ellery (1780-1842), American Unitarian divine and writer.

42. *Margaret Fuller,* Sarah (1810-1850), editor of the *Dial* (1840-2).

43. *Ripley,* George (1802-1880), the leader of the Brook Farm movement, a communistic experiment operating at West Roxbury, Mass. (1841-7), which was the inspiration for Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance* (1852).

43. *Dwight,* Theodore (1796-1866), American reformer.

43. *Dial,* the literary organ of the New England Transcendentalists (1840-4). Emerson was its editor, 1842-4.

49. *quorum magna pars fui,* "in which things I had a great part," the words of Æneas in Virgil's *Æneid,* II, 6.

b. 20. *caret,* literally "there is wanting"—a gap.

49. *Burns centenary dinner,* held on Jan. 25, 1859.

56. *"My dainty Ariel!"* uttered by the magician Prospero in calling his ministering spirit Ariel in *The Tempest.*

405. *a.* 2. *Sibylline leaves.* See note to p. 83 (*a.* 41).

17. *bema,* "platform." The allusion is to Demosthenes, Athenian orator (4th cent. B. C.).

CURTIS: "OUR BEST SOCIETY"

No. 1 of *The Potiphar Papers* (1856), published separately (1850-56), "Our Best Society" often being printed as a separate volume. The influence of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (1847-8) is observable in the series.

405. *a.* 51. *objets de vertu,* rare and costly objects, such as paintings, gems, and porcelain articles.

b. 21. *Disraeli's Wellington speech.* The Duke of Wellington, victor over Napoleon at Waterloo, died in 1852 and was given an elaborate funeral. Cf. Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

27. *Kossuth,* etc. Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, visited the U. S. in 1851 agitating against Austrian domination; Giuseppi Mazzini, the Italian revolutionist, had been defending the Roman republic with an army of 50,000 men; the Russo-Turkish War opened in 1853; the Second Empire was established in France in 1852 (*redivivus* = revived); Cuba had insurrections of slaves in 1844 and 1848; Texas was annexed in 1845; the Fugitive Slave Law was passed in 1850; California was admitted to the Union in 1850, having been ceded to the U. S. in 1848; and the provinces of Australia were granted the power to draft their own constitutions in 1850.

55. *Zeno.* See note to p. **102** (*a.* 44).

406. *b.* 16. *Sybarite luxury,* alluding to Sybaris, a Greek city in southern Italy, whose inhabitants were devoted to luxury and ease.

38. *Burke.* See p. 194.

39. *Pope,* Alexander (1688-1744), the English poet.

44. *Helen,* Helen of Troy (wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta), whose theft by Paris caused the Trojan War.

407. *a.* 7. *Percy,* Sir Henry ("Hotspur"), 1364-1403, slain at Shrewsbury in the rebellion against Henry IV. See Shakespeare's *II Henry IV.*

7. *Colonna.* Curtis may allude to any of several members of the distinguished Italian family of the Middle Ages, including Pope Martin V (d. 1431) and Vittoria Colonna (1490-1547), the poetess.

7. *Bonaparte,* Napoleon I of France (1769-1821).

42. *corps de ballet,* a company of ballet dancers attached to a theatre.

b. 10. *redowa,* a slow waltz of Bohemian origin.

409. *a.* 33. *Procrustes bed,* alluding to the bed of the legendary Greek highwayman who made his victims fit it by stretching their legs or cutting them off, as the case required.

b. 10. *Pendennis friends,* alluding to Thackeray's novel, *The History of Pendennis* (1849-50).

23. *the cloth,* the preachers.

37. *Amelia.* This and the other names in this sentence are names of characters in *Vanity Fair,* by Thackeray.

410. *a.* 6. *Couture,* Thomas (1815-1879), French painter.

DANA: THE DEATH OF ROSCOE CONKLING

The leading editorial in the *New York Sun* for April 18, 1888, the day of Conkling's death.

410. *b.* 1. *Roscoe Conkling,* Roscoe Conkling was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1830; was admitted to the bar, 1850; was Republican Congressman, 1858, 1860, 1864, and 1866; was U. S. Senator from N. Y. 1867-81. He declined a seat on the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court in 1882.

45. *Senator Fenton,* Reuben E. (1819-1885), Republican U. S. Senator from N. Y. 1869-75.

411. *a.* 51. *gambling scheme of Black Friday,* alluding to the attempt of Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr. to gain control of the gold market of the country, causing an excitement that was at its height on Friday, Sept. 24, 1869.

BURROUGHS: LEAVES OF GRASS

From *Notes on Walt Whitman, as Poet and Person* (1867), which was followed many years later by *Whitman, a Study* (1896). The 1867 volume is significant as an early defense of a much-maligned poet of the "Natural" by an interpreter of nature equipped with a scientific point of view. The first edition of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* appeared in 1855.

413. *a.* 50. *per se,* in themselves.

415. *a.* 46. *"storm and stress periods."* The so-called "Storm-and-Stress Period" in later 18th century German literature, characterized by a liberation from French literary standards, and an accompanying intellectual convulsion, took its name from Klinger's (1752-1831) drama *Sturm und Drang.* Goethe and Schiller contributed to the movement.

MUIR: THE SIERRA NEVADA

Chapter I from *The Mountains of California* (1894), first published as a series of articles entitled "Studies in the Sierras" in *Scribner's Monthly* (1878).

416. *a.* 50. *Pacheco Pass,* about 30 miles northeast of San Francisco.

b. 5. *alpenglow,* the re-illumination of the summits of high mountains sometimes observed at sunset after the summits have passed into shadow.

417. *a.* 40. *Libocedrus.* Muir probably alludes to the California white cedar (L. decurrens).

49. *ceanothus,* a large shrub with handsome foliage and showy flowers, most abundant on the Pacific Coast.

49. *manzanita,* a large California shrub or small tree with very crooked limbs of reddish, extremely tough wood.

b. 53. *Quercus Douglasii,* the Douglas oak.

54. *Pinus Sabiniana,* a species of pine.

418. *a.* 22. *hylas,* tree toads or tree frogs.

b. 6. *metamorphic slates,* those exhibiting geological change.

58. *vesicular,* having small cavities.

421. *a.* 28. *bryanthus,* a small variety of alpine shrub, also called Phyllodoce.

29. *zircon,* a mineral, whose transparent varieties are used as gems.

HOWELLS: A DEFENSE OF DECENCY

Chapter XXIV of *Criticism and Fiction* (1892), which is both a criticism of the fiction of others and a summary of Howells's own practice as a novelist.

422. *b.* 52. *Anna Karenina,* the realistic novel by Count Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), Russian socialist and writer.

52. *Madame Bovary,* the realistic novel by Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880), French novelist.

53. *Sappho,* Greek lyric poetess of passionate love (fl. 600 B. C.).

53. *Zola,* Émile (1840-1902), French naturalistic novelist.

55. *Daudet,* Alphonse (1840-1897), French author and journalist.

423. *a.* 8. *Defoe—Richardson—Goldsmith.* Cf. Defoe's *Moll Flanders* (1722), Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* (1748), and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766).

JAMES: THE ART OF FICTION

From "The Art of Fiction," an essay written in 1884 and published in the collection entitled *Partial Portraits* (1888). The essays of both James and Besant are printed together in *Walter Besant and Henry James: The Art of Fiction* (Boston, De Wolfe and Fiske Co.).

423. *b.* 55. *Mr. Walter Besant,* 1836-1901, English romantic novelist of the school of Trollope, who wrote much in collaboration with James Rice. He founded the Society of Authors (1884) and was knighted in 1895. He delivered a lecture on "The Art of Fiction" at the Royal Institution on April 25, 1884.

424. *a.* 29. *the donée,* literally, "that given"; hence, what is assumed as the basis of the plot.

b. 14. *index expurgatorius.* See note to p. **142** (*b.* 35).

20. *Margot le Balafrée,* a romance in 2 vols. by F. Du Boisgobey (1884).

54. *hydropathy,* the water cure for diseases.

54. *Jansenism,* the evangelical doctrines of the Roman Catholic bishop Cornelius Jansen (1585-1638), which were similar to those of Calvinism and directed against the Jesuits.

425. *a.* 16. *Titiknesque,* after the manner of Titian (the Venetian painter), whose work was characterized by "breadth of treatment, realism, and rich but subdued coloring."

22. *Treasure Island,* pub. in 1883.

426. *b.* 52. *Alexandre Dumas,* French romantic novelist and dramatist (1802-1870).

53. *Jane Austen,* English realistic novelist (1775-1817).

54. *Gustave Flaubert.* See note to p. **346** (*b.* 11).

BEEBE: JUNGLE NIGHT

Chapter I of *Jungle Peace* (1918), a collection of essays, most of which had appeared in the *Atl. Mthly.* Beebe's note says: "All the chapters dealing with the jungle relate to Bartica District, British Guiana, except X [A Yard of Jungle], which refers to Pará at the mouth of the Amazon."

433. *a.* 21. *kinkajous.* The kinkajou is a nocturnal, arboreal mammal, native to America from Mexico southward, and capable of being tamed. Beebe speaks of it later on as the "night monkey."

39. *benab,* a temporary shelter made of leaves and branches, supported on a framework of poles.

39. *cassava,* a plant with a fleshy rootstock yielding a nutritious starch, which is used to make tapioca and cassava bread.

434. *a.* 8. *Cinghalese thorn-bush,* in Ceylon.

8. *Himalayan dâks.* Dâk is a native Hindu term meaning transport by relays of men or horses.

9. *Dyak canoes,* those of the aboriginal inhabitants of Borneo, the Dyaks.

435. *a.* 28. *terai jungles of Garhwal.* The "terai" is a swampy lowland belt between the Ganges and the Himalayas in the district of British India known as Garhwal.

29. *Pahang,* a state of the Malay Peninsula.

30. *moras.* The mora is a tree producing tough chestnut-brown wood used in making furniture and building ships.

b. 24. *Mazaruni,* a river in British Guiana.

436. *a.* 8. *batrachians,* amphibians, such as frogs and toads.

b. 8. *Trinidad,* the British West Indian island off Venezuela.

437. *a.* 8. *caladium,* a small Asiatic plant with large tuberous roots.

13. *elater,* designating any of a large family of beetles whose peculiarity is their ability to jump when laid on their backs.

39. *topee,* Hindu for hat or cap, especially a pith hat or helmet.

b. 41. *brockets,* small deer with unbranched horns.

438. a. 5. *paca,* a large rodent allied to the guinea pig.

34. *netsukés,* small objects (of Japanese origin) carved in wood, bone, ivory, or similar material and pierced with holes, to be strung and thus attached to a smoking-pouch or other object carried in a girdle.

47. *crab-jackal,* a small dog-like animal, feeding on carrion and small animals.

b. 35. *spoor,* the track or trail of a wild animal.

38. *pterodactyl,* an extinct flying animal, with short tail and no feathers.

52. *vampires,* designating a kind of bat that sucks the blood of animals, including men.

58. *lianas,* climbing perennial plants with woody stems, of which the grapevine is an example.

439. *a.* 34. *bushmaster,* a large venomous snake.

b. 1. *sahib,* literally "master," the title used by natives of India in addressing, or speaking of, a European gentleman.

18. *bêtes rouges,* "red beasts," troublesome insects.

36. *shikarees,* native Hindu guides or hunters.

440. *a.* 26. *lama,* in Tibet, Mongolia, etc., a priest or monk of the belief termed Lamaism.

b. 5. *Saint Vitus,* in allusion to the nervous disease, St. Vitus's dance, characterized by twitchings.

BEERBOHM: A CLOUD OF PINAFORES

From *More* (1899). The text of 1922 is here used.

441. *a.* 39. *appanage,* adjunct.

52. *aperçus,* glances.

53. *sèvres,* a costly porcelain manufactured at Sèvres, France.

b. 45. *Pre-Raphaelite poets,* a group of English poets, who, joined with other artists, led a movement about 1848 "to encourage fidelity to nature, sincerity, and delicacy of finish, in practical work and in criticism."

46. *Sir Walter Besant.* See note to p. **423** (*b.* 55).

50. *Child's Garden.* Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* (1885).

51. *Child in the House.* Walter Pater's "The Child in the House" was printed first in *Macmillan's Mag.* for Aug., 1878, and published in *Miscellaneous Studies* (1895).

56. *Mr. Walter Crane,* an English painter (*b.* 1845), famous for his illustrations of children's books.

442. *a.* 1. *Sentimental Tommy,* a novel by Sir James Barrie (1896).

3. *Golden Age,* published in 1904.

6. *coral-and-bells,* children's rattles.

10. *flimsies.* "Flimsy" is a newspaper term for thin paper.

11. *Faut être dans le mouvement,* "One must join the Movement."

23. *The Children,* by Alice Meynell, pub. in 1897.

27. *tecnolatry,* child-idolatry; apparently a word coined by the author. (Cf. *tecnology,* "the scientific study of children"—*Ox. Eng. Dict.*).

b. 15. *parmi les jeunissimes,* "among the little ones."

25. *my sole literary output.* The author's early career was devoted mostly to illustrating, his first book being published in 1896.

31. *quiddity,* real essence.

443. *a.* 5. *The Fairchild Family,* a pious children's book by Mary Martha Sherwood (1818).

57. *Struwelpeter,* a children's story by Heinrich Hoffman, known as "Slovenly Peter" in translation.

b. 2. *Little Nell,* the heroine of Dickens's novel, *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840-1).

3. *Paul Dombey,* the young hero of Dickens's novel, *Dombey and Son* (1846-48).

5. *pariahs,* outcasts.

44. *Home Rule.* The Irish Free State became a reality in 1922.

444. *a.* 4. *Rousseau.* See note to p. **217** (*a.* 1).

5. *Marie Bashkirtseff,* Russian painter and diarist (1860-84).

17. *le fin du siècle,* literally, "the end of the century"; hence, as *fin de siècle,* "advanced," "up to date."

BELLOC: A GREAT WIND

From *First and Last* (1911).

445. *a.* 3. *simulacrum,* image.

b. 5. *shingle,* very large gravel.

17. *landfall,* sighting of land when at sea.

CHESTERTON: A DEFENCE OF NONSENSE

From *The Defendant* (1902), a collection of essays employing Chesterton's favorite device of paradox.

446. *a.* 12. *almond-trees.* See p. 38 and note to p. **38** (*a.* 19).

15. *"the heir of all the ages,"* from Tennyson's *Locksley Hall* (1877).

33. *Mr. Edward Lear,* English painter, traveler, and humorist (1812-1888).

40. *Aristophanes,* etc. Cf. *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, the *Pantagruel* of Rabelais, and the *Tristram Shandy* of Sterne.

b. 3. *"Alice in Wonderland,"* by Charles Lutwidge Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), 1832-1898, English mathematician and story-writer.

6. *"Trial of Faithful."* See p. 286 (*b.* 20 ff.).

21. *don,* a Fellow at one of the English universities.

22. *Philistine.* See note to p. 311 (*a.* 57).

447. *a.* 16. *"Jabberwocky,"* in *Through the Looking Glass,* by Lewis Carroll.

448. *a.* 8. *Leviathan,* any huge sea monster. See Psalm CIV, 26.

CROTHERS: EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE

From *The Dame School of Experience, and Other Papers* (1920).

449. *a.* 34. *Frederick the Great,* Frederick II, King of Prussia (1740-1786).

41. *Voltaire,* François Marie Arouet de (1694-1718), the celebrated French philosopher and author.

b. 8. *Elba,* the island off the coast of Tuscany whither Napoleon was exiled after the Treaty of Paris (1814).

16. *two Dromios,* the twin servants of identical appearance in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors.*

48. *Stanley-Livingstone.* Henry M. Stanley (1841-1904) and David Livingstone (1813-1873) were African explorers, the former of whom, as correspondent of the *New York Herald,* found the latter in 1869 in the heart of Africa after he had been absent for a year or more without being heard from.

450. *a.* 21. *supererogation,* the act of doing more than duty requires.

44. *Junius.* See note to p. 250 (*a.* 13).

451. *b.* 50. *"Young men dream dreams,"* etc. See *Joel,* II, 28.

452. *a.* 17. *his lost Atlantis,* etc., alluding to the mythical island of Atlantis in the Atlantic Ocean, said by ancient writers to have been sunk by an earthquake, and to the ideal commonwealth described in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* (see p. 53).

19. *Dogberry,* the stupid constable in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing.*

42. *"And Joseph made haste,"* etc. See *Gen.,* XLIII, 30-31.

b. 1. *as Saint Paul asked.* See *Galatians,* V, 7.

LUCAS: "MY COUSIN THE BOOKBINDER"

Appearing first in the *Cornhill Magazine,* this essay was chosen to head the collection called *Character and Comedy* (1907).

MENCKEN: THE CULT OF HOPE

From *Prejudices: Second Series* (1920). An illustration of the critical essay by one who has been termed "an iconoclast, a critic with whips and scorpions, who does not hesitate to deal with literary, social and political humbugs in the one slashing fashion."

MORE: THE NEW MORALITY

From *Shelburne Essays: Ninth Series* (1915), most of whose contents had previously appeared as separate essays in the *Unpopular Review.*

459. *a.* 44. *"Embrios and idiots,"* etc. See *Par. Lost,* III, 474 and 495.

55. *mistress of Hull House,* Jane Addams (1860-), American settlement worker, who in 1899 opened (with Ellen Gates Starr) the Social Settlement of Hull House, Chicago, of which she has since been head resident. Her *Newer Ideals of Peace* was pub. in 1907, *The Spirit of Youth* in 1910.

460. *a.* 8. *Harry Thaw, alluding* to the killing of Stanford White (1853-1906), American architect, by Harry Thaw, who escaped the death penalty by being declared insane.

19. *pabulum,* nourishment.

27. *this "hollow cave,"* etc., an allusion to the *Fairy Queen,* I, i, 109 ff. In the passage of which stanza 13 is a part Spenser presents allegorically the combat (in the Den of Error) of the Church of England against the flood of scurrilous pamphlets attacking the Church and Queen Elizabeth.

54. *"What shall it profit,"* etc. See *Matthew,* XVI, 26.

b. 1. *"Sell all that thou hast,"* etc. See *Matthew,* XIX, 21.

16. *Michael Angelo's Last Judgment,* a great fresco in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, begun in 1533 and requiring 8 years for its completion.

20. *Henry Vaughan.* See note to p. 474 (*a.* 18).

56. *"lives and speaks aloft,"* etc., from Milton's *Lycidas,* 81-2.

461. *a.* 5. *E 'L PRIMO AMORE,* from Dante's *Inferno,* III, 1-11. These words ("and the primal love") are the conclusion of the inscription.

45. *Warburton of Bolingbroke,* Bishop William Warburton (1698-1779) of Henry Saint-John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751), English statesman and Deist.

b. 11. *Baxter,* Richard (1615-1691), author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest;* a devout nonconformist divine.

12. *Hume.* See p. 173. Hume was a skeptic.

462. *a.* 5. *the philosophies in La Harpe's Lycée.* Jean François de Laharpe (1739-1803) pub. in his *Lycée* the lectures on literature which he delivered in Paris from 1786 on.

15. *Rousseau.* See note to p. 217 (*a.* 1).

15. *Diderot,* Denis (1713-1784), French philosophical writer.

15. *Helvétius,* Claude Adrien (1715-1771), French philosopher and author.

21. *"Les passions,"* etc. Freely: "Checked passions reduce men of genius to a lower level."

23. *Ellen Key,* a Swedish sociological writer (1849-), interested largely in the welfare of women and children.

27. *Toussaint,* François-Vincent (1715-1772), French writer who set forth a scheme of morals independent of any religious belief.

27. *"On aime,"* etc. "One loves both God and his mistress."

33. *économistes,* political economists.

34. *"le despotisme légal,"* legal tyranny.

38. *"le désir du bien public,"* "the desire for public good."

b. 36. *Cessavere—erat.* "The changes of things have ceased—And the stream has flowed not where it was headed before."

463. *b.* 33. *non-sequitur,* literally, "it does not follow"—an inference that does not follow from the premises.

53. *Appian,* a Roman official of the 2nd century A. D. who wrote a history of Rome from the earliest times to those of Augustus.

464. *a.* 36. *judge of Denver,* apparently Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey (1869-), Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colo., since 1901 and an authority on juvenile delinquency.

b. 42. *Lebon,* Joseph (1765-1795), French revolutionist.

45. *Sadism,* sexual perversion, accompanied by cruelty (after Count de Sade, French writer of obscene books).

55. *Congo,* etc. The report of the Belgian commission of inquiry in 1905 showed the existence of widespread evils attending the Belgian occupation of "Belgian Congo" in Africa; Putumayo was the name applied to alleged atrocities in the Putumayo rubber district of Peru reported to the British government in 1911-12; the Balkan States were involved in a disastrous war in 1911-12.

465. *a.* 33. *the "Enlightenment,"* the rationalism of the 18th century.

465. *a.* 38. *anthropomorphism,* representation of a god under human form, with human attributes.

51. *"Errours den."* See the *Fairy Queen,* I, i, 195.

b. 40. *fiat,* decree.

MORLEY: AUTOGENESIS OF A POET

From *Plum Pudding* (1921). The lover of Keats will note how fully the color of Keats's diction saturates the greater part of this essay.

466. *a.* 48. *Autogenesis,* in biology: spontaneous generation.

b. 48. *Heraclitean doctrine.* Heraclitus was a Greek philosopher (fl. 500 B. C.), who taught that the ultimate principle of all things is ethereal fire, and that "nature represents the constant flux and flow of this principle."

467. *a.* 12. *humorous,* i.e., subject to personal whims and fancies.

26. *Yahoo,* greenhorn; from Swift's *Gulliver's Travels,* by change of meaning.

54. *Time stands still withal.* Cf. *As You Like It,* III, ii, 352 ff.

58. *lipwash of Helicon,* i.e., a mere smattering of Greek.

b. 17. *ohne Hast, ohne Rast,* "without haste, without rest"—said of the stars. This was Goethe's motto.

29. *R. L. S.,* Robert Louis Stevenson (see p. 332).

35. *Conan Doyle,* Sir Arthur (1859-), British story-writer, creator of Sherlock Holmes.

36. *Cutcliffe Hyne,* British story-writer (1866-), author of *Adventures of Captain Kettle* (1898).

36. *Anthony Hope,* Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins (1863-), English novelist, author of *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894).

468. *a.* 11. *"that other Eden,"* etc. Cf. *Richard II,* II, i, 42.

29. *Bœotia.* Bœotia was known for the thickness of its atmosphere and the stupidity of its inhabitants.

b. 11. *Pot of Basil,* etc., alluding respectively to Keats's "Isabella or the Pot of Basil," "Endymion," and "The Eve of St. Agnes."

24. *"For I will fly to thee,"* etc., from Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," 31-32.

44. *an Edinburgh Reviewer,* alluding to the harsh treatment accorded to Keats's "Endymion" by J. W. Croker in the *Edin. Rev.* (1818).

47. *"To golden palaces,"* etc., from "Endymion," I, 457.

469. *a.* 36. *"The boisterous midnight,"* etc., from "The Eve of St. Agnes," 260-2.

47. *"so flewed, so sanded,"* etc., from *Mid. Night's Dream,* IV, i, 125.

b. 29. *the blushful Hippocrene.* Cf. Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," II, 6.

470. *a.* 3. *Like Ruth,* etc. Cf. the "Ode to a Nightingale," 66-67.

10. *Parnassus.* See note to p. **176** (*a.* 47).

18. *athenæum.* The original Athenæum was a temple of Athena at Athens, where poets and scholars read their works and students received instruction.

19. *spate,* flood.

b. 3. *Quantock Hills,* in Somersetshire, where Wordsworth and Coleridge planned the *Lyrical Ballads.*

4. *that immortal road,* etc. Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is said to have resulted from a dream experienced by the author in a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Lynton, Devonshire.

REPPLIER: "THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY"

From *Americans and Others* (1912). A particularly deft employment of the old letter essay device in the service of satire.

471. *a.* 56. *Swarthmore,* Swarthmore College, about 10 miles from Philadelphia, was established by the so-called Hicksite Quakers.

b. 38. *Bryn Mawr, Haverford, Chestnut Hill,* all within 10 miles of Philadelphia, the first two being the seats, respectively, of Bryn Mawr College and the (Orthodox Quaker) Haverford College.

43. *Drexel Institute,* a Philadelphia institution founded for "the extension and improvement of industrial education," which provides free lectures, concerts, and evening classes, and contains a fine library, picture gallery, and museum.

SHERMAN: TRADITION

From *Americans* (1922).

472. *b.* 49. *gravelled,* embarrassed or perplexed.

473. *a.* 3. *Mr. Mencken.* See p. 456.

5. *Mary Austin,* American novelist, dramatist, and critic (1868-), who contributed a chapter on "Aboriginal Literature" to the *Camb. Hist. of Amer. Lit.* (1919).

9. *Mr. Untermeyer,* Louis (1885-), American critic, translator, and compiler of several anthologies of verse.

44. *Nares' Glossary,* by the English philologist, Robt. Nares (1753-1829).

42. *Camden's Remains,* by the English antiquarian, Wm. Camden (1551-1623).

48. *Sir Joshua Reynolds.* See note to p. **254** (*a.* 48).

54. *Henry James.* See p. 423.

b. 28. *late Caroline.* The term "Caroline" as here used embraces the period of Charles I of England (1625-49).

29. *Molière,* the French comic dramatist (1623-1673).

41. *"Childe Harold"—imitators.* The "Spenserian imitators" alluded to are Byron, Shelley, Keats, Burns, and James Thomson, respective authors of the poems named, in the order mentioned.

52. *the new spring in Ireland,* the "Irish Renaissance" of poetry and drama.

474. *a.* 18. *Herbert and Vaughan,* George Herbert (1593-1633) and Henry Vaughan (1622-1695), leading English "devotional" poets of the early 17th century.

22. *purple patches,* passages of particular beauty or brilliance (esp. in poetry) that stand out from their comparatively uninspired context.

47. *Angler's Dialogues,* in the *Compleat Angler* (1653).

49. *Kit Marlowe,* Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593), the English poet and dramatist. The song referred to, "Come live with me, and be my love." is quoted, along with Sir Walter Raleigh's (1552-1618) "answer" in Chapter IV of the *Compleat Angler.*

53. *imitators—steam calliope.* Cf. Vachel Lindsay's "The Kalliope Yell."

b. 2. *Piscator,* the "fisherman," one of the interlocutors in the *Compleat Angler.*

24. *Gilbert Canaan.* English critic and novelist (1884-).

475. *a.* 11. *Howells.* See p. 421.

25. *the angler's milkmaid,* who, in chap. IV of the *Compleat Angler,* sings the songs of Marlowe and Raleigh above mentioned.

26. *Mr. Cabell,* James Branch (1879-), American novelist and essayist.

36. *Mr. Waldo Frank,* (1889-), author of *Our America* (1919).

58. *Mr. Huneker,* etc. James G. Huneker (1860-1921), Joel E. Spingarn (1875-), H. L. Mencken (1880-), Ludwig Lewisohn (1882-), Francis Hackett (1883-), Van Wyck Brooks (1886-), Randolph Bourne (1886-1918).

b. 4. *house of Jesse.* Jesse was the father of David.

28. *Messrs. Tarkington and Churchill,* Booth Tarkington (1869-) and Winston Churchill (1871-), American novelists unsympathetic, on the whole, with the "restless impressionists."

53. *the Volstead act,* or "Prohibition Enforcement Act" became a law on Oct. 28, 1919.

476. *a.* 2. *Wiener Schnitzel,* "Vienna cutlet," seasoned veal cutlet originating in Vienna, Austria.

26. *Lares and Penates,* the household gods or tutelary spirits of the Romans.

477. *a.* 12. *"Ask not me,"* etc., from Emerson's translation of the dervish "Song of Seyd Nimetollah of Kuhistan."

SLOSSON: THREE PERIODS OF PROGRESS

Chapter I of *Creative Chemistry* (1919), originating "in a series of articles prepared for *The Independent* in 1917-18 for the purpose of interesting the general reader in the recent achievements of industrial chemistry." (Author's note.)

477. *a.* 44. *Robinson Crusoe,* in the well-known novel by Daniel Defoe (1719).

51. *Wells,* H. G. (1866-). the English author.

b. 23. *troglodyte,* cave dweller.

58. *Æolian harp,* so named from Æolus, the Greek mythic god of the winds.

478. *a.* 2. *Hermes,* the Olympian god, identified by the Romans with Mercury, the herald of the gods.

4. *Athena,* the goddess of wisdom, called Minerva by the Romans

10 *fulgurite,* a tube of vitrified sand, found in sand-banks and sandy soil whose formation is attributed to melting caused by lightning.

10. *concretion,* a mass of mineral matter, found in various forms, and generally imbedded in a composition different from its own.

b. 22 *the alchemists,* the mediæval scientists, one of whose chief aims was the transmutation of the baser metals into gold.

27. *Berthelot,* Pierre Eugène Marcellin (1827-1907).

479. *a.* 26. *"Nature is made,"* etc., from *The Winter's Tale,* IV, iv, 89.

b. 36. *Metchnikoff,* Elie, Russian zoölogist and bacteriologist in France (1845-1916); awarded the Nobel prize for medicine (1908).

36. *St. Paul.* Cf. *Philippians,* III, 21.

38. *St. Augustine,* the Church Father of the 4th century A. D.

38. *Huxley,* Thomas H. (see p. 323).

40. *Romanes lecture,* Huxley's lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," delivered at Oxford (1893).

480. *a.* 50. *deus ex machina,* literally, "the god from the machine."

SMITH: TRIVIA

The passages here printed are scattered units from *Trivia* (1917), a collection of brief poetic or satiric comments, memorably phrased, and affording perhaps the best contemporary example of the "observation" artistically wrought.

481. *b.* 6. *with Hamlet.* Cf. *Hamlet,* I, ii, 135.

WHITE: TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND

From the *Emporia Gazette,* July 27, 1922, an editorial addressed to Governor Henry Allen of Kansas, an intimate friend of the author's. When, in opposition to Governor Allen's attempt to enforce the Industrial Court Law by prohibiting strikers and employers from presenting their respective cases before the public, the editor of the *Gazette* permitted strikers to put a card in the *Gazette* window stating their position, he was therewith arrested and the editorial then published. The case against him was dropped, and the law was repealed.

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